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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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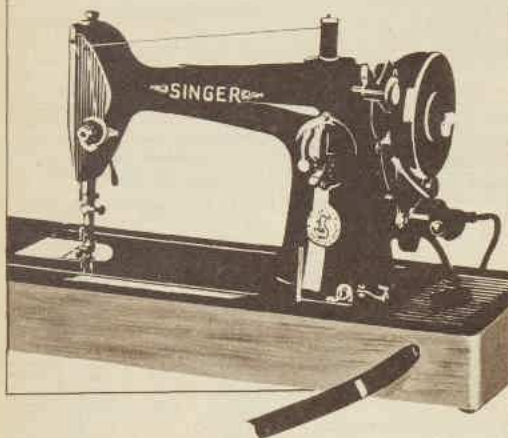
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Page 2

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 27, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 22

THE DESIRE FOR PEACE

THROUGHOUT the world—from the biggest cities of America to the humblest villages of Africa—Sunday, October 24, is celebrated as United Nations Day.

Nine years ago, on October 24, 1945, the United Nations came into being.

Since that day the organisation has grown in size and activity to a staggering complexity.

Its ramifications in 78 countries are almost impossible for the ordinary citizen to understand.

But there's nothing complicated about its fundamental purpose.

It aims simply at expressing mankind's deepest hope—the right to live in peace.

No one denies that this desire for peace lies in everyone's heart.

But humans are queer cattle—able to manage anything, it seems, except their own affairs.

Hence the United Nations—a complex organisation dedicated to a simple theme.

Australia has always realised its responsibilities to that theme.

This country has contributed to one section alone of the United Nations—the International Children's Emergency Fund—over 12 million dollars, more than any other country except the U.S.

In private donations to the same fund Australians have given nearly 2½ million dollars, the largest amount in private gifts from any country.

These dollars have helped to buy what are, by Australian standards, ordinary, everyday things—a daily glass of milk for 7,000,000 boys and girls, napkins for a million babies, and even needles for making clothes in countries where many children are unclothed.

Can needles and napkins help to bring peace to mankind?

No one knows yet. But testing whether they can is part of the task of the United Nations—the world's greatest modern experiment—on whose success Australia's existence depends.

Our cover:

● Looking very like a beautiful grouping in a ballet are the graceful flamingos who posed for our cover picture. Twenty-five of these flamingos live at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, where staff photographer Eric Donnelly took the picture. The birds came originally from Buenos Aires, and were exchanged for some Australian animals.

This week:

● So many attractive dress materials are to be had this season that almost every woman will want to buy some and make her own summer wardrobe. Our special summer sewing feature in this issue has seven charming frocks from which to choose.

● A new Christmas idea is introduced in our color page of packaged gifts, which readers can obtain to make or give unopened as the ideal gift for the woman who loves to sew.

● Don't forget that October 28 is the closing date on which to send snapshots of the twins or triplets in your family. Address entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 W, G.P.O., Sydney. We will pay ten guineas for the best picture and three guineas for others published.

● In our extended teenage section this week we begin a new feature giving credit where it's due—acknowledgment of successes achieved by young people.

Next week:

● Our new Homes feature to begin next week is a splendid and practical architectural service for readers, in which we will provide complete sets of house plans and specifications for one guinea. The series will show the ten best houses selected in a recent American survey. The first of the houses in our series is eminently suitable to Australia and can be built anywhere from Albany, W.A., to Townsville, Qld.

● Betty Keep, our fashion expert, presents in our next issue a pattern for a maternity jacket that every mother-to-be will want to wear because it is really smart as well as being cool and comfortable.

● Competitors have had a lot of fun and shown much ingenuity in making up stories for our Jigsaw Story Contest. Results of the contest will be published next week.

● Everyone, whether they admit it or not, is fascinated by the forecasts of their destiny as seen in the stars. Next week you'll find all the intimate details you've longed to know in our new enlarged star predictions. Your job, your heart, your home, your social life, and your luck will all be foretold.

Letters from our readers

A GREAT deal could be done to lower the saddening deathroll of elderly people from heat prostration this summer. They should be urged to discard warm under-clothing, wear loose, light-weight garments, avoid as far as possible over-exertion, sit in well-ventilated places, and drink plenty of liquids. Un-reasoning fear of "catching a chill" kills hundreds of elderly folk every year.

"Prevention," East Bankstown, N.S.W.

RECENTLY in my favorite harborside park, within a mile of Sydney's G.P.O., the proprietor of a boat-hire business erected a jerry-built shed which would lend no distinction to the back streets of a gold-rush town. Is there no controlling authority to limit or abolish these eyesores which ruin our beauty spots?

"Affronted" (name supplied), Rockdale, N.S.W.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

WHAT has Australia done to the Royal Family that they should overlook us as the location of Princess Margaret's first visit to the Queen's Commonwealth of Nations? What has the West Indies got that we haven't?

H. Jenkins, Kew, Vic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

SURELY it is time that people were re-educated about the Christmas season. It is such a business now both socially and commercially that we appear to have forgotten that it is a religious festival.

Helen Cox, Campsie, N.S.W.

WE hear a lot of condemnation of the bad manners of teenagers, but what about those of adults? Recently I held a shop door open for three adults to pass through and not one had the good manners to say "thank you."

(Mrs.) Dorothy L. Paul, Adelaide.

IT seems to me that B. James (The Australian Women's Weekly, 20/10/54) is talking nonsense when she (or more probably he, I imagine) says learning to box will help Prince Charles to understand his subjects.

Mrs. S. Spragget, Hobart.



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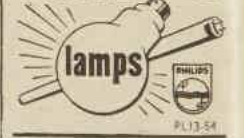
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1954



OF MASKS AND MINDS

By FREDERICK E. SMITH

MARY ALLISTER is nerving herself to make a cruel decision. Doctors have told her that unless she gives permission for a leucotomy operation to be performed on her husband, JAMES, a brilliant musician, he will become dangerously insane. On the other hand, DR. JOHN EVANS, a lifelong friend, warns her that if he does have the operation he may be unable to play or compose again.

The condition may be the result of James' experiences as a wartime prisoner of war, though John tells Mary that the doctors think some strong, suppressed feeling of guilt is the real cause of it.

In her distress, Mary receives no help or comfort

from James' mother and sister ETHEL, who have always been bitter and resentful towards her, but his brother FRANK, also a war casualty, is quietly helpful.

The Allister home at this time also includes STELLA, widow of David, the youngest son, who was killed at the war; and MERVYN and GWEN ASHBURN, Stella's relatives, who have come to spend Christmas. But as it is increasingly apparent that Mervyn is infatuated with Stella, both Gwen and Ethel are anxious for him to leave.

Hoping desperately to discover the underlying guilt that may be the root of James' trouble, Mary persuades John to let her delay her decision. NOW READ ON:

A LUXURIOUS car swung into High Street, the main shopping centre of Rombury, and half-pulled in to the kerb. Mervyn Ashburn pointed across the wide street. "That's your shop, isn't it?"

Gwen nodded. She was in the seat beside him, Stella being at the back. "Yes, that's the one."

"What time will you be finished?" he asked casually.

"About one o'clock, but you had better be here well before that in case they finish early." Her voice was surly, suspicious. "All right," he waved. "Don't worry. We'll be here on time." He leaned across her to open the door.

Her face set as she picked up her handbag from the seat. "What are you going to do while I am inside?" she demanded.

"Oh, have a drive around," he shrugged. "Perhaps look in a few shops."

"Well, mind you aren't late." She jumped out of the car, and trod gingerly across the pavement to the hairdresser's saloon.

"Thank heaven for that," Mervyn exploded. "She's out of the way at last." He turned to Stella with a sly grin. "C'mon, now. We have a full hour to ourselves. Come in the front, and let's make the best of it."

They purred down the main street and turned into one of the narrow lanes of the old town. Picturesque, crooked little shops, many dating back to Tudor times, leaned forward in sly supplication as they drove by over cobbled stones. With the snow on their roofs and their windows gay with holly and Christmas decorations, the shops resembled white-haired

old men with cheery, red-apple faces. The scene could have come straight from a novel of Dickens.

"Pretty, isn't it?" Mervyn remarked. He drove through another old street lined with antique shops, then headed the car out of town.

"Where are we going?" Stella asked in surprise.

"I've got a surprise for you," he said. "We won't be long now."

About three miles from town he turned the car off the main road and drove up a narrow lane between two wooded hills. He stopped when out of sight of the main road and turned to her. His hand was fumbling with his coat pocket, and she saw the trembling of his fingers. He eyed her with elation.

"Do you remember last Wednesday—when we came into Rombury? You and Gwen were looking in jewellers' shops, and you stopped outside one and pointed to something you liked . . . ?"

Her green eyes widened. "You mean Doretta's—the jeweller in Garrett Street—where they have all those expensive things?"

He nodded happily. His hand had emerged from his deep coat pocket with a small package. "That's the one. Do you remember the thing you liked?"

"Of course. It was a pair of ruby earrings and a brooch to match—all set in platinum . . ."

"Well, there you are," he announced, thrusting the package into her hand. "I've bought it for you."

Stella stared down in awe at the small box wrapped in fancy

To page 47

Our arresting two-part serial—Part 2.

Cursing his inability to climb the rock barrier, Frank watched frantically as Stella drew slowly closer to James.

Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

7

JEWELS
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"Easy to Love", style 72, with sapphire-blue rhinestones, white embroidered daisies. 84/.

"Sea Bird", style 69, is aglow with embroidery and pearls. 89/6.

Watch for Cole News Every week in Australian Women's Weekly

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The young man was a perfect stranger, but he looked at Jennifer on that autumn morning as if he had known her all his life

JENNIFER reined in her horse and tossed back her curls. The sun was shining, the air was crisp and clear and the leaves on the trees were turning red and gold. Autumn was her favorite season, and Jennifer loved this corner of her father's property because it was full of English trees which had been planted by her great-grandfather.

As if all this were not enough, Jennifer was sharing her early morning ride with an attractive and highly successful young lawyer, who had proposed to her the evening before.

Yet Jennifer wasn't happy. The enthusiastic song of the birds woke no responsive echo in her heart. In fact, there was only a dull, dissatisfied ache where her heart used to be.

"I should be on top of the world this morning," thought Jennifer guiltily. "Whatever's the matter with me?"

Like an unspoken answer to her question, Gregory drew up beside her. He rode, like he did everything else, competently but without imagination.

"What is it, dear?" he asked. "Why are we stopping just here?"

Gregory always liked to have a good reason for his own and everybody else's actions. Jennifer glanced at him with some irritation.

She had acted, as she usually did, on impulse—and had no more idea why she'd stopped than a butterfly knows why it suddenly leaves one flower and darts to another. But Jennifer had learnt from experience that it was easier to humor Gregory than argue with him.

"I . . . I just wanted to admire the view," she murmured.

"The view, dear?" Gregory smiled indulgently. "There's not much of a view from here. The trees are in the way. If it's a view you're after, we'd better ride on, to the top of the hill."

Jennifer sighed. "All right," she said obediently.

Even Gregory noticed a certain flatness in her tone. He pondered. Perhaps she hadn't liked him criticising her choice of views. Women were odd, illogical

creatures, and seemed to prefer praise to helpless criticism. A little praise Gregory decided, would not be out of place now.

"I'm jolly glad you stopped, just the same," he said kindly. "I forgot to take my indigestion tablet after breakfast. Now's my chance!"

He took a white pill from his coat pocket, and laughed across at Jennifer, inviting her to share the little joke at his expense. It was not often, the laugh implied, that Gregory Marchbanks forgot his tablet. It was not often, indeed, that Gregory Marchbanks forgot anything at all.

Jennifer studied Gregory as he placed the pill in his mouth with the slow deliberation which marked all his actions.

"Could I really spend the rest of my life with him?" Jennifer asked herself and wondered if every girl felt rather like a trapped rabbit when a perfectly respectable young man proposed to her. Of course, she hadn't committed her

Jennifer thought she had never seen such an attractive person. "Tell me," she asked, "are you a gipsy?"



Ray Jankie

THE TRESPASSER

By SHIRLEY DEANE

ILLUSTRATED
BY
LASKIE

self yet. She has just promised to give Gregory an answer at the end of his fortnight's stay — a cautious move of which Gregory thoroughly approved. Marriage, as he said, was not a step to be taken lightly.

But everyone expected her to marry Gregory — particularly Mother, who'd worked hard to bring him to the point of proposing. Jennifer was anxious to be fair.

"He's really quite good-looking," she mused, "if you like the solid type. He's rich, and he's bound to be a judge or something one day. Plenty of girls would give their socks for a man like Gregory."

But even as she sought to reassure herself, Jennifer knew that she wasn't one of those girls. Gregory didn't spell Romance with a capital R. Gregory, to be frank, left her cold. And Jennifer was still young enough — or wise enough — to demand Romance as part of her birthright.

"Gregory," thought Jennifer sadly, "could take the Romance out of anything. Why, I do believe he could even drain the color from the autumn leaves."

With his almost uncanny knack of saying the wrong thing at the right moment, Gregory chose that very instant to look up at the red-and-gold splendor above their heads.

"The leaves are just about ready to fall," he observed, disapprovingly.

"Beastly nuisance, aren't they? Make the place so untidy!"

Jennifer merely nodded. Her worst fears were confirmed. She dug her heels almost viciously into her horse's sides, and started off again with a jerk. Life was very difficult. Oh well, she still had a fortnight to decide . . .

Gregory, oblivious of the fact that his whole future was at stake, trotted contentedly along beside her, telling her for the third time about an interesting bankruptcy case he was working on. His detailed account of the stocks, shares, and dividends involved took them right up the hill.

By the time Jennifer heard him say, "Well, dear—here's your view," she had shut her eyes, and was dreamily wondering whether she — like Napoleon — could risk a little nap on horseback. It seemed the only way of escaping Gregory's narrative.

Then she heard him give a sharp exclamation of annoyance, and she opened her eyes. There, before her, stretched the familiar view—a green paddock sloping down to the creek, and beyond, the grounds of their next-door neighbor.

But Jennifer's gaze did not travel as far as that. For on this side of the creek—bang in the middle of her father's paddock—stood an old gipsy caravan, brightly painted in the most improbable shade of scarlet, edged with gold.

Jennifer gasped, but it was a gasp of delighted surprise, not annoyance. The caravan looked so gay and unexpected in the sunlight.

"Of all the impertinence!" Gregory was spluttering in her ear. "Infernal gipsies, most likely! Trespassing! Your father will be furious."

Jennifer very much doubted it. Mr. Linden was a vague and amiable man who made frequent detours in his journey through life in order to avoid unpleasantness. But again she didn't argue. She just followed Gregory as he rode purposefully forward, slapping the handle of his whip against his riding boot, as if it were one of the infernal gipsies in person.

A fat horse, almost as old and jaunty as the caravan itself, was tethered nearby and watched their approach with interest. Otherwise, there was no sign of life.

Gregory made straight for the caravan, got off his horse, and rapped sharply on the door with his whip. There was a sound of movement within and the door flew open. Jennifer gasped for the second time that morning, and again it was a gasp of surprised delight.

For there stood a tall young man, with hair the color of ripe corn and eyes as blue as the autumn sky. He

To page 78





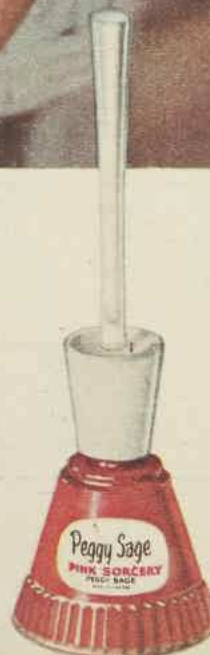
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A STRICTLY PRIVATE MATTER

BY BELLE BRUCK

YOUNG Joseph Dane peered into the File Room, saw that it was deserted, went in and sat down on a stool. He really needed a moment or two of solitude to go over in his mind what had just taken place between him and Mr. Seabold.

He'd gone into the manager's office to thank him for putting through the raise which that morning had been passed.

Mr. Seabold had waived away his gratitude. "You earned it, Joseph," he'd said. "You're the best office boy. Trenchley & Dean ever had. If you remain with us, some day you might be president."

"Oh, I intend to remain," Joseph had assured him. "I intend to make Trenchley & Dean my career."

"Good," Mr. Seabold had replied, "and if there's ever anything I can do to make you happier here, just speak up."

Now, reviewing the scene, Joseph realised that at that point his intention had been merely to murmur, "Thank you, Mr. Seabold," and walk out. But Mr. Seabold's words had touched the spring of his deepest desire, and inadvertently his face must have shown too much, for Mr. Seabold's gaze sharpened.

"There is something, isn't there?" he prodded. "Come on, let's have it. You'd be surprised how often you get things in this world merely by asking for them."

"It's—it's a desk, sir," Joseph had stammered out. "I don't mean the one in the File Room we all use for sorting and things. I mean—one of my very own."

He hadn't, of course, expected Mr. Seabold to understand fully. Mr. Seabold couldn't know how it was at home—happy enough, but crowded. The room he shared with his brother was small, and also served as a repository for games not in use, suitcases, picnic baskets, and the like. There was no corner Joseph could call his own.

Mr. Seabold took off his glasses, and something Miss Kettering, who did research and was the office beauty, had once said about him jumped into Joseph's mind. "If only he weren't so withdrawn."

But Mr. Seabold hadn't looked at all withdrawn as he smiled at Joseph. "I think I see what you're after," he'd answered slowly, "a bit of privacy, a spot of your own. Unfortunately the office boy in this branch has never had a desk to himself. If I put one through for you, they wouldn't pass it."

"But the very next person who quits—I'll give you the desk—and put through a requisition for a desk for the newcomer."

Thus a dream, a desire, had been transformed into a concrete possibility. Now, alone, Joseph considered. Getting down to brass tacks, who in the outfit could be expected to leave and when?

Biddle? Romaine? Hardly. They were fixtures. The salesmen? What of it; they didn't have desks. Mrs. Graves, the bookkeeper? There didn't seem any hope there. In fact, there didn't seem to be much immediate hope anywhere.

"Hi, Joseph. Why so pensive?"

Joseph gazed coldly at five feet two of creamy-skinned, dark-haired charm. It wasn't that he had anything against Miss Kettering personally, except, maybe, that in some way she reminded him of his sister Florence.

It was just that he considered females with romance on their minds a nuisance. "I was thinking," he answered with hauteur, "about my lunch."

Miss Kettering laughed, revealing perfect teeth. "You're absolutely the most matter-of-fact boy I've ever known," she declared. "Well, anyway, Mr. Biddle wants you."

"Okay," said Joseph in a dismissing tone. But Miss Kettering lingered.

"Joseph," she inquired, "did you have a nice interview with Mr. Seabold?"

He shot her a quick glance. Her eyes were fixed pensively on middle distance. On a slowly advancing wave of comprehension Joseph understood why she had always brought to mind his sister Florence.

Miss Kettering was behaving about Mr. Seabold exactly as Florence had behaved about Bill Forsten before he made his first real date with her. Florence was now Mrs. William Forsten. By almost irrefutable logic, didn't this mean that Miss Kettering longed to become Mrs. Seabold?

Should that ever happen—Joseph's mind was now working like Ellery Queen's—Miss Kettering would quit Trenchley & Dean, and he, Joseph, would inherit her desk! It was a honey of a desk, massive, carved, with capacious drawers.

But—the vision began to fade—Mr. Seabold was withdrawn; he still didn't even call Miss Kettering anything but Miss Kettering. It could well go on for years that way. Then suddenly an idea hit him.

He swallowed a lump of distaste. "Miss Kettering," he said, not quite looking at her, "would it make you angry if I told you that—well—that Mr. Seabold really thinks an awful lot of you, an awful lot?"

Miss Kettering's very blue eyes widened. "Did he tell you that?" she gasped.

"Not exactly," Joseph answered. His voice trailed off and he looked cryptic.

Miss Kettering tossed her bright head. "He's never said one word to me about it."

"Shyness," diagnosed Joseph with the air of a trusted physician. "I'm a man and I know how I'd feel in his place. He sees men calling you up all the time and the way salesmen hang around you. A sensitive person like Mr. Seabold needs—encouragement."

Miss Kettering looked thoughtful. "But I've never had to encourage a man before," she said finally. "I'm not sure I know how."

Joseph's mind took a desperate, probing leap into a certain period of his sister Florence's past. "Invite him somewhere," he came up with. "Haven't you two tickets to a concert that somebody gave you?"

The look which Miss Kettering turned on Joseph held amazement, respect—and understanding. "I see," she said, nodding. "And he can always say he's tied up for the evening, can't he?" She moved dreamily to the door, turned. "No one around here's ever to know about—about your suggestion?"

"No one," agreed Joseph starkly.

Three days later as Joseph started for lunch Miss Kettering accosted him. Her eyes shone like twin sapphires. "I asked him," she whispered though no one was near. "We're having dinner first. Then the concert. A string quartet."

Joseph recalled that with Florence it had been an Indonesian harpist. A feeling of awe climbed up his chest.

That conversation was about three months old the morning Miss Kettering arrived at the office with a ring, some ecstatic talk about a house and the date she was leaving.

Around eleven, Joseph was sorting in the File Room when he felt arms encircle him and a pair of soft lips brush his cheek.

"There!" Miss Kettering breathed. "Don't think I don't realise I have you to thank for it all! He's such a fool," at this point her voice fairly burst with love, "he never would have asked me out if I hadn't taken your advice and asked him first."

Her eyes grew reflective. "It only proves you never know about people. Why, you were the last person in the world, Joseph, the very last—I mean I would have sworn on Bibles you didn't have an ounce of romance in your soul, not an ounce."

"Miss Kettering," said Joseph, who'd barely heard her, "tell me—does your desk have a key?"

(Copyright)

A short story
complete on
this page



"Don't think I don't realise I have you to thank for it all," said Miss Kettering to Joseph.

Have you ever been in love, so much in love
that you felt you could reach up and . . .

Hang a star in the sky

BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

LAST night I saw the boy I loved. It was a shock because there was really no reason why I should ever expect to see him again after all this time.

He was standing before the circular sweet counter in the lobby of the local picture show. The picture was soon to begin. There were a lot of people scuffling around, buying the soft drinks, ice-cream and sweets which have become bigger attractions than some of the double features that are shown there.

He needed a haircut (his reddish-brown hair was trying to break into small curls at the top of his ears). His suit was a little worn, a little shiny, but very neatly pressed. He had always been careful about his appearance.

It was the hair and the shoulders that identified him. Those, and the way he jingled his money in his hand—as if he hadn't had much of it before, and it tickled him to feel it against his palm.

The first thing I ever noticed about him, I remember, were those shoulders. They were so square and proud. Then the second thing was his hands. They were square, too, very clean of nail and with a sort of sensitive power in them. I was a finicky girl, my mother always said, and these were the first hands I'd ever seen that I wanted to touch me.

I suppose everybody has had a romance like this in her life—or his. It's just that as I've grown older it seems to me that some people love harder than others. I don't mean more. I mean, literally, that it's harder for them to fall in love. When they do, it's a deeper, more special sort of thing. Not pleasant, necessarily. There have been times when love was almost a nausea in my heart.

Once a lane of remembrance is opened, it easily becomes a broad avenue. Watching the boy I loved across the wide and worn red carpet, I was shed of my years as a snake must be shed of a skin. I, myself, was as young as the pretty girl behind the counter—only taller and darker and probably shyer.

Mother had said to me one day, "Joanna, I promised the minister that you would sing a carol at the Christmas Eve service."

She wore the puckered look that had so often given me an advantage because it begged instead of commanded me to do something.

"Now why did you do that?" I asked abruptly. I was young. I was an only child. Some of my mother's friends considered me spoiled and wilful.

"Because," she looked at me straight and proud, "God gave you your talent and it won't hurt you to use some of it for His glory."

It was a line I had heard before. I did not share my mother's idea that the small sweet voice so carefully and expensively trained was a real talent. It frightened me to sing in public.

But I did, of course.

The little church was a penny postcard outside, sitting snugly on its bed of snow, holding one clear light up above its head with the finger of its spire.

Inside it was filled with those scents that never leave the backs of our nostrils; pine—ripe beyond its greenest—drifting to the un-

even floor; candlewax; bodies steaming with the quick transition from frozen night to heated interior; the peculiar harsh, rusty smell of hymn books which live week-days in the wooden back slot of pews.

There was no organ. There was only a piano, a little out of tune. And at the piano was this boy. This Peter.

He played with an oompa-oompa beat and the toe of his solid shoe beat out the count on the floor. When I stood up to sing "O Little Town of Bethlehem" I knew a sharp annoyance with that foot.

But he swung along with me all right, not racing me or falling behind. After the first few frightening bars, I enjoyed singing the lovely simple old words, keeping my eyes on the towering Christmas tree and my thoughts on the season.

After church, the minister said, "Miss Stewart, I'd like you to meet my nephew." There, looking short beside the tremendous breadth and height of his white-haired uncle, was the boy I loved.

He said, "You flattered the top ones." Then, "I'm going to walk home with you."

People stopped us to say how nice it was. I smiled, but Peter just nodded. Once bundled up, once outside in the white stillness that is never so pure, never so still, never so star-hung as on Christmas Eve, he took my arm.

He didn't just cradle it in a conventional way. He clutched it. He moved his fingers against my elbow. He leaned his body and his head towards mine. He managed to talk a silent language I had never before heard but which I understood perfectly.

The things he said seemed unrelated then. He said, "I haven't much of a job; it's at the grocers."

He strode ahead on the hard-packed snow and I could feel how perfectly my own long legs matched the movements of his. He told me, "I wanted to qualify in something, but of course it's impossible in a family as big as ours."

I looked at the stars and tried to stop the trembling in my arm. I found myself answering him strangely. I just said, "It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all."

He laughed briefly. "You'll find out that it will. I've seen your house. I've seen you before, you know. I've seen your people."

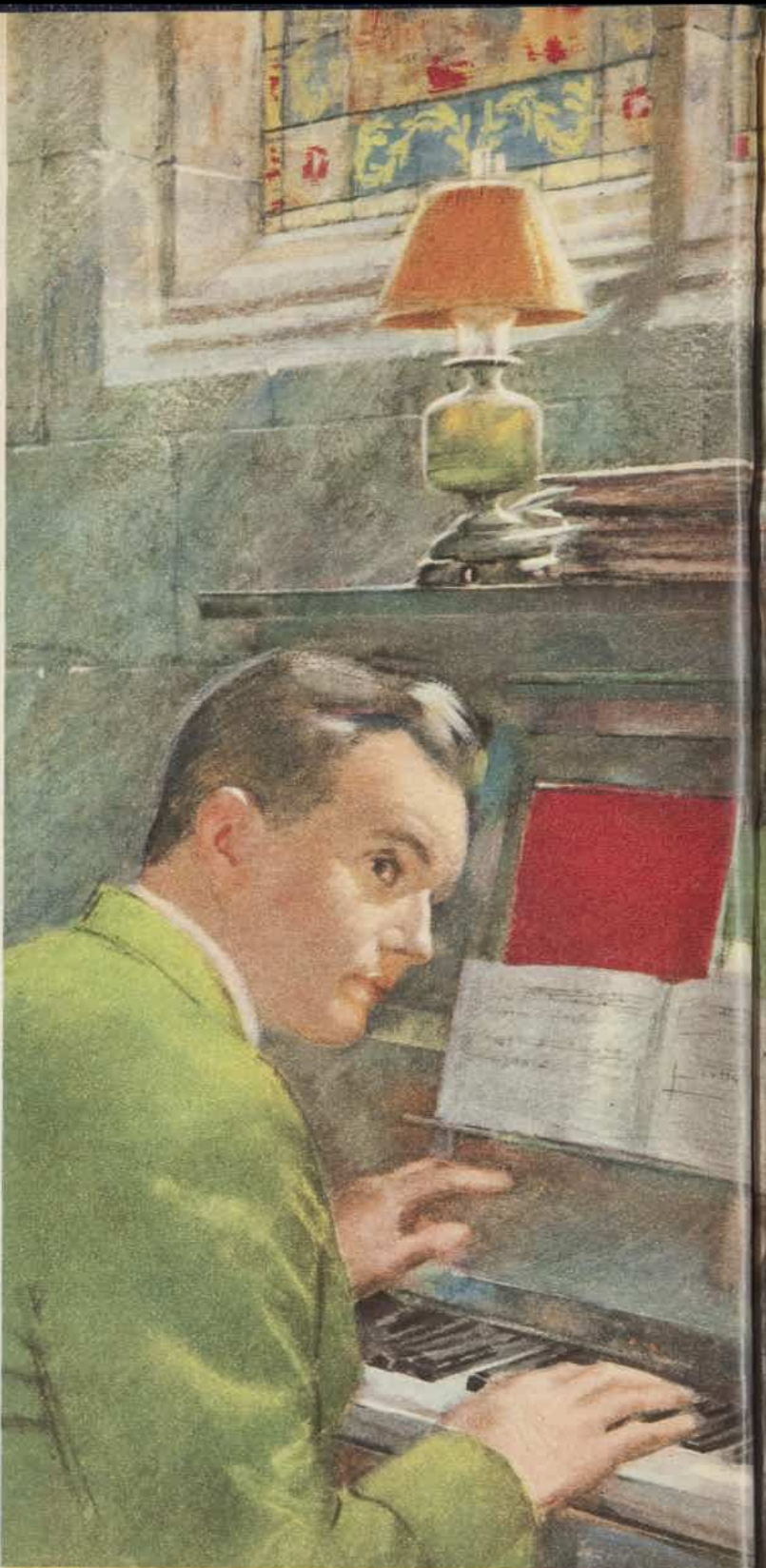
I shook my head. He made it sound as if I were a locked-up princess. It wasn't anything like that. But I know now that I was in a tower then; an ivory tower that shut me smoothly away from pain, except for toothaches, and knowledge, except from books.

But what he said about the comfort of our big modern home and the security of my father's good job being a separation, I couldn't see. It struck me with wonder that I should be thinking about such things at all.

Under the stars in the fogged passage of the street lights, I looked at Peter Martin. I saw the snow landing delicately on his hair. I estimated the strength of his square jaw.

I let myself look for a timeless moment into the depths of his eyes and I flicked my glance against his mouth.

There had been boys. Not many, but all very nice boys. But they had never even touched within the confines of the ivory tower. Now there was this boy and the sudden plunge



of my falling in love made me feel bruised and aching.

It made me feel, too, the beginning of the resistance that was to last for months: the instinctive weaving of a coat of protection against a strong emotion.

When we reached the house he stood quietly for a moment, sizing it up like an auctioneer. Then he said, "Come on," and turned the knob despite the young voices that came from inside, the obvious invited party of which he was no part.

I introduced him, of course. My friends were polite—but they wondered, I could see, what I was doing with this lad who wore no hat, and whose overcoat was clearly a cast-off.

Peter nodded. He peeled off the overcoat. He wiped his feet carefully and walked across the room. He sat down at the grand-piano

and he beat at it, as violently as a whisk against a rug, until the sound of his music drowned the conversation, drove away all the games that had been planned and eventually emptied the room much earlier than usual.

When everyone had gone he stopped. He switched round briskly and said to me, "I'll outsit all of them, you know. No matter how late they stay."

I tried not to walk towards him, but I couldn't help it. I sat down on the bench, and began to play the top notes of "chopsticks." He joined me in an intricate bass.

But his mind wasn't in his fingers. It was in his shoulder touching against mine. "Chopsticks" went on for a terrific number of variations as we deeply and electrically absorbed that current of our closeness.

My mother and father walked in to find us sitting before the fire, mugs of milk and



a great plate of biscuits beside us. Peter didn't hurry to get up. He hadn't the alacrity, I realised, of polished manners. When he was on his feet he looked pugnacious, the clench of his hands, a threat to these two people who considered me their own.

They sensed it, as I did. Father said, "Pretty late, isn't it, son?"

Mother asked, "What happened to the party?"

I found myself caught already in the guilt of my own feelings.

Peter grinned and his anger went away. "I scared them off," he explained. "The piano."

Mother said, "Oh."

Father started to wind the clock.

At the door, Peter held out his hand in a surprising formality. I could hardly bear the feeling of my own within it. How exagger-

ated that sounds, how young, but how true.

"Thank you for a nice evening."

"We were glad you came," I answered.

The back of my mind was observing the ridiculous way we seemed to tip towards the other, like those comedians who manage to anchor themselves at the feet and lean, magnetised, towards an object. The tilt stopped when I drew a breath and pulled myself up sharply, and my hand became once more my own.

I watched him go down the street. His shoulders were a soldier's, his feet a dancer's and the sound of his saucy whistle was a sacrilegious piping in the Christ-born night.

The expressions on the faces of my parents when I turned were as bedazzled, but for different reasons, as the one I knew I wore.

There must have been a lot about that first love of mine that I can't exactly recall. But I remember our phone calls—some of them

a little funny—when we discussed composers seriously while the backs of our minds said such different things.

I recall the time Peter gate-crashed a tea party of mother's, and, instead of leaving, stayed to hand round sandwiches, flatter the ladies, and talk about the latest book he'd read, an old copy of Deeping's *Sorrel and Son*, which he'd found in the rectory attic.

I can remember the spring that began to wind inside me; slowly at first, but very surely. It would reach a certain tension, ready to snap and break. Then Peter would ring up, or he would arrive, and it went lax and easy again, letting me breathe and feel alive.

I remember, too, how before my eyes opened in the morning his name would be in my mind, as if I had dreamed it all night long. And the way his face would come, full vision, against my eyelids, so that I began

This boy, Peter, was at the piano, and he kept his eyes on me as I sang the old simple carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

every day with him as surely as if we were married and I were turning to look at him before I wakened him.

But the next highlight in my memory concerns something that happened several months later. We were sitting on a settee and the afternoon sun was very bright on my mother's chintzes, very bright on the print of the book I held in my hand.

It was a book of poetry and my voice was clear, reading the words, never asking Peter if he liked verse. When we were together

To page 10

Counting your calories?



Health with a low calory diet demands balanced nourishment.

One Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuit equals 42 calories of balanced nourishment. (If lightly buttered approximately 80 calories.)

Enjoy what is good for you by eating Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, the "Slow-chewing" Biscuits with the wheaty, crunchy texture.

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Approx. 46 biscuits per lb.

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SHREDDED WHEATMEAL

Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality.

Continuing Hang a Star In the Sky

from page 9

I felt impelled to fill the time with action, with words.

I was desperately afraid of a silence between us, as if something were stalking me and waiting only for me to be still to pounce on me.

The poem came to an end. I looked from the page to Peter's face. It grew larger as it moved towards me. His lips came down on mine.

How can you tell of such a thing? If you are lucky, it happens to you. The familiarity. The strangeness. Blended together in a sweetness that is too much, that can't be tasted longer than a moment lest you melt with it.

He pulled himself away. He whispered in a ragged voice, "I've done it. I've kissed you at last."

I put my hand on the springiness of his hair and I whispered back, "I've wanted you to do that since the first moment I saw you."

Then I stood up, walked to the hall, got my coat and left the house. I started to cry before I was half-way down the drive. I heard Peter's footsteps behind me; I felt his arm take mine; but I kept my head down and I couldn't stop crying.

Even then I sensed the victory in the way he walked. I felt his deep joy—not looking beyond the moment, just satisfied and proud and contented. While I, with the full measure of my family's disapproval, meted out these months with the knowledge that these were no years to fall in love, sobbed as women always have, I suppose, for the uncertainty of the future and for the relinquishment of themselves.

We walked for a very long time.

Peter said, "I'll get a job with an orchestra, see? We'll go up to London perhaps. I'll write music, too. You may have to work for a while—but you could if you had to, couldn't you? We'll have a room or two of our own and one day I'll be a famous composer and you will sing my songs."

It sounded wonderful. It sounded impossible. But he talked me out of my tears and we came back to the house and ate three pieces of cake.

So, we admitted we were in love. What we didn't say to each other we wrote in notes, hidden in corners, read and re-read. We kept it all secret—or thought we did.

It wasn't winter any more. It was spring. One day we took a group of Sunday school children to a picnic. We walked for miles up through the hills and fed them and played games with them. The little ones went to hide and Peter leaned against a tree, eyes closed.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, I love you." Over and over he counted to a hundred.

I remember that.

I remember the night my mother and father sat at attention in the drawing-room; the things they said.

My father said directly to Peter, seeming unable to face me, my vulnerability or my anger. "You two children aren't fooling us one bit."

"About what?" Peter asked. There was insolence in his voice, so that I frowned at him.

Mother picked it up, her voice nervous. "Yesterday," she said, "I came downstairs for something. I looked in the mirror and I saw—" A certain kind of horror came to her face.

"Saw what?" I finally managed to ask.

"You were — kissing," she said, almost in a whisper. "I could tell, the way you went to him—I could tell it wasn't the first time."

Father said, trying to sound light and reasonable: "There's nothing very wrong about kissing, of course. The point we want to make is that you are both very young. And Joanna has always been used to so much—" He swung his hands out to include the luxurious room.

He changed his tack. "We have nothing against you, Peter, except that you haven't a very good job and aren't likely to get a better one without some sort of training—which you also haven't got." He smiled a smile I have never seen before. "We want—well, something more for Joanna."

FRANKLY I was totally unprepared for the way Peter jumped up, his anger spilling in a wave over us all.

"Snobs," he cried loudly. "And hypocrites. I know all about people like you. There are enough of them in my uncle's church so I can tell them. Go ahead, protect your precious daughter from someone like me."

"Go ahead, make her feel like a prima donna—when she flirts the top ones just the same. Go ahead, don't have any faith in me. Why should you? But it doesn't matter. I've got enough belief in myself to get along, anyway."

I ran after him but I wasn't quick enough: the door slammed in my face with the shock of finality. I turned and walked slowly back into the room. I looked at my mother and my father.

"Now see what you've done," I cried childishly and ran upstairs.

That was a night I'll never forget. It's been put into so many high-sounding words—that sundering of young lovers—that there aren't any left, as there weren't for me then. I paced back and forth. I wouldn't answer my parents when they knocked. I brought out all Peter's notes and read them over and over again, treasuring each one in the light of my loss.

Some time towards morning I went to the window. Across the street, dappled by the street light and the leaves of a tree, a shadowed form stood, square-shouldered, its face a blur. A blur lifted to my window.

I turned on my light and stood quietly, making a silhouette of myself against the panes of glass. I waved. When I snapped off the light, the figure waved back. For a chilling moment it seemed to signal goodbye. Then I told

myself that it meant he would call in the morning.

For I thought, who can keep lovers down? Thinking it, I joined the tenderly moving line—Juliet, Heloise, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Joanna Stewart. I went to bed and slept like a heroine.

Well, I can laugh at it now—or smile at least. It didn't become dramatic. Nobody locked me up. Nobody kept me from answering the telephone. Nobody kept Peter from visiting the house. He just didn't come.

My mother and father loved me. It worried them to see me lying on the floor before the fire or the radio, letting the syrup of popular love songs seep through my blood. It bothered them to watch the way I jumped to answer the telephone, to hear my voice fade to nothing when it wasn't Peter.

I didn't try to worry them. I didn't try to make them change their minds. I had nothing to try with. All of me was absorbed in such a big emotion that for once in my life there was nothing left over.

The days went by and became weeks.

I had an aunt, a favorite of mine. She rang me up one day and said, "Joanna, darling, I feel like a little spree. Let's go up to London for the week-end."

I went, of course. It would be a relief, I knew, just to get away from the black mouth of the telephone, the strained listening for crisp footsteps, for a flaunting whistle.

Funny, how a time like that week-end can come back so clearly. We stayed at a good hotel. We went to a play; it was very sad, all about two lovers separated by fate. We went to a concert at the Albert Hall, and we walked through the park.

The last night, when we were settled in our twin beds, my aunt said, "Darling, I know what you're going through. There was a young man once in my life. He—he was thought quite fast in those days. He didn't have a penny, or a prospect, and your uncle came along and he was well-established . . ."

I could hear the effort in her voice. "After a time," she said quietly, "it doesn't matter. It's much better really. You stand little enough chance if some of the material things are with you. If they aren't . . . I'm sure we would have been miserable . . ."

I waited a little, then I asked, "How do you know?"

I took another deep breath. And I said, "Once we went out for the day. We swam in the river until we were exhausted. Then we sat in the sun with one of those smooth old loaves resting our backs. We talked about what it was like when we were little. Sometimes we kissed. Mostly we just held hands. The sand was like silk. I never knew the sun could feel like that, and the funny little breeze that came and went . . ."

I lay there in the dark, once more in the sun of that golden day.

I said, "We walked all the way home again. Then he

To page 68

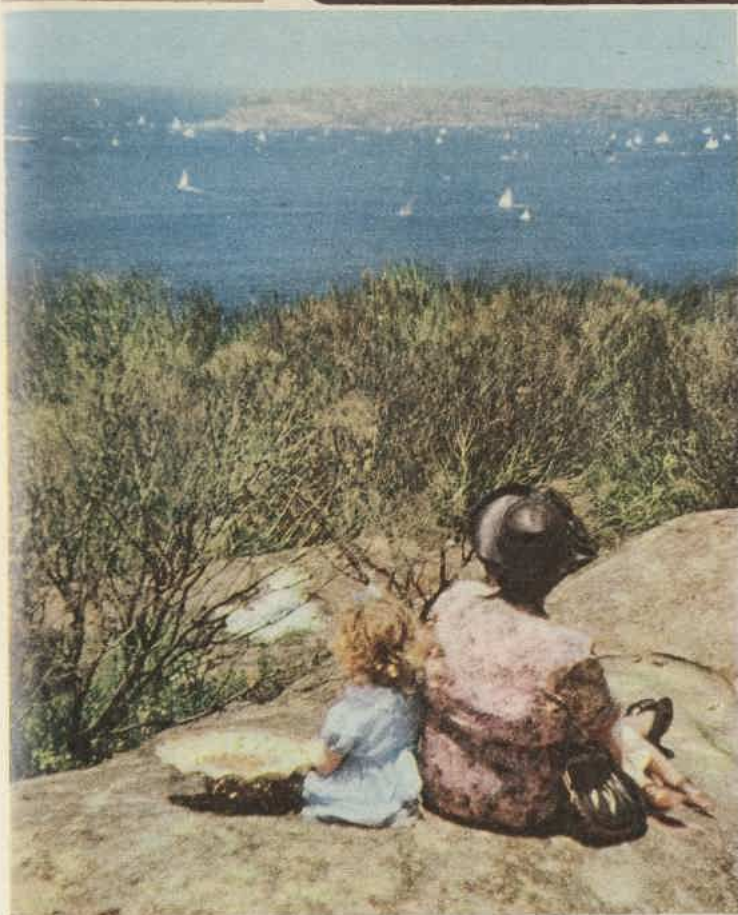
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



A
WEEKLY
FEATURE.

PICTURE PARADE



PICNICKING, fishing, and just sitting—these three pictures typify a summer day. They were taken by Miss Valerie Lhuede, the one at left of Sydney Harbor from Dobroyd Point; those above and below at Tirree, Torrens Creek, Central Queensland.

SUNLIGHT in SUMMER

Which is reality—the black head-
line,
The warning voice, or this,
The sun-warmed aura of a
treasured day?
So much the years must filch, but
not delight
In the bright hours that run like
squandered gold
Through the small hands of chil-
dren, yet remain,
Illumining the memory, never lost.
For one such day is all days,
And all such days are one.

—Dorothy Drain





Only Yardley know the secret of blending lavender with rare ottos and precious musks to give a concentrated longer-lasting fragrance. The cool freshness and subtle distinction of Yardley Lavender is unique and inimitable

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Yardley Lavender Soap—smooth-lathering, richly perfumed—
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QUADS' DAY OUT...



AT THE SHOWGROUND at Bellingen, N.S.W., are the Sara Quads, Mark, Alison, Phillip, and Judith, with their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara. From a truck in the background their father is busy selling tickets for the chocolate wheel.

By JANET BAILEY, staff reporter

One of the main attractions at the Back-to-Bellingen Week celebrations was the appearance of the famous Sara Quads, Judith, Alison, Phillip, and Mark, in a street procession and later at a carnival in this little N.S.W. country town.

THE four-year-old Quads were making their second public appearance. The first was when they met the Queen in Lismore during the Royal tour.

Back-to-Bellingen Week was organised to raise funds for the local R.S.L., the ambulance, and band.

The Quads' father, Mr. Percy Sara, who is superintendent of the Bellingen ambulance, was in charge of money-raising efforts for the ambulance fund.

Climax of the festivities

was a procession of gaily decorated floats through the streets, followed by a carnival at the Showground, and a ball in the evening.

Alison, Judith, Mark, and Phillip, accompanied by their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, took part in the procession, and rode in the back of an open car decorated with posters and blue and yellow crepe paper.

The children weren't too happy as they took their places among the floats. They didn't like the painted faces and masks of the other Bellingen residents in the procession.

Mark and Phillip especially were very wary of the "funny men" and had to be reassured that there were really people underneath all the grotesque disguises.

But before the cavalcade of floats, decorated bicycles and carts had been around the main block once, the Quads began to be interested in the proceedings, and Alison even waved tentatively to the people crowded on the footpath.

On the second tour round the block everyone was cheerful except poor Sooty, the Saras' dog, who was plodding along faithfully beside the car in the heat.

Across the river at the Showground the procession disbanded and the money-raising chocolate wheels, hoop-las, and guessing games began.

Betty Sara put four very tired and sunburnt youngsters to bed that night before she started dressing for the ball.



PLAYING TOGETHER while they wait to take their place in the procession, Phillip and Alison pass the time happily on a swing at the children's playground at Bellingen.



IN THE PROCESSION. A decorated car driven by masked Jack Heelis took the children and their mother twice round the town's main block and then out to the Showground. From left are Alison, Phillip, Judith, and Mark. Pictures taken by Clive Thompson.

They enjoy carnival in home town



STANDING ON THE RAIL at Bellingen Showground (above) the Quads, from left, Judith, Mark, Phillip, and Alison get a better view of the sports at the Back-to-Bellingen carnival. Later a team of marching girls gave a special display for the Quads. Below: A picnic lunch with their mother was a welcome interlude for the Quads after the excitement of the procession in the town.



MEETING an old resident of the Bellingen district, Mr. Charlie Smith, aged 93, Phillip and Mark shake his right hand while Alison holds his left. Judith looks a little doubtful about the introductions. The Quads are four.



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MIRACLE PLASTIC SPONGE CLOTH!



Out with smelly dishcloths! No housewife wants her kitchen identified by "dishcloth odour." So what does she do? She buys WETTEX, and science again takes a hand in making home a cleaner, safer place. You'll find so many uses for WETTEX. Spilt liquids dried up in one stroke—fingermarks cleaned away in a flash. Check with the suggestions below—you'll want WETTEX handy all day every day.

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Window-cleaning is a "natural" with WETTEX—no fluff, no drip, and just!

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Choose a pastel WETTEX as a personal washer. So soft, so cleansing.

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Your garageman has it



Motorists' WETTEX comes in a waterproof, polythene bag, keeps the sponge cloth damp for instant use.



Grime vanishes at a single stroke with WETTEX. No more danger from dirty windscreens.

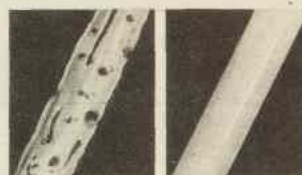


Washes clean like a sponge—wipes dry like a chamois. Removes grease, dirt and traffic film.

Actually washes and wipes in one stroke . . . always odourless . . . always pure and fresh!

A MILLION tiny cells hold the secret of WETTEX suction-cleansing. Each sponge-cloth will "drink" nearly a full cup of liquid. Even more remarkable, WETTEX takes up grease as though it were water. Test it yourself with a greasy frying pan—WETTEX will leave it shining. Your WETTEX is not harmed by detergents and, after long use, can be completely revitalised by a dip in boiling suds. This economy, this efficiency, cannot be equalled by any other cleaning cloth.

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This is a germ's eye view of cotton fibre from a common dishcloth. Every crevice and pore is a home for filth particles. Yet people wash dishes with such materials!

The plastic fibre in WETTEX is smooth as glass. Plunge it in water, squeeze, and presto!—every trace of dirt slips away completely. WETTEX is a hygienic dishcloth.

Giant size, too!



Buy yourself a WETTEX coloured sponge cloth to-day



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JUST ASK FOR WETTEX—YOU CAN BUY IT ANYWHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1954

NEW NAVAL CLUB

ANN BLYTH who appears in M.G.M.'s colour musical *STUDENT PRINCE*



SAILORS RELAX in off-duty hours against the club's 36-foot-long silky-oak bar. Bar manager John Frankland serves beer in silver tankards.

● The Navy's white ensign was broken out over an old maternity hospital in Nowra, N.S.W., this week at a ceremony performed by Vice-Admiral Sir John Collins. The hospital, remodelled—a memorial to those who died in World War II and in Korea—is now a club for Nowra naval personnel. During the next three years the club plans to expand.



VOLUNTARY WORKERS, members of the White Ensign Women's Auxiliary, leave the club after half-a-day's work preparing meals, waitressing, helping the permanent staff.



BILLIARDS ROOM is popular among ratings from other States and those who are on loan from the Royal Navy. Young ratings from the U.K. play darts against the far wall.



SUNLIGHT streams into the club's pastel-toned dining-room, where sailors sit down to lunch served by Mrs. Eileen Monaghan, Mrs. Ruth Chalmers, and Mrs. Mireille Wylie.



LEADING-AIRMEN Max Wilson, Vic., Peter Trutwein, N.S.W., and Naval-airman Joe Wilson, S.A., are joined in the lounge by Naval-airman Laurie Byass, S.A.

So young,
so very exciting

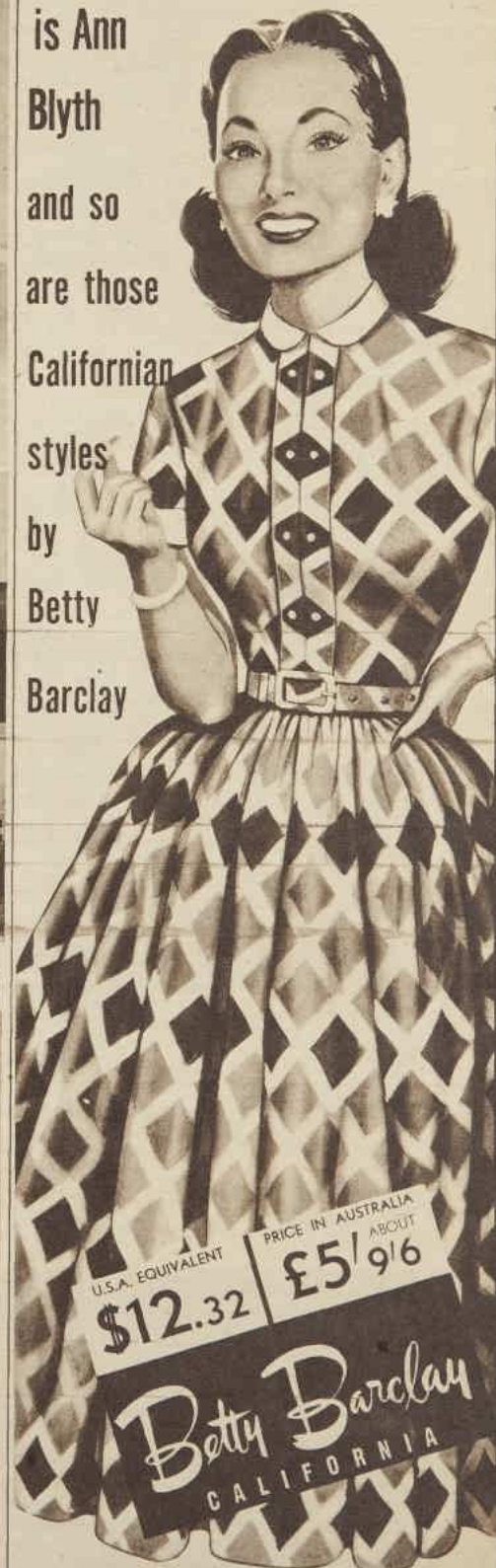
is Ann
Blyth

and so
are those

Californian
styles

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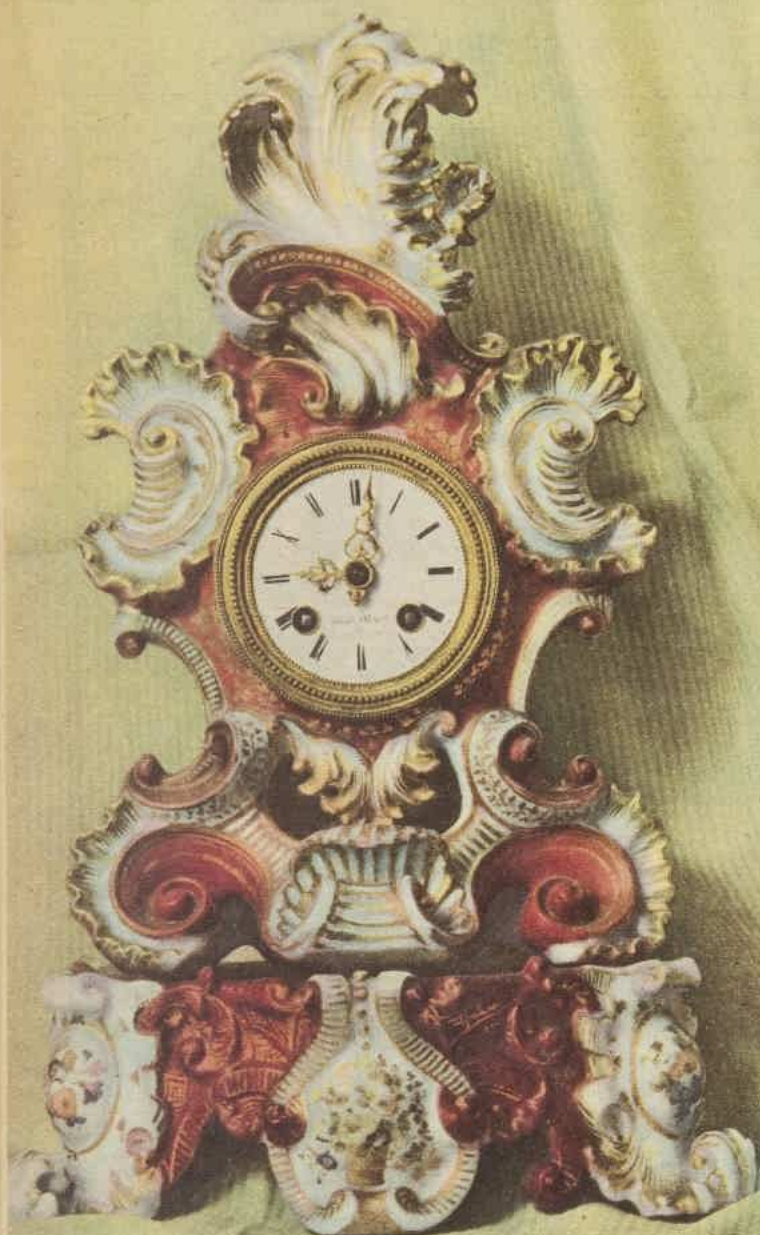
PRICE IN AUSTRALIA
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Betty Barclay
CALIFORNIA

FROCK OF THE WEEK: (Style 4912). 3-tone harlequin check, with white marcella collar and cuffs. Washable, crease-resistant. A *Marchington* Fabric.

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DOWN THE PATH OF TIME



EXQUISITE FRENCH CLOCK. The reigns of the later kings in France saw elaborate interiors in the way of furniture and furnishings. Clocks were no exception, and pictured above is a superb example of a French clock executed in china. In red, white, and gold, it is a splendid example of rococo elegance. Today a museum piece, such a fine clock would once have been commonplace on the mantelpieces of the well-to-do.

LANTERN CLOCKS. Three clocks (right) of the type that was first used as a domestic clock. They are made of brass and weight-driven, striking the hour. These clocks are still made by Smith of England, who calls the smaller modern version "Nell Gwyn." This picture shows (from left) an imitation of a French clock which strikes the hour and half-hour, an old English lantern clock, and the modern version "Nell Gwyn."

THE clocks pictured on these pages belong to Mr. Joseph Lowy, of Melbourne.

Although Mr. Lowy has made an absorbing hobby of collecting antique clocks and watches, his own pocket watch is one of the most modern now available. It is a Patek Philippe watch made by a company famous in watch-making since 1856.

The watch is the modern version of the shadow stick, the first instrument which told the time.

It was used from the tenth to the eighth century B.C. and consisted of a notched horizontal bar with a crossbar at-

tached across the top. The shadow thrown by the crossbar denoted the time.

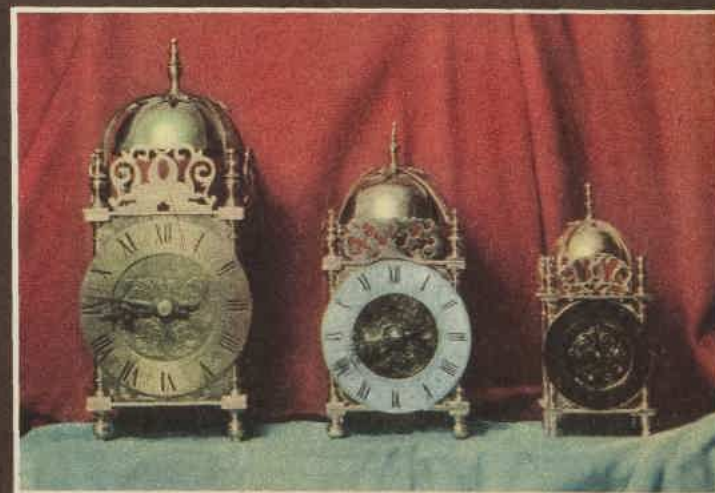
However, during the night and on dull days when no sun was visible, another method had to be devised, so a water clock was used. This originated about 1400 B.C. and, like the shadow clock, was of Egyptian origin. It was shaped like a small bucket without a handle.

Mr. Lowy wishes to share his treasures with others, and is leaving his entire collection to the National Museum of Victoria.

[Pictures by H. H. Bartram, of Melbourne.]



WATCH of historic interest (left), which belonged to the great British actor David Garrick. Garrick, who lived from 1717 to 1779, was a friend of famous men of the period, including Samuel Johnson, Richard Sheridan, and James Boswell. The watch was made by a watchmaker named Mathews, whose name is cut out in fretwork covering the balance inside the antique watch.



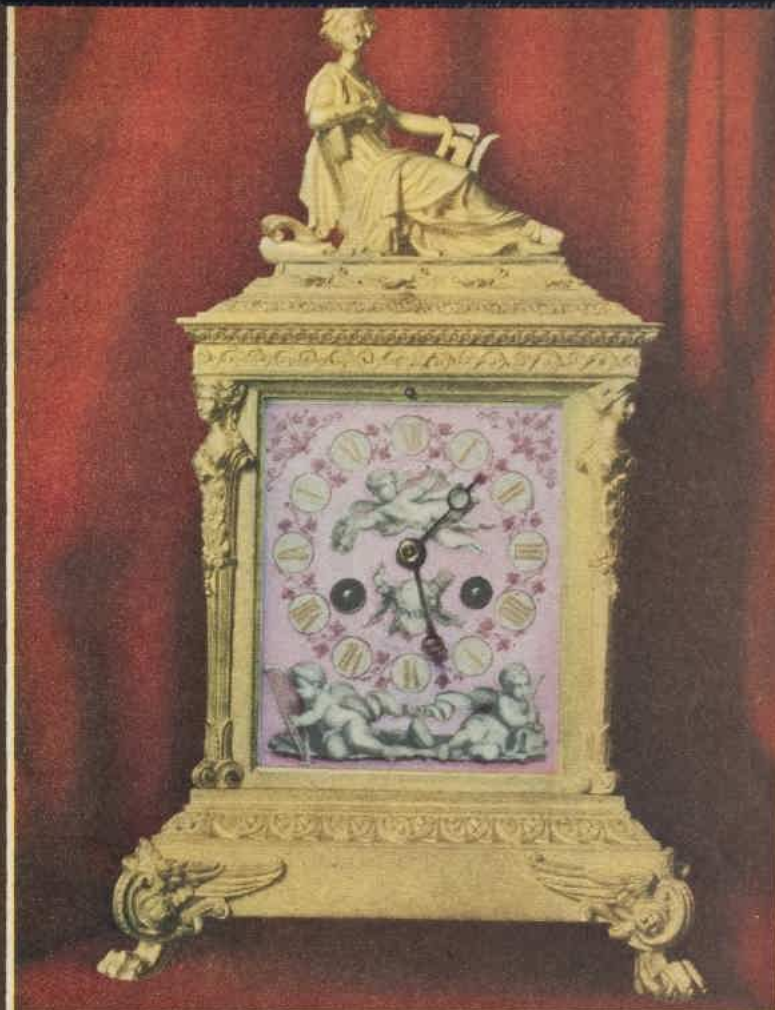


INTERESTING EXAMPLES. At left, above, is a silver clock with Roman numerals on the cylinder. It has a pendulum underneath, and a lighted candle is placed inside so it can be read easily at night. Centre: A clock for those who dislike continual ticking. It is a copy of the silent clock invented by Huygens, who, in 1657, applied the pendulum to a clock mechanism. Right: This clock, which looks like a desk calendar inside a glass cylinder, is known as the jumping-leaf clock. It shows the hour in the top figure and the minutes below. Here, it reads 13 minutes to eight o'clock.

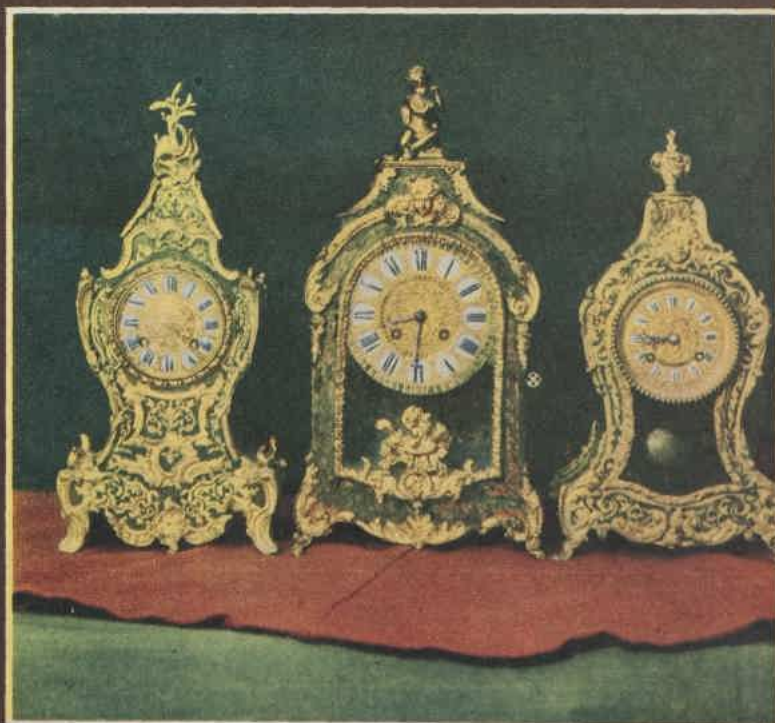


INTRICATE CRAFTSMANSHIP is shown in these three clocks (above). At the left is an antique Viennese boudoir model, the main works and face being held in the elaborate tails of two griffin-like creatures beautifully executed and mounted on white marble. Centre: Viennese mother-of-pearl clock made in 1820. Right: This small silver clock, which was made in Paris in 1820, is mounted on an ebony base.

BUHL CLOCKS. These three clocks (right), known as Buhl clocks, are a good example of the craftsmanship of clockmakers between 1780 and 1850. French in origin, some were in ebony, some in tortoiseshell, inlaid with colored stones and surrounded with scrolls and figures in gilt. As shown here, this elaborate workmanship was even carried on to the clock faces. The design is mostly based on the hourglass silhouette.



CLOCK OF MUSIC is the description for this boudoir clock in pink and gold. The reclining figure with lyre on top represents the Goddess of Music. The cherubim are painted on delicate pink Sevres porcelain. Each cherub holds a musical instrument.



SUMMER SEPARATES FROM THE SHOPS



PRINTED cotton in floral design of soft grey, blue, and pink with puffed, tie sleeves and a full skirt is ideal for morning shopping. At Mark Foy's at £8/19/11.

Separates can be the most adaptable and versatile items in your summer wardrobe. From casuals to afternoon and dinner wear they will do double duty if you buy them with an eye to mixing or matching. All these separates are from Sydney stores.



THREE-PIECE in anthracite-and-white harlequin checks can be worn with or without skirt. At Curzon's, skirt £8/8/-, top £3/15/-, pants £4/19/11. Inset with a Gibson-girl blouse and hot pink skirt from Mark Foy's. The price for the blouse and skirt is 18 guineas.



DOUBLE-DUTY separates (above) of navy voile. A skirt for £5/12/6 and a sleeveless top with pique trim for £3/12/6, or long sleeved with lace. £4/17/6. At Farmers.

TOMBOY shirt (right) in striped cotton with flap pockets in red, green, blue, or lemon with white at 19/6. Circular chambray skirt in varied colors, 32/6. Both from Grace Bros.



TRIO, from left: Irish linen tailored in blue, green, grey, or gold at Anthony Hordern's for 11 gns. French cotton spotted two-piece at Farmers, top, £3/17/6, skirt, £5/5/-, Curzon's check skirt, 79/11, top, 59/11.

stepping out —

to dates or races,

Lassie full of airs and graces,

Laddie looks — then seals the bonds . . .

just can't resist

those sleek

Beau Mondes.

GLAMASHEER 66-gauge 12-denier finest Nylons 21/-

KANT-RUN Ladderless lacy Nylons, 15-denier 17/6

SO-SHEER exquisite, gossamer-sheer 12-denier Nylons 16/11

KANT-RUN—the only 30-denier Ladderless Nylons made in Australia 15/11

TOP-N-TOE 15-denier Sheers with 'Kant-Run' barriers 15/11

STARDUST genuine 60-gauge 15-denier Nylons. Only 14/6

PATRICIAN lovely, long-wearing 30-denier Nylons 12/11

AIR-FLO the Nylons with air-conditioned soles 12/11

Beau Monde

Australia's

most comprehensive range of quality Hosiery.

SO SMOOTH . . .

SO BRILLIANT—

so Right!

Now you can have lips that stay soft and lovely all through the day—with never any feeling of irritating dryness or cracking . . . and with a lustrous, lasting sheen that stays on hours longer.

As indelible as it should be and really non-drying, Coty's new, delightfully creamy lipstick is easy to apply—to form a flawless outline which will not smear or "fuzz" and is absolutely waterproof.

Ten brilliant, fashion-matched shades: Gay Fuchsia, Fresh Pink, Rose Satin, Forest Fire, Spungold, Gitane, Red Ribbon, Dahlia, Vif, Coral Pink.



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Marriage is his business

Widower, agent for romance

Experience in conducting a matrimonial agency has convinced Mr. Vivian James, of Perth, that women are much more sincere than men in their approach to marriage.

He estimates that of 100 men who would ask his help in finding a wife, only a handful would be sincere.

WHEN I asked Mr. James for an interview, he said, "Don't come in the morning. It's my busiest time. People make up their minds to come and see me, sleep on it, and then come in first thing in the morning before they get cold feet."

Vivian James had been a taxi-driver for 40 years until ill-health forced him to give up his job and turn his mind to some other means of earning a living.

Explaining his reasons for trying his hand at a matrimonial agency, he said, "It seemed to me that everyone has troubles, such as the rising cost of living, lack of housing, and similar problems.

"There are people who are alone and do not want to bear these troubles alone. That is where I come in.

"I insert advertisements in the paper under the heading Matrimonial, and I get replies from all over the world.

"They come from the eastern States, England, and Europe. But I won't touch the Europeans. There are too many cultural differences.

Good reading

"EVERY two months I publish a catalogue and also a matrimonial news-sheet. I fill that news-sheet with cuttings from papers all over the world about other people's marriages, and very entertaining reading some of it makes, too.

"The news-sheets and catalogues go to my clients, to the Press and radio, and I like the police to see them, too. No monkey business goes on in my matrimonial agency. It is a business as far as I am concerned, and a business that is above board.

"I like people to know about the matrimonial agency and to feel that to do business with it is quite a normal procedure. They seem to be frightened and think it is a last resource of 'no hoppers.' That I most strenuously deny.

"Look at the form I ask them to fill in. People who can answer those questions are not 'no hoppers.'"

Three of those questions which Mr. James considers most important are:

(a) Are you prepared to live in the country?

(b) Have you a home of your own?

(c) What is your financial situation?

Other questions he asks are: Do you smoke? Drink? Are you

interested in sport and reading?

Mr. James says prospective marriage partners must have something in common.

Sometimes the women choose a man from the catalogue, make an appointment to meet him, then come to Mr. James and say, "Yes, he'll do."

Mr. James always tells them not to choose the first man they go out with but to try others first. He's had only one divorce in three years.

He says young girls are the

most difficult to suit. All that most of them are looking for is a young man with a car, and the bigger the car the better.

"Don't you think it would be better to choose a young man who is prepared to give you a home?" he asks these girls.

He has had wealthy women on his list. For one of these clients he has been trying for two years to find a suitable husband.

He has also had doctors, bank managers, and accountants as clients.

Women outnumber men on

the waiting list and their ages range from 19 up to the very senior years. Ages of men clients range from 24 to 74.

Mr. James says men and women who own homes are soon snapped up. Most men do not object to marrying a woman who has a child or two by a previous marriage. Unmarried mothers, plus their babies, can find husbands immediately.

In his circular, which he has named "The Marriage Broker," Mr. James gives these items about his business:

"The shortage of good type gentlemen over 50 still continues, and it is a frequent occurrence for a man of this

age to be fixed up and off the books within 48 hours of enrolling.

"Ladies under 30 are a problem. Many of these ladies lack stability. For those who have outstanding educational or other qualifications, it is a problem to find them a suitable partner.

"A lady aged 78 with her own home and income is proving hard to place, as she will not consider a pensioner.

"A widow aged 43 with assets worth £30,000 proved a problem case. Plenty of male clients were willing to marry her, but as the lady in-

sisted on the male client having some assets, it was not possible to do anything satisfactory for her over a period of five months, and eventually she met somebody by her own endeavors.

"ONE lady client met her first husband through this agency. Later she secured a divorce and now is back on the register again ready for the second round.

"A lady in the eastern portion of the State wrote to another client in the north-west. Correspondence followed for some weeks, when both came to Perth on the Friday and were married on the Saturday, and both went to the north-west on the following Tuesday. This case presented unusual features, but, as both are very level-headed people, their future happiness is a foregone conclusion.

"It is still hard to find ladies who are prepared to marry farmers. There are numerous farmers on the register, most in good financial circumstances, who cannot get any lady interested in them."

An avid reader, Mr. James has found records of a matrimonial agency that operated in London in 1837. It was situated in Charles Street, off Oxford Circus, and was called the Matrimonial Alliance Office.

Its advertisement read: "It is the wish of this establishment to be enabled to introduce to gentlemen of fortune virtuous and well-educated young ladies, in order to check the ill-fated alliances which are so common in life among many gentlemen, frequently from nervousness and the want of introduction to ladies of good family, who disgrace themselves by improper marriage."

MR. JAMES is a widower, and more than once women have gone to his office to discuss matrimonial business and ended by proposing to him themselves.

"There was one," he said, "that would have made me a good marriage partner. But then she decided that all my books would have to go out of the lounge. That finished it for me.

"My books are my friends and I'll shift anything else, but not my books."



MR. VIVIAN JAMES.



Second round

ONE lady client met her first husband through this agency. Later she secured a divorce and now is back on the register again ready for the second round.

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Artists' twin careers

Poet, pianist combine jobs and parenthood

Although English poet Stephen Spender and his pianist wife, Natasha Litvin, were both in Sydney recently when their tours crossed, they seldom met and had to rely mainly on the telephone for news of each other.

NATASHA, who is giving a series of concerts and recitals for the A.B.C., was staying at the home of Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

Stephen Spender was busy in his city hotel room preparing the lectures he has since given in various capitals for the Australian Committee for Cultural Freedom.

When I rang Mr. Spender at the hotel he said he would try to arrange for his wife to be there.

However, after five days of trying, I saw him at his hotel in the morning and his wife at the Goossens' home in the afternoon.

Mr. Spender, tall, grey-haired, and slightly stooped, apologised in a soft voice for the confusion.

"Although my wife arrived a day earlier than I—we never travel together by air because of the children—I've hardly seen her myself," he explained. "She's very busy."

Mr. Spender said that he had been hoping to get to at least one of his wife's concerts before he left Australia for the Far East—four weeks before her departure date.

"I was planning to go to her opening concert in Melbourne," he said, "but now I find I have to attend a banquet."

At their home in London, the Spenders' two children, Matthew, aged 9, and Elizabeth, aged 4, are being looked after by two Italian girls.

But they are not ordinary servants," he added. "They are part of the family."

"We started off employing a couple of the girls from the village in which we stay in Italy, and since then we have had a succession of them."

"Usually they are students wanting to come to London to study. When they return they tell their friends, and their friends tell their friends, so we never have any trouble getting someone to look after the children and the home."

When I asked Mr. Spender of the difficulties facing two artists with separate careers and children to look after, he replied:

"Natasha and I both work about ten hours a day. She practises in one room and I work either at the office of the international literary periodical 'Encounter', of which I am joint editor, or in an adjoining room at home."

"So far we haven't struck any great snags in this arrangement, but if we did I think I would take my work away for a week. Take a room over a pub, for instance."

After considering for several minutes, Mr. Spender told me that perhaps the vital key to successful husband-and-wife teamwork was for each to regard the other's work as very important.

"But while it's important to have this interest," he emphasised with a shy smile, "you shouldn't be too critical of the other one's work. That's quite fatal."

While we had been talking with constant interruptions from telephone callers want-



FAMOUS British poet Stephen Spender shares a joke during an interview at his Sydney hotel, which he used as a base while lecturing in Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

ing his wife's address, I noticed a pile of Australian literary periodicals scattered on the dressing-table.

"You have some really fine poets here," he said.

"I've heard a great deal about indolent Australians, who spend all their time lying on beaches in the sun. That should make a remarkably interesting theme for writers."

At the Goossens' home in the afternoon, Miss Litvin asked: "Did you see my husband? Did he get away safely to Melbourne?"

Leading us into a sitting-room flooded with sunshine, she added: "It's so peaceful here. Sydney is wonderful."

"No, I won't be able to go to any of Stephen's lectures, but I hope he will be able to attend by Ravel concert."

When I mentioned her husband's comment about a banquet that night, she said: "Oh, what a pity. Still, he might be able to make it."

Miss Litvin agreed with her husband that careers for both of them would be impossible without their Italian girls.

"We had one who was studying in London and had

to write a thesis on G. K. Chesterton," she said.

"However, when her professor found out she was staying with us, he said, 'Don't write your thesis on Chesterton. Write it on Spender. Take a note of everything he says at breakfast.'"

"Well, we had to put a stop to that. But she did write her thesis on Stephen, or at least in the end Stephen had to write it for her."

Miss Litvin, a tall, striking woman with big dark eyes, confessed that she was the edgy partner and Stephen the absent-minded one.

"Poets are less volatile than musicians," she explained, smiling.

"He spends a whole day thinking what he is going to write, and on those days I can ask a question ten times without getting an answer."

"We have our lives worked out on a businesslike basis," she added.

"Now that the children are growing up, it's a lot easier. I have more time to practise and Stephen's a wonderful father."

"He takes them away for holidays and for outings over the week-end if I am busy practising for a concert. We divide our parental duties much more than most families do."

Miss Litvin showed me the lovely evening gowns she is wearing on Australian concert platforms.

The materials for five of them were bought by her husband during his tours.

"Stephen is not a bit interested in ordinary, everyday clothes," he said, "but he likes buying me the more exotic materials."

When I asked if perhaps it would be better for an artist to be married to someone like a businessman, Miss Litvin replied: "It might be easier to be married to someone who has a more steady pursuit in life, but, on the other hand, artists understand one another."

And what would happen if careers clashed and the impact was felt on the home?

She replied very seriously: "Then the woman, especially if she is a mother, should give up her career. It's always a woman's place to give in."

Flower-fresh the live-long day



Now you and your clothes can remain fresh, air-sweet and beautifully perfumed right through the day. Cool, smooth, dual-purpose Coty deodorant Talc gives all-over body protection (something under-arm deodorants cannot possibly give) . . . and actually stops perspiration odours before they start. Five distinguished perfumes.



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LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • SYDNEY



PIANIST Natasha Litvin (Mrs. Stephen Spender), who is visiting Australia for A.B.C. concerts and recitals. Although she and her husband arranged that their tour schedules would coincide they were rarely able to meet here because of commitments.

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'Super Lavenelle'

dresses that
feel and shimmer like
pure silk for a fraction
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And you get all the other Anti-Shrink
advantages, too—like Grafaine,
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Super Lavenelle *cannot shrink,*
cannot fade, cannot stretch
—it's *easy to wash,*
easier to dry,
easiest of all to iron.

Beautiful
ready-to-wear dresses
like these by "Adelyn"
and "Rosecroft" at stores
everywhere—

'Super Lavenelle'

is sold by the
yard, too.

ALSO IN ANTI-SHRINK BY GRAFTON—BLOUSES BY "ROTILLA", LINGERIE BY "MABRO". DARLING FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS BY "MABRO", TOO.



LEAVING St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide, are Captain Douglas Montagu-Douglas-Scott and his bride, formerly Miss Bridget George, only daughter of the Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, and Lady George.



BRIDAL GROUP. Michael Davidson and his bride with attendants (from left) Mrs. Laurence Street, Mrs. Colin Ryrie, Elizabeth Willecks, and Mrs. Trevor Rowe after the wedding at St. Mark's. The bride was Pam Allsopp, daughter of Mrs. Allsopp, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. M. P. Allsopp.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

AT the end of this month the southward trek of Sydney racing enthusiasts will begin, as they make their way to Melbourne for the ninety-fourth running of the Cup.

Among the travellers are Mrs. Denis Allen—who will have a special interest in watching her horse Advocate race—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, jun., Mr. and Mrs. Clive Carney, Beth Campbell, Diana Berkman, and Jan Ryder.

Mrs. Nigel Smith will stay with the Louis Nelkens at their lovely home, "Cloyne," Toorak, which will be the locale for their traditional Cup Eve party. Other hosts and hostesses include Mr. and Mrs. Tom Carlyon, who are planning a party on Oaks night, November 4.

I HEAR that David Strafford are the names chosen by George and Sue Vaile, of "Willowdene," Wingham, for their new son. Good wishes came all the way from Rugby, England, to the christening last week from David's godfather, Bruce Rabbidge, who married Sue's sister (the former Margot Bond) early this year.

A FLAT in Sidcup, Kent, England, is now "home" for Shan Felton, of Neutral Bay, and Jenny Laws, of Cremorne, who left Australia last March. Soon after they arrived in London, the girls bought a car and toured England and the Continent. Now they're going to take jobs for six months during the winter before setting off on their travels again. Mrs. Felton told me about an interesting experience the girls had last month. They were photographing the gates of Braemar Castle, where the Queen was in residence for the Braemar Games, when suddenly the gates were opened and the Queen, Princess Margaret, and the Royal children drove out. "And after Shan and Jenny had spent seven hours in the pouring rain to see them the day before at the Games!" said Mrs. Felton.

VERY long-range plans for a holiday in Scotland next August are being made by Lieutenant Richard Rust, R.A.N., and his wife, Wendy. They are at present living in Malta while Richard is serving in the Mediterranean. Richard and Wendy (who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dibbs, of Double Bay) will return to England next June. And Mrs. Dibbs tells me that her daughter and son-in-law expect to come back to Sydney in January, 1956.



FLOWER SHOW. Robin Stanton (left), who will marry John Keeling on October 28, with her mother, Mrs. John Stanton, at the Show of Rose and Flower Decorations, held at David Jones' to aid the Bush Book Club of N.S.W.



AMERICAN TEA. Mrs. F. C. Carr (left), Barbara Northam, and Mrs. John Royle at the tea held at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, to raise funds to buy boats for the 1956 Olympic Games.



FIRST NIGHT. Monica Myers and John Ross were among the audience for the Borovansky Ballet's fifth programme at the Empire Theatre.



MINISTER FOR IMMIGRATION. Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt arrive at the Caulfield Cup race meeting in Victoria. Mrs. Holt wore a blue and beige tweed suit with coffee-brown accessories.



CHRISTENING. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Meredith (left) and their seven-months-old daughter, Amanda Jane, with Mrs. Meredith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Pratten, after the christening at All Saints' Church, Woollahra.

A CAMEO belonging to her grandmother, Mrs. K. C. Weaver, of Kirribilli, was the "something borrowed" for Ann Benjamin when she married Leonard Perrott at the Holy Family Church, Lindfield, early this week.

ST. CANICE'S, Elizabeth Bay, has been chosen by Marie McLaren, daughter of Mrs. B. McLaren, of Rosebery, and the late Mr. McLaren, for her wedding with Jeff Clift on November 6.

A WHITE guipure lace bodice, embroidered with palest pink seed pearls, and an enormous skirt of layered ice-pink and white tulle made the lovely gown chosen by Paula Waterford for her marriage with Philip Burnheim, of "Keveline," Coonamble. Paula is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Waterford, of Coonamble, and Philip is the son of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Burnheim, of Manly.

Anne

MAKE
THESE
YOURSELF

Special summer sewing feature



● These dresses, with their advanced new style and fresh color trends, have been chosen for our special summer sewing feature because they are the type every girl needs in her current wardrobe to make her look both pretty and smart. A sketch accompanying each dress gives fashion details.

Each dress can be made from an accurate and easy-to-follow paper pattern, which has its own step-by-step instruction chart and full directions for sewing and finishing. The patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders must be addressed to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. When ordering be sure to state size required, pattern number, and own name and address clearly printed in block letters. Postal notes, cheques, and money orders will be accepted, but not C.O.D. orders.



3414. BUTTON-FRONT dress (left) designed with guipure lace, one of the season's most important trims. The lace is used in inset strips for the bodice top, and two of the strips continue down the front of the skirt to the hemline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 5yds. 1in. lace insertion. Pattern price is 3/6.

3412. SLEEVELESS one-piece (above) styled with a neat, buttoned shirtwaist bodice top and gracefully full skirt. The dress curves flatteringly in at the waistline where it is firmly belted. This is an ideal design for printed cotton. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price is 3/6.

3416. PERFECT summer day design for a flowered print (above). The dress is made in one piece with a low, cool square-cut neckline and tiny set-in sleeves. The bouffant skirt has all-round fullness and looks best worn over a stiff-waist petticoat. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern price is 3/6.





3413. TAILORED one-piece (above) has unusual tab treatment on the bodice, short sleeves, and chic white collar cuffs and pocket binds. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price is 3/6.



3415. SLIMLINE one-piece (above) has a collarless V neckline and short cuffed sleeves. A striped trim lends interest to bodice top and skirt pockets. Dress is finished with a neat self-belt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern price is 3/6.



3417. TUCKED bosom yoke, contrast bind, and buttons are combined in the perfectly tailored front-buttoned shirtwaist dress (above). The short sleeves are set in neatly, the waist is finished with a narrow self-material belt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price is 3/6.



3418. ONE OF THE MOST flattering silhouettes of the current season is illustrated in the one-piece (left). The dress has a moulded bodice and short, push-up sleeves. White accents skirt and neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast, and approximately 32yds. bias binding. Price, 3/6.

Hours become minutes. In the attractive lower-deck club lounge of your "Strato" Clipper*, you chat with interesting fellow passengers, sip your favorite beverage from the bar. At the cocktail hour Pan American serves you chilled champagne and hot, tasty hors d'œuvres from The President's fabulous Appetizer Tray.



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New de luxe Sleeperettes*—super comfort you get *only* on Pan American! At the push of a button your Sleeperette stretches w-a-y out to full bed length. No extra charge. Berths also at a small surcharge.



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BUTCH



"I hate last-minute shoppin', but what can I do when I got that cop shadowin' me every night?"

MOTHER



"Sorry, Mum — but I only broke half of it!"

It seems to me

THE Archbishop of York (Dr. Garbett) told an audience of British mothers this month that it was the duty of parents to censor comics. Some, he said, were harmless. Others were harmful.

This is sensible enough, though Dr. Garbett sets an intimidating task for parents.

Besides, to hear people talk, you would think that the problem of children's reading centred entirely on comics. But it isn't really new.

Whenever, as a child, I was taken visiting, I would grab a book fast from the shelves of the hostess and retire with it to the back stairs. In this way I earned the reputation of an unsociable but untroublesome child. And, incidentally, I read some remarkable works.

At one house I was disappointed on my first visit to strike a story about a priggish girl called Daisy. I can't remember a word.

On the next visit I was luckier. I think the book was called "The Curse of the Trewinions." In it the heroine gets left for dead in the family vault. A couple of days later the hero, mooning round the vault, either hears her call or sees her sitting up in her coffin, I forget which. Anyhow, he rescues her.

If such an incident were illustrated in strip form today it might well be called a horror comic, but I enjoyed it enormously.

But how anyone is to tell what will affect a child adversely and what won't, I don't know. I remember revelling in the chapter in "Lorna Doone" where Carver Doone dies in the bog (and being most disappointed in the film version because he simply disappeared in a puddle of dirty water).

And yet there was an innocent-looking travel book on Japan which contained a chapter on hara-kiri that gave me nightmares. I can still feel the shudder with which I closed the book. But no adult, from a quick glance at the title and beginning, would have marked it as unsuitable for children.

ON the scent of what seemed like a new word, I rang a box factory the other day. The factory had advertised for a "denailer."

The man who answered the phone sounded highly amused about the whole inquiry, and assured me "denailer" is the accepted term.

"You could call him a nail-puller-outer if you like," he said.

Nothing like asking if you want to learn. I am now in a position to inform people that boxes are made of reclaimed timber, which is often full of nails; that a denailer uses special instruments for the job and needs a "good strong back."

SOMEWHERE in Europe, so I heard with half an ear on the radio news the other night, a bull walked into a symphony orchestra rehearsal, listened to the music for 15 minutes before it was led away. Lost, I suppose, while looking for a china shop.



Dorothy Drann

ONE of the shops has been advertising "jewelled slippers that will glitter in the television half-light."

This seems a little premature. The slippers may be worn out before the television sets are installed. But it's an interesting preview of the line the stores may have to take.

From all one hears, television is so compelling that people tend to stay in their homes. And staying in the home means less going-out clothes and a trend towards curling pins and slippers.

Or perhaps we could have curling pins that glitter in the half-light, too! Just a suggestion, offered free to the ad. men.

I AM always torn between alarm and interest at any mention of miniature tape recorders.

The interest is aroused by the thought of using one, the alarm by the apprehension that other people may do so.

There is one in America now, eight inches by four by two, powered by batteries, and capable of recording an hour's conversation.

Its makers suggest that it can be used for recording conferences, public opinion poll interviews, and doctors' diagnoses.

Concealed in ladies' handbags they could be used to add drama to accounts of operations.

The narrator would break her story to turn on the gadget and let the whole afternoon tea table hear the doctor say it was a miracle how she pulled through.

Useful, too, on shipboard. You could always ask the captain to go on tape as saying that it was the worst gale he had seen in 40 years at sea.

ALREADY hints of Christmas are to be found in the city.

People are putting on layby such things as interplanetary walkie-talkie sets.

And, buying a pen the other day, I stood beside a woman choosing Christmas cards to send overseas.

"Yes, they're pretty enough," she was saying, "but the greetings are so hearty. I NEVER send hearty greetings."

THOUGHTS on any flight, any night:

Barley sugar, fasten seat belts,
Engines revving, here we go!
Always just a breath of tension
Till the lights spread out below,
Spreading like a jewelled carpet—
Spare a glance. Then, "Magazine?"
So we read. Outside the window
Lies the universe, unseen.
Stars and sky or velvet blackness,
Flying saucers? Well, who knows?
Here it's warm and bright, familiar,
Comes a tray. We eat, and doze.
Barley sugar, fasten seat belts,
Down she dips and circles round.
Always just a breath of tension—
Jar of tyres. It's nice, the ground.

hats off to ..

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bringing you New York's newest frock sensation. "Nyaloc" combines Nylon's attractions with Jersey's soft drapability. Now available in Australia from the famous makers of Lucas Floralocs (also illustrated) and Everlocs, those ideal all-occasion frocks for Summer, with their carefree laundering and crease-resisting qualities. Yes, it's hats off to Lucas Nyaloc frocks for their quick drying, non-ironing advantages and because they're pretty as a picture in cool, cool pastels and gay florals. Non-transparent too! And special loomknit construction makes Nyaloc frocks cool to wear and allows the body to breathe continually. Styles, sizes and colours come in a wide range. At leading Stores throughout Australia.



Nyalocs from £9.19.6.
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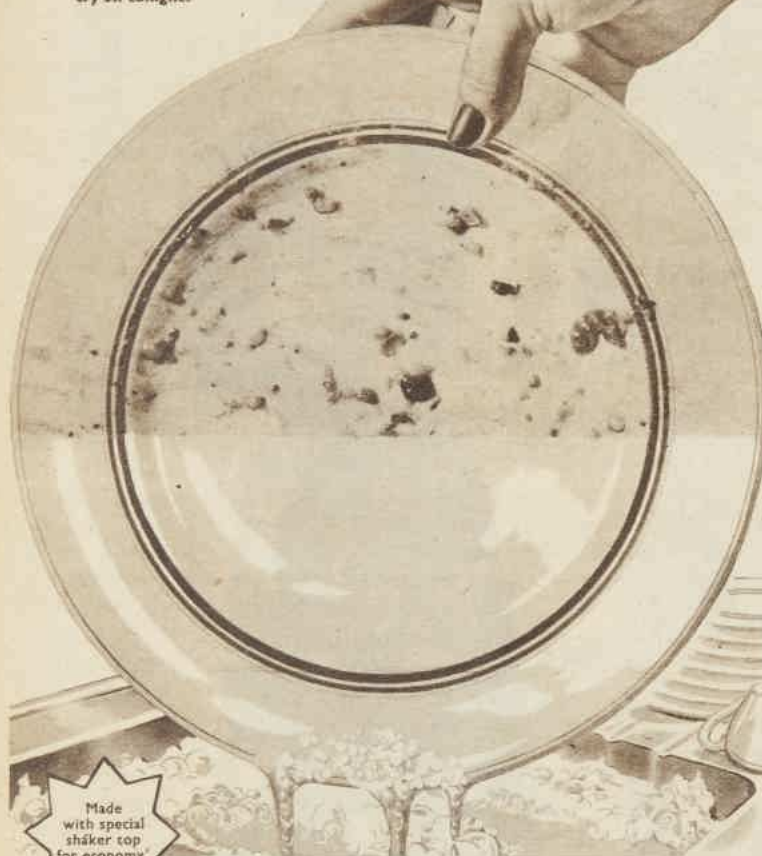
Illustrated:

At left — Nyaloc style 8464/85

At right — Floraloc style 8492/83

Jif Strips Grease instantly!

This photograph shows what happens when a greasy dinner plate is dipped in hot water and Jif. For the same shining results with your own dishes, try Jif tonight!



Made with special shaker top for economy.



3,000 SPARKLING DISHES FROM ONE BOTTLE!

Only three or four shakes of Jif, the magical new liquid detergent, are all you need to wash-up after the biggest family dinner because Jif is so concentrated. In hot water, or cold, Jif gives plenty of grease-killing lather in a second or two. Even the greasiest dishes come out so starry-bright they don't need to be dried. Ask for Jif... one bottle washes over 3,000 dishes!

Concentrated
LIQUID DETERGENT

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DANCE CONTEST



THREE TIRED COMPETITORS in the South Pacific dancing championships at Cloudland Ballroom, Brisbane, rest their feet before the finals. They are, from left: Valerie Erwin, of Victoria, Marge Carroll, of Victoria, and Joan Bruhn, of S.A.

Ballroom perfection result of much hard work

By
DENISE LAWTON,
staff reporter

Ballroom dancing, as practised by professionals, is no night-club shuffle or pretty accomplishment—it is perfection gained by hard work.

When the couples took the floor at Brisbane's Cloudland Ballroom for the first South Pacific dancing championships, they were as highly trained as any athlete.

MOST of the competitors, who came from all States and New Zealand, had practised by dancing six hours daily. Some of them danced 25 miles during a week-end of "work."

Mr. Vic Campbell, Brisbane dancing teacher and vice-president of the Federal Association of Teachers of Dancing, who was the organiser of the championships, says they were the biggest held in Australia.

Three thousand spectators crowded round the ballroom floor to watch the finals, and judges and competitors all agreed that it was one of the most enthusiastic crowds they

had ever seen in Australia at ballroom dancing championships.

Competitors from New South Wales had great success. Charles Froulop and Ivy Paton won the South Pacific open professional championship, and another N.S.W. couple, Jack and Judith Ayres, were the runners-up; Norman and Beryl Ewers, also from N.S.W., won the South Pacific open amateur championship.

Charles Froulop and Ivy Paton are well-known competitors who have won many interstate titles. They have been professionals for 15 years.

Jack and Judith Ayres are experts at the Latin-American

type of dancing, and are the professional Latin-American dancing champions of New South Wales.

Jack, who teaches dancing after work, is a mobile crane driver.

He took this day-time job to rest his feet after years of teaching dancing day and night.

Judith, who wears her chestnut hair drawn back into a bun encircled by a plain, works as a salesgirl in the hosiery department of a Sydney store.

Her gown for the championships was blue with a lemon underslip. The top was heavily embroidered with beads and sequins.

Four tests

IN both the amateur and professional championships each couple danced four dances—the waltz, quickstep, slow foxtrot, and tango.

The winning couples gained the highest aggregate number of points for all four.

Competitors were judged on their grace of movement, their presentation of the dance, and the attractiveness of the "pattern" they danced.

Three men spent four hours a day preparing the floor at Cloudland.

Professionals say it is the best ballroom floor in the southern hemisphere, because it is fully sprung throughout and "gives" with the dancing.

When the 48 competitors took the floor before the judges they wore more than £5000 worth of finery.

Average cost of the outfits worn by the women competitors was £90, but many spent much more on elaborate frocks containing a hundred or more yards of material.

The men paid up to £100 for their specially made "tails."



CONGRATULATIONS are exchanged between Norman and Beryl Ewers (left), of N.S.W., winners of the open amateur championship, and New Zealanders Audrey Youngman and Geoffrey Kerr, the winners of an amateur waltz section.

GRACE AND SKILL



FLOATING SKIRTS worn by the women competitors make a pretty picture as they dance a tango with their partners in the Queensland open amateur championship. Three thousand spectators crowded the ballroom to watch the finals of the contests.

On the night of a competition or championship you can recognise the entrants by the voluminous gowns the girls wear and the extra two or three pairs of shoes which both men and girls carry.

The extra shoes are necessary in case the dance floor is "too fast" or "too slow."

If it is "too fast"—that is, too slippery—a fine rubber sole has to be worn; if it is "too slow," shoes with highly polished soles are worn.

Professional women dancers have about 12 "new" frocks each year.

A "new" frock generally consists of a new overskirt and "top."

Petticoats

THEY are worn over the six or seven layers of petticoats cut in single or double full circles, designed to flare out gracefully during the dance.

Net, taffeta, tulle, and lace are the favorite materials because they are light and stiff.

To give weight to these light materials the bottom layer usually has a heavily gathered frill round the hem containing up to 30 yards of material.

Professional ballroom dancers devote their lives to their work.

Most, if not all, of the competitors at the South Pacific Championships were holders of the Exhibition Gold Star for ballroom dancing. It takes at least five years for them to reach this standard.

And most professional dancers don't reach their peak until they are 40 years of age.

Most professionals are teachers. They dance all day in their studios, have three hours "perfection" practice with their partners, followed perhaps by a demonstration at a ball or night-club or a competition.

Amateur champions generally turn professional after winning numbers of amateur titles. Both amateurs and professionals have a chance of dancing in interstate challenges and of joining an Australian team for the world championships in London.

Most of the couples—they always dance with the same partner—are married to each other.



"OH, MY FEET!" says Maureen Gibson to her partner, Arthur McCabe, after dancing in the South Pacific open amateur championship, in which they were placed second. They represented Victoria in the section for amateurs.



SLIPPERY SHOES worn by Josie Scott are sandpapered by her partner, Ron Lloyd, of Sydney, before they dance in the professional championship. At left, Pauline Mockbridge, of N.S.W., is intent on arranging her pretty frock.

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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Garden of Evil

THIS Fox adventure of old Mexico has an assortment of top-rank names—Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark, and Cameron Mitchell—and an improbable, entertaining story.

It tells how three adventurers, a laconic ex-sheriff (Cooper), a cynical gambler (Widmark), and a gun-happy killer (Mitchell), are hired by Susan Hayward to ride with her to a distant goldmine where her husband (Hugh Marlowe) lies injured in a collapsed shaft.

Their common greed for gold is the factor which persuades the hard-bitten trio to brave the dangers of the Apache-infested territory through which they gallop at a headlong pace.

Along the way the characters take easily to the saddle and settle down to the film action with the authority of long experience.

Once the rescue is effected, the drive back towards civilisation begins with massed Indians in lively pursuit.

Stunning scenery is shown at its best by technicolor and CinemaScope.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ Human Desire

PATCHES of kissing and killing punctuate the plot of "Human Desire," in which Columbia accentuates sex rather than the thriller aspects of the story.

Telling of a small-town femme fatale who drives men to drink as well as to murder, this picture has the impact of an old-fashioned melodrama.

Gloria Grahame, Glenn Ford, and Broderick Crawford are the centre of the conflict.

Gloria Grahame, who can usually be relied upon to turn in a first-class study of seductive charm, is, on this occasion, frozen-faced and lacking in magnetism.

Broderick Crawford, on the other hand, gives a strong performance as the oafish husband who kills his wife's one-time lover in circumstances that implicate her, and then hits the skids.

Though not altogether happy in the role of the decent young Korean veteran who falls hard for Gloria and is almost drawn into her scheme to liquidate her troublesome husband, Glenn Ford is agreeable enough.

Gloomy, grainy photography is well suited to this story and to the film's railroad background.

In Sydney—Victory.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," period comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus features.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Martin Luther," religious biography, starring Niall MacGinnis. Plus "Welcome to Wales," with Donald Peers.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone with the Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)

LYCEUM.—★★★★ "The Jolson Story," technicolor musical biography, starring Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes. (Re-release.) Plus features.

LYRIC.—★★★ "I Walk Alone," mystery, starring Burt Lancaster, Elizabeth Scott, Kirk Douglas. Plus ★★ "O.S.S.," espionage thriller, starring Alan Ladd, Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "His Majesty O'Keefe," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice. Plus "The Saint's Return," thriller, starring Louis Hayward.

PARIS.—★★ "The Moment of Truth," French-language drama, starring Michele Morgan, Jean Gabin, Daniel Gelin. Plus features.

PLAZA.—★★★ "Garden of Evil," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark. (See review this page.) Plus features.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Elephant Walk," technicolor drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Finch, Dana Andrews. Plus features.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus features.

STATE.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus ★ "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Are We All Murderers?" French-language drama, starring Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus features.

VARIETY.—★ "The Blue Mask," German operetta in color, starring Marika Rokk, Paul Christian. Plus features.

VICTORY.—★ "Human Desire," murder drama, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Broderick Crawford. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "El Alamein," post-war drama, starring Scott Brady, Rita Moreno.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Miami Story," crime thriller, starring Barry Sullivan, Adele Jergens. Plus "Sabre and the Arrow," technicolor adventure, starring Broderick Crawford.

CENTURY.—"Act of Love," romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin. Plus features.

PALACE.—"Jubilee Trail," Trucolor pioneer adventure, starring Vera Ralston, Joan Leslie, Forrest Tucker. Plus ★ "About Face," technicolor musical, starring Gordon MacRae, Eddie Bracken, Aileen Stanley. (Re-release.)

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Useful and handy! Yes, Sellotape — the quality tape — is the strongest, clearest tape your money can buy. Tests have proved it has 25% more gripping power! And because Sellotape is stronger and wider (1 inch), it saves you money! Keep a gay plastic Sellotape dispenser on hand always, and be

sure to send one to school with the youngsters! Another hint: Get a couple of economy Sellotape refills and keep them near your dispenser always.

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PMH 73

WHITE CHRISTMAS

Film Fan Fare

CONDUCTED BY
M. J. McMAHON



DANNY KAYE AND VERA-ELLEN (above), the dance-and-romance team in "White Christmas." Danny is the film friend and partner of Bing Crosby, with whom he stars in stage and radio shows. Vera-Allen, with her film sister, Rosemary Clooney, is also in show business. The foursome meet when the boys audition the sisters' act.

● Top entertainers Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye team for the first time on stage or screen in Paramount's musical "White Christmas." The film's musical score contains 14 new Irving Berlin tunes plus a few old favorites, including the title song, which he wrote, and Bing Crosby introduced, in 1942. "White Christmas" is filmed in VistaVision and technicolor.



BING CROSBY and Rosemary Clooney (above), who share an on-again-off-again musical-comedy love affair in the film as well as several musical numbers. With Danny Kaye and Vera-Allen, they put across a bright musical interlude titled "The Best Things Happen When You're Dancing."



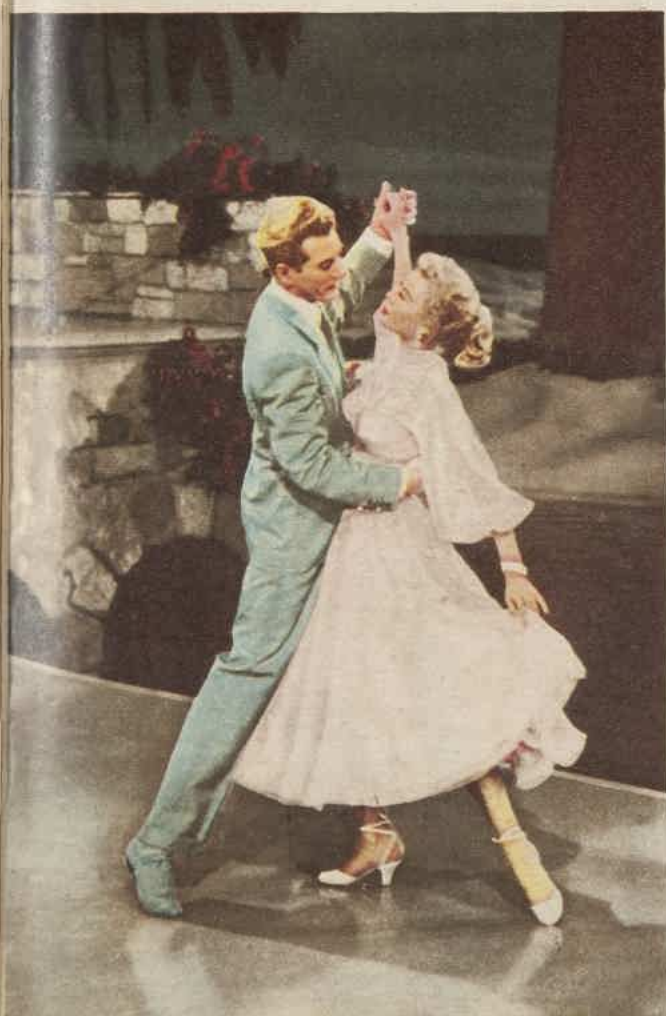
LEFT: Broadway appearances establish front-line entertainers Captain Bob Wallace (Bing Crosby), left, and Private Phil Davis (Danny Kaye). Out of their wartime friendship grows a colorful postwar success on Broadway.



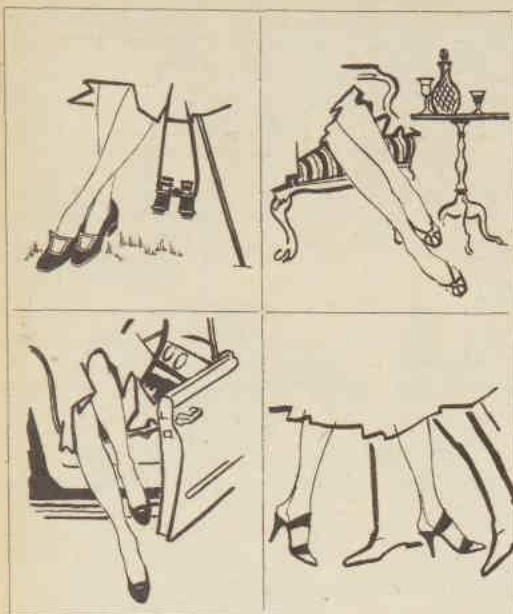
BELOW LEFT: Dance interlude featuring Vera-Ellen and Danny Kaye. Danny's role in "White Christmas" is comedy, but he also gives his characterisation every ounce of charm and romantic appeal.

ABOVE: The Haynes girls, Judy (Vera-Ellen), left, and Betty (Rosemary Clooney), who head the floor show at Pine Tree Inn, in Vermont, sing the number titled "Sisters" in this film sequence.

BELOW: Reprise of "Sisters" number is played for laughs by the boys, who travel to Vermont to spend a white Christmas at the inn. The proprietor is their wartime commander, General Waverly.



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How to make... HUNGARIAN STEW

(with Keen's Mustard)

- 2½ lbs. beef
- 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 onion minced
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons Mustard
- 4 cups onion or water
- ½ cup tomato juice
- 4 tablespoons butter

Cut meat in cubes, fry in pan until brown, add chopped onion, seasoning and flour, continue frying 10 minutes, pour stock over and cook until tender, then add tomato juice and a little cream. Serves 5 to 6 people.

*SWISS STEAK SAVOURY

(with Keen's Mustard)

- 2 lbs. round steak
- 2 small kidneys
- ½ tablespoon flour
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- 1/3 teaspoon mixed dry herbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon Mustard
- 4 onions
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire Sauce

Cut steak and kidneys in small pieces. Mix flour, ginger, salt and mixed herbs. Roll meat in mixture. Put in casserole, add Mustard and Worcestershire Sauce. Cover with boiling water, simmer 3 hours. Add onions and cook 1 hour longer. (To prepare quickly, use pressure cooker.) Serves 4 or 5 people.

KEEN'S MUSTARD

makes all the difference!



1. SURRENDER of Geronimo (Monte Blue), centre, to the U.S. Cavalry on the field of battle is interrupted by a rifle shot which cuts down the flag of truce. The firing begins anew.



2. MANACLED, Massai, the culprit (Burt Lancaster), centre, is banished, but he escapes. Hating all whites, he steals back home. On the way a farmer gives Massai some seed corn.



3. BETRAYED by the father of Nalinle, his betrothed (Jean Peters), Massai gets away once again. He blames Nalinle, and abducts her.

Wild West story

THE violence, drama, and sweep of adventure of "Apache" (United Artists), starring Burt Lancaster and Jean Peters, are based on actual history of America's early West.

Massai, last of the great Indian warriors (the role played by Lancaster), was a symbol of terror as he waged a single-handed campaign of vengeance against the United States Army.

"Apache" is filmed in technicolor for the wide-screen.



4. ANGER causes Massai to leave the weary girl bound and gagged. Then he terrorises the whole country.



5. AVENGING past oppression, Massai kills Weddle (John Dehner), the crooked Indian agent. Pursued by soldiers and Indian scouts, Massai hunts a hideout.



6. RECONCILED with Nalinle, Massai finds peace in the hills and, urged by his wife, turns to farming. She convinces him there is a message of peace in a blade of corn and helps him with planting.



7. HAND-TO-HAND fight with Al Seiber (John McIntire), the sympathetic chief of U.S. scouts who finally discovers the Indian's hiding place, ends abruptly and harmlessly when Massai's son is born.



8. PROMISE that they will begin a new life of peace comforts Nalinle. The Army and Seiber both realise that Massai, the great warrior, is now a peaceful farmer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1954

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2. Fill in the coupon or write out your entry and mail to G.P.O. Box 4119, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
3. Every entry will be examined and, in the event of a number of competitors displaying equal skill in determining the order of merit of the recipes, the judges will select prize winners from the competitors' favourite recipes on the basis of taste, economy and ease in preparation.
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10. Prize winners will be advised by mail and will be announced in an advertisement in "The Australian Women's Weekly" on 15th December, 1954.
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Here's all you do! —

In the first square put the number of the recipe you consider the best, based on taste, ease and economy in preparation, then your second choice and so on.

1st No.	2nd No.	3rd No.	4th No.	5th No.	6th No.	7th No.
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My favourite recipe for _____ is attached.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

The Proprietor or Manager of my Grocery Store is Mr. _____

or _____

Your entry may also win a two weeks' holiday in Australia for your Grocer and his wife.

CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION

1. PATTY CAKES:
INGREDIENTS: 6 oss. butter, 4 oss. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour, pinch salt.
METHOD: Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until soft, white and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased patty tins, bake in hot oven approximately 15 minutes. Makes about two dozen cakes.

2. LIGHT FRUIT CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: ½ lb. butter, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ lb. plain flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, ½ lb. castor sugar, 1 os. coarsely chopped blanched almonds, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 2 oss. shredded peel, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 or 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 tablespoon cornflour.
METHOD: Cream butter with orange and lemon rinds. Gradually add sifted flour and salt; continue beating until soft, white and fluffy. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved, add yolks. Mix into creamed butter and flour. Fold in almonds, fruit and sherry, then baking powder, sifted with cornflour. Turn into 8-inch round or square tin lined with paper. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 1½ hours.

3. ORANGE CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: 8 oss. butter, ½ lb. sugar, grated rind of one orange, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon orange juice, 3 cups Cream of Tartar self-raising flour.
METHOD: Cream butter, sugar and orange rind thoroughly. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add orange juice, mix well. Fold in flour, which has been sifted three times, alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8-inch cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. When cold, ice with orange icing.

4. COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES:
INGREDIENTS: ½ cup butter, ¼ cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, ½ cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, pinch salt, ½ cup coconut.
METHOD: Beat butter until softened; gradually add sugar, vanilla and lemon rind. Continue beating until creamy. Add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and coconut. Shape dough into rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper (not greaseproof) and place in refrigerator overnight. Cut into water-thin slices with a sharp knife. Place on a greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, brush with milk, sprinkle with sugar, and return to oven for 2 or 3 minutes. Cool on trays, store in airtight tin when cold.

5. CHOCOLATE CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: 4 oss. butter, ¼ cup castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 eggs, 8 oss. plain flour, 1 teaspoon Cream of Tartar, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 level tablespoons drinking chocolate, good ¾ cup milk.
METHOD: Cream butter with sugar; add boiling water. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill into two well-greased 7-inch sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice one layer with chocolate icing and join layers with cream.

6. GINGERBREAD CAKE:
INGREDIENTS: ½ cups plain flour, 1 level teaspoon Cream of Tartar baking powder, 1 level teaspoon ginger, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup golden syrup or treacle, 1 tablespoon margarine, ½ cup milk, 1 beaten egg.
METHOD: Sift flour and spices into a bowl; add the sugar and mix. Melt the shortening, stir into the mixture, beat in egg, soda and baking powder. Gradually add liquid to dry ingredients, mixing lightly and thoroughly. Pour into buttered and paper-lined slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. When cool, cut in squares and sift with sugar.

7. SPONGE SANDWICH:
INGREDIENTS: Three large eggs, good ½ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 tablespoons milk.
METHOD: Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Beat whites until stiff and frothy; gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt, then butter melted in hot milk. Fill into two greased 7-in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, fill and ice when cold.

Remember

If a label, lid of a can or cutting with words "Cream of Tartar" from any product containing Cream of Tartar is enclosed, the first prize is doubled to a trip for two persons.

Irish star in new film

From BILL STRUTTON,
in London

Irish star Kieron Moore, of the lantern jaw and the big brown eyes, is retreating from his attempt to become a movie tycoon.

HE is making a star's return to British films, fleeing from the headaches of production, and deciding, like many other actors before him, that it's more comfortable and less worry simply to act—and draw a big salary.

London Films welcomed the errant Kieron Moore back into the fold with one of the biggest movie parts going for any male star in Britain this year. It's in "The Green Scarf," which George More O'Ferrall directed.

And just to make the welcome home complete, Ann Todd was assigned as his leading lady, with the distinguished Michael Redgrave, largely hidden this time behind a bushy beard, to lend the lustre of his name to the star cast.

Kieron's large brown eyes—though they are comparatively useless to him in this role—are flashing at the plum dramatic role that he landed. For he plays a man who is blind, deaf, and dumb.

Realistic sets

"THE GREEN SCARF" is an adaptation from a brilliant French novel by Guy des Cars called "The Brute," and it highlights the situation of a sightless, speechless, and helpless man who faces a murder charge to protect his wife, and yet is tragically ill-equipped to defend himself.



DEFENCE COUNSEL Deloit (Michael Redgrave), left, communicates through an interpreter with the blind deaf-mute (Kieron Moore), right, whom he is to defend on a murder charge. For a while the prisoner refuses to co-operate.



ANN TODD as Solange, the girl who is the chief helpmate of the blind deaf-mute Jacques Vauthier (Kieron Moore) in the writing of his novel. Later she marries him.

"You ought to see the script," gloated Kieron. "It's something out of this world. It's the talk of the studios!"

Most of the action of the film takes place in France and America, but such is the science of the prop builders that all the sets involved were re-created inside a British studio less than 20 miles from London; and the French author, a stocky, middle-aged little man who crossed the

Film Fan-Fare

Channel' out of curiosity to see what the world of films could do with his brainchild, capered about the set with delight at the French Court of Justice which occupied one corner of a huge sound stage.

It was complete with tapestry, coats of arms, and paneling in an exact replica of its very wood.

The eyes of Monsieur des Cars popped.

"Ze British," he said, "are fanatics for the reality. Mon Dieu—C'est inouï!"

But the prop men are a blase lot. They accepted his verdict that it was extraordinary with a shrug. After all, they were

the same men who had rebuilt part of Tangier under the same roof on an earlier film, and then stocked it with tropical sunshine and a whole native population.

When I dropped in on the set I noticed that Kieron Moore was giving me a rather glassy look, as though his mind were on other things. Then I saw why. He had drilled himself so completely into the habits of a blind man that he was automatically practising not seeing me.

He said, "They wanted me to use contact lenses at first—just to help me get into the part. But I didn't like them. I used another trick instead."

"What's that?"

He wriggled in his chair a bit as though confessing to something silly.

"Well," he said simply, "I just imagine I can't see anybody. I shut the world out of my eyes. Same with hearing. But it's a dangerous habit, off the set."

"But these are the sort of problems that any actor's used to. They're child's play to him, compared with the headaches of running your own film company. I've had enough of that for a while."

"It would have taken less than a fat part like this to tempt me back."

Australian role

"THERE'S only one better part that I can think of—and that's an Australian one. It's even worth going back into production for. I suppose you know the story I mean."

"Yes, 'Robbery Under Arms.' And I suppose you know the part I want to play?"

"Captain Starlight?"

"Right, Digger. Do you know anybody who wants to make it?"

The last I heard, Ealing Studios had the rights to make "Robbery Under Arms." But then, Ealing have been talking about making it for years now. Kieron Moore could be a grandfather before somebody does.

HOW TO BE HAPPY...

Though a Mother

Thousands of words are written nowadays about teenagers and how to keep them happy. I, despite my rapidly greying hair, read all this advice to the young with a great deal of interest.

MOST of it is excellent, but may I raise a plaintive voice on behalf of that unromantic but really rather necessary figure — the teenager's mother? To paraphrase that old (how fitting) song, "Who takes care of the Teenager's mother while the Teenager's busy making fun?"

Speaking as the mother of three (fourteen, twelve, and ten) determinedly hospitable children I can truthfully answer "No one, unless you do something about it yourself!"

Someone once wisely remarked that necessity is the mother of invention, and in my case it is doubtless true. Any small ways in which I have managed to lighten this white woman's burden have been due to the fact that I love gardening and barely tolerate domestic duties.

I also like my children to be free to invite their friends here, and until a couple of years ago I found myself gradually becoming swamped

with domesticity — which is when the aforementioned invention and necessity came in.

Thinking the whole problem over, I realised that much of the extra work was caused by washing and ironing.

Little friend Tommy and little friend Mary come for the week-end. Certain result on Monday morning, extra table

I therefore took £2 and a lot of thought and went shopping. I bought some checked seersucker to make into table napkins for young visitors.

These have been boiled constantly for two years and are still perfect. They require absolutely no ironing, do not show stains the first time small friends use them (unhygienic but helpful).

My second purchase that day was a dozen appropriately colored bamboo table mats. I do not like the appearance of plastic cloths for lunch or dinner, but these are very effective, wash perfectly, and dry quickly with again no ironing.

Those two slight alterations overcame a lot of extra work, but still left the problem of my dear friends, the sheets. Then a relation gave me an amusing book on American home life. In one place it mentions "the serried ranks of sleeping bags" in the children's guest-room.

Down in the forest something stirred. Why could I not use sleeping bags, at any rate for short visits, and in the cooler weather? Wasn't

my son a perfectly good scout; anyway, a scout? And did not every self-respecting scout own a sleeping bag?

From that day, unlike the vast majority of my ideas, this one has worked perfectly.

A sleeping bag is the simplest thing to make. Most of us have old eiderdowns, blankets, or quilts, any of which are suitable.

They only have to be sewn up on three sides, placed on bed with a pillow, extra blankets on top if necessary, and little friend crawls happily inside.



DAVIDSON

After they are used by each visitor I turn them inside out and hang them on the line to air thoroughly. They can be sprayed with disinfectant, using a fly spray, if it is not possible to wash them at intervals.

But the most interesting part of the whole idea is that since we started using them (I use them only for week-end visitors) I have not known one child who was not really thrilled at the thought of sleeping in one.

They invariably place them on the floor, declining bed, and I am most unpopular when I insist on ordinary sleeping arrangements in the hot weather.

As my children have grown older, I have found increasingly how much they enjoy arranging their efforts at hospitality themselves.

We have a grass tennis court which my son, with the aid of an electric lawn mower and a few firm words from mother, keeps cut, while his sisters line it. In the week-

ends a merry crowd of varying sizes, shapes, and sexes congregate there — while I happily garden!

A barbecue is another investment that will pay handsome dividends. And speaking from personal experience, I know that a tin with holes punched round it, near the bottom, is quite as effective for grilling as a far more elaborate arrangement.

If it is an all-day tennis affair I provide chops, sausages (I bring them to the boil beforehand to stop them bursting when grilled), rolls, and butter, basic necessities for salads such as lettuce, cheese, and tomatoes, plenty of fruit, and leave them to it.

I know that mothers everywhere want their children to be happy while they may.

I am sure that if we can teach them to look on their home as a place to which, provided they pull their weight, they are encouraged to welcome their friends, it is helping to send them forth, as we must some day, basically sound in their idea of values.

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by
**Betty
Keep**



The dress with a petticoated, bouffant skirt is the special province and love of the young for summer party wear. Illustrated above is a dress of this type, chosen in answer to an inquiry from a teenage reader.

HER letter asking my advice about her party dress is given below.

"WHAT sort of a style would you suggest for a floral cotton for a short party frock? I am 17, and will need a paper pattern in size 34in. bust for the frock you choose. I have only just started to make some of my own frocks, so please keep the design simple but pretty."

Almost every girl in the 17 to 20 age group shows a preference for skirt fullness because it is vastly becoming to young figures. Moreover, the short-skirted bouffant dress makes an ideal party dress, and looks extremely pretty when the wearer is dancing.

A paper pattern for the design (there it is illustrated above) can be obtained in 32in. to 38in. bust. The pattern includes a step-by-step instruction chart, so you should not have any difficulties with the cutting and sewing.

"I AM a keen follower of American teenage fashion, and am writing to inquire if you could tell me if American girls are still wearing pedal-pushers."

Treador pants for juniors, in black, laced at the calf, still rank as a favorite teenage fashion in America. Slender, above-ankle-length trousers are also popular; in this category the trousers are cut just as slim as the wearer's proportions will permit. Still another American fancy is trousers made in flower-printed cotton.

"I WILL be having my second baby in December, and though I find smocks are very comfortable to wear during pregnancy, I wonder if you could think up a smock that looks a bit different and smart."

My suggestion is a smock-jacket finished with a sailor collar. Have the smock made with tiny shoulder sleeves and the collar deep and square at the back, and in front tied in a sailor knot at a V-neckline.

For the material and color suggestion I like the idea of a white polka dot printed on bright navy cotton. Have an extra white collar in pique made detachable to wear over the self material one.

"FOR my Christmas holiday I am planning an ensemble of separates, and would like a little advice. I will be staying at a large guest-house and the separates are to change into in the evening. I am slim and dark-skinned."

A white halter top, tan cummerbund, and a skirt (very wide) printed in white, grey, and tan would be a very attractive and unusual combination for your separates. Moreover, it would suit your coloring.

"I HAVE had a dark steel-grey suit made for between seasons, the material being rayon. Now the suit is finished it is disappointing as it looks drab. Would you suggest a bright color for a blouse that would team well with grey?"

Poppy, tangerine, coral, turquoise, and gold are all colors

you might consider for your blouse, and they are all good accent colors for dark grey. The best plan is to choose the shade you consider most flattering to your eyes and hair.

An alternative idea, and one which is very fashionable, would be to wear the suit minus a blouse with coral colored beads massed at the neckline. If you decide on the latter idea, keep the other accessories matched exactly to the suit color.

"I WANT to have a ballerina for dancing made in a red shade if that color is being worn. Please advise me on this problem, and if possible suggest a dress fabric other than cotton. I always follow The Australian Women's Weekly's fashions, and love the French styles. I think I saw a few weeks back that red was worn in Paris."

Certainly choose red for your ballerina dress. In Paris there is a big affection for all shades of red, light and luminous, as well as very dark shades. Chiffon or fine lace is my advice for the material.

Have the skirt wide and softly gathered or tiered, and the bodice sleeveless and finished with some kind of flattering drape.

"PLEASE give me a new and unusual color combination for slacks and a shirt."

A chic new combination would be tangerine cotton tweed for the slacks, plus a paisley shirt printed in tangerine, white, and black. An alternative idea—beige corduroy slacks and an olive-green shirt.

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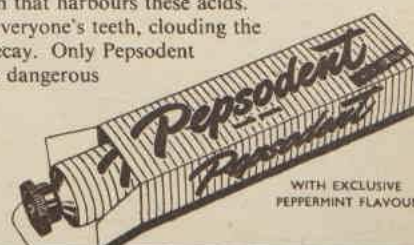
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Page 39

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Worth Reporting

T IRED of seeing former pupils coming back to visit her with too much make-up clumsily applied, the principal of a leading Sydney Catholic girls' college recently arranged for a make-up expert to give senior pupils a lecture on how to use cosmetics wisely.

About 50 girls between the ages of 15 and 17 attended the lecture, which was given only a week or two before the senior school dance.

"We realise that when they leave school, and occasionally at week-ends when they are still at school, the girls are going to wear make-up," the principal said.

"It's no use saying they won't."

"So we decided to arrange for the lecture to be given and were glad to see that most of the advice given to the girls confirmed what we had told them."

"In the past," she explained, "we have advised them, as the expert did, to use only a little make-up, but, of course, they wouldn't take any notice of us. They regard us as very, very old."

The principal said that at the dance she had been delighted with the results.

"The girls were very simply made up," she said, "with only a suggestion of lipstick and a light dusting of powder."

"The make-up made some of the quite ordinary-looking girls look very nice."

"And we are very glad to see that the girls are now taking more interest in their hair," the principal added.

"We were always at them about that, but, following the lecture, they are giving it more attention."

After the lecture, which also included hints on skin care, the girls entertained the expert, Miss Betty Thompson, visiting New Zealand representative of a big cosmetics firm, at morning tea.

Miss Thompson, who is engaged to be married, left the college with recipes of biscuits made by the mothers of some of the girls who attended the demonstration.



"I wouldn't know when to catch him in a good mood. I've only been here for six months."

A MELBOURNE woman we know feels so maternal about her new little car that she uses a well-known brand of baby soap for washing it.

New airport has glamor

WOMEN air travellers whose aircraft touch down at San Francisco will find all the comforts of home at the airport's new international building.

Qantas Press officer, Miss Marge McGrath, who attended the three-day flight festival to mark the opening of the building, said that it has all the amenities a woman traveller could want.

There are nurseries, complete with cots, where mothers can feed, bathe, and change their babies or leave them in the care of a nurse while they go off to the beauty parlor or shower-rooms.

The building has its own post office, cafe, restaurant, and cocktail bar, and a gift shop where goods from all over the world can be purchased.

From the building's florist shop travellers can also wire flowers to friends in any part of the world.

Miss McGrath added that male travellers were also well catered for with shower-rooms, and barber shop complete with a blonde manicurist.

Wallpaper from the Weekly

A NOVEL substitute for wallpaper has been found by ingenious Victorian home-maker Mrs. T. Sullivan, of Darley, near Bacchus Marsh.

Mrs. Sullivan has used the color pages and front covers of The Australian Women's Weekly to paper the walls of the bedrooms of her two daughters, Maureen, aged 18, and Margaret, aged five.

Originally an economy move when the Sullivans were transforming a former Army hut into a real home, Mrs. Sullivan's wall decor has since been highly praised by friends and neighbors.

"When I first toyed with the idea of papering the girls' rooms with color pages from the Weekly," she said, "I thought the effect would be too hectic."

"However, I couldn't resist trying it, because I was anxious to make the rooms warm and cheery and wallpaper was out of the question because of its cost."

So that the colors would run together in a smooth-flowing jigsaw, Mrs. Sullivan tore instead of cut pieces of all shapes and sizes and then pasted them to the walls with flour and water paste.

When thoroughly dry the newly papered walls were varnished with clear lacquer.

Portrait covers which the family particularly wanted to keep were pasted on at intervals around the walls, which are broken up into panelled sections with turquoise-blue painted wood beading.

"The job took me about three months," Mrs. Sullivan added, "and I used covers and color pages from about 150 copies of the Weekly."

Although the Sullivans have been married for nearly 20 years, the former Army hut is their first settled home.

Government House, Melbourne, was their address for the first five years of their marriage. Mr. Sullivan was then a stud groom to a former Governor of Victoria, Lord Huntingfield.

When Lord Huntingfield returned to England, the Sullivans moved to the Government's metropolitan farm at Werribee, and when they later moved to Bacchus Marsh they lived in rented houses until they were able to buy their present home and land.

IT'S always seemed difficult to us to assess character in a big city, but according to a Sydney taxi-driver in whose cab we rode the other day the whole thing's "dead easy."

"Nothing to it with men," he said. "Just judge 'em by whether they get into the back seat of a cab or not. A bloke on his own who doesn't get in front with the driver is either a dead nark or a stranger to Sydney."

We inquired how he judged women.

"Golly, lady, break it down," he said. "I'm only a cab-driver, not a blinkin' recording angel."

BOOK NEWS By HELEN GORDON

THE smell of death and decay hangs over the opening pages of Erich Maria Remarque's latest novel, "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," a compelling picture of war in Europe seen through German eyes.

This atmosphere of violence and sudden, futile death is sustained throughout the book's 300-odd pages as the central figure, Private Ernst Graeber, of Hitler's Army of the Reich, retreats with his division through Russia, numbly assisting at the execution of Russian guerrillas and burying his dead comrades in their various stages of decomposition.

Nor does the gloom lift much when Ernst is sent home from the front to spend 14 days' leave with his family.

He finds Werden, his home city, in ruins, his parents missing, and the people of the city scratching out a living among the bombed-out buildings, living in dread of further air raids and arrest by the S.S.

Ernst finds a measure of hope and happiness when he meets Elizabeth Kruse, a strange, violent girl whom he knew during their schooldays. They fall in love, and marry before his leave ends.

Ernst's association with Elizabeth is one of the novel's few bright patches, but it is not really convincing.

This is not a book for the squeamish reader. Its interest lies mainly in the fact that it is one of the few war stories published since World War II to give the German point of view.

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Sunglasses

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 27, 1954

Page 41

Giving credit where it's due

Credit is due to three Asians studying in Australia who carried off the first and second prizes in an essay competition sponsored by the Overseas Students' Bureau of the N.S.W. University of Technology and Sydney University.

ORGANISED by Ali Asgar, a young Pakistani from Fiji, the competition was open to Australian and Asian students. The subject was "Asian Students in Australia."

First prize was £25/5/- and a fountain pen; the two who tied for second place each received a fountain pen.

Winner Eng-Yat Oen, an Indonesian, is in junior fourth year of medicine at Sydney University. He is 24.

In his essay Eng-Yat pointed out that the age-old problem of East v. West still remains to be solved.

"Technical co-operation

alone will not wipe out in the minds of the children of tomorrow images of drunken, bullying white men and brown-skinned savages," he said.

"The solution lies in the hands of those who share in

FIRST OF A SERIES

this problem today, especially those whose minds have been broadened by education, who find themselves in a position to plant the seeds of goodwill along the road to their own success.

"A little encouragement and reassurance at the right time inspires the Asian student to face problems he alone can solve. A public outburst of sympathy, which is soon forgotten, sometimes does not help him as much as the reassuring touch of a hand on his shoulder, or a meaningful wink in typical Australian fashion."

The Aussie wink must be remarkable because it also impressed Tennyson Rodrigo, a 24-year-old Ceylonese studying chemical engineering at the N.S.W. University of Technology.

With Adelina Agbayani, 22, daughter of the Senior Staff Officer with the Philippines Legation, Tennyson tied for second place.

He instances the typical Aussie greeting of a split-second nod and wink as something that astounds the more formal Asians.

Adelina Agbayani, a B.A., has lived in Australia for more than six years, and is studying for her M.A. at Sydney University.

These are some of the points she made in her essay:

• Despite a White Australia policy, Australians, while generally misinformed and



WINNER (above), Eng-Yat Oen, of the essay competition. At left, runners-up Adelina Agbayani and (far left) Tennyson Rodrigo.

DISC DIGEST

PARODIES on the dance habits of the 1920's are becoming less and less amusing, so for an authentic example of the music of that period you should hear "Jazz Classics" on CFR10-433 with Louis Armstrong as the star attraction. The eight numbers on this LP were recorded almost thirty years ago. Satchmo is heard against four bands of the day: Johnny Dodds' Black Bottom Stompers, Lil's Hot Shots, Erskine Tate's Vendome Orchestra, and Red Onion Jazz Babies.

THOSE who like programme music (i.e. with a plot) should enjoy the concert of three symphonic poems on A01604.R. Two are by Saint-Saens, "Danse Macabre" and "Omphale's Spinning Wheel," and one by French composer-conductor Rabaud, "The Nocturnal Procession," inspired by portion of the Faust legend. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducts the New York Philharmonic Symphony.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

IRONING A BOUFFANT SKIRT



• **EASY WAY** to iron a full-skirted dress: Sling a rope across the ironing board or table and hang the dress on a coathanger, as shown. This invaluable hint for pressing evening frocks with voluminous skirts was contributed by a teenager.

Spring Cleaning Guide

for moderns

Blankets & Woollens

Before storing those blankets and woollens, wash them with **TRIX**. Trix works by safe, gentle detergent action... and, unlike soaps, there's no shrinkage, thickening or hardening. Trix makes blankets softer, fleecier than ever.



Floors

Mop with Trix-and-water and away goes that film of dirt, grease and stale wax. Trix contains no caustics or abrasives... Trix is as gentle as it's efficient.



Walls & Paintwork

Washable paintwork comes up smiling when you use Trix. Just wipe over lightly with a cloth dampened with Trix-water—greasy smears and smudges go double-quick.



Windows

No elbow-grease needed when you use Trix for window-cleaning. Just sponge over the panes, and the glass sparkles like diamonds. (Give the frames a wipe while you're about it.)



Carpets

Carpets soiled? Then just rub them over with a solution of Trix-and-water. Removes dirt and grease like magic, brings up the colours like new.



Upholstery, Slip Covers, Drapes

Tweed, brocade, genoa velvet... whatever the fabric (provided it's colour-fast), you can clean it beautifully with Trix. Trix "lifts out" and absorbs grease and dirt!



Tiles and Bathroom Fittings

A swift once-over with Trix-in-water and away go those soap-and-splash marks. Walls, floors, fittings—all say "thank you" for Trix.



Stoves

Don't worry about that grease-encrusted stove—it won't be half so bad to clean if you put Trix to work. Steep the removable pieces in Trix-water... and, using Trix again, go over the rest with a hard brush.

8 ways to save Work, Time, Money, Worry by using Trix, "the miracle detergent"



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TRIX is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd. makers of famous MORTEIN

FILM STAR'S WARDROBE

By Edith Head, Paramount Films
fashion designer

Film actresses are as nearly perfect as possible, but they, too, have their figure problems. They might be a little too slim or too fat, or a little short-waisted, or something of that sort.

MY favorite guinea pig on the subject of figure problems is Vera-Ellen.

Vera-Ellen is tall, slim, and beautiful, but she is a little bit long-waisted. This makes her easier to dress, but Vera-Ellen considers it a defect and it bothers her.

To disguise it she has played up the "separates" idea. Every single thing she has is based on "separates," and the way she compensates for her long-waistedness is through the use of belts.

In order to look shorter-waisted, she uses wide belts and sashes—never narrow ones.

I saw her the other day and she had on a black organdie dress over a pale pink organdie petticoat, with a pink taffeta sash tied round her waist in a huge bow at the back. It was absolutely enchanting and gave her the desired high-waisted look.

This idea of using belts is a wonderful thing for controlling your waistline. You can make yourself high-waisted or low-waisted; you can give yourself a party look by wearing sashes, or a tailored look by wearing belts. So when in doubt, wear a sash.

At right I have sketched Vera-Ellen wearing three pretty sash ideas designed to minimise a long waist.

NEXT WEEK: Janet Leigh's wedding dress.



Kay Melaun
says:

Here's your answer

Quite a fair number of the letters I get are from young people who are shy and who say that no matter how hard they try they can't seem to make friends.

HERE is a letter from a boy. It's typical: "I am 20 years old and I have difficulty in making friends as I am rather shy. I moved over here about six months ago from Melbourne and I find that my shyness is a great handicap. I feel that if I could mix with people about my age I could get over it. I would be very grateful if you could help me in any way."

D.C., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

TRY the Waverley Christian Community Centre, which is just near Bondi Junction. Several young people from Rose Bay attend there and you would also have some company on the way home.

You should call at the centre some week-day evening at about 7.30 and ask for the director.

The trouble with shyness is that when you're young, especially, you don't realise that there's no magic secret to the great mystery of making friends. Shy people nearly always think there is and that one day they will find it and will be surrounded immediately by a gang.

Nice though it would be, it just doesn't work this way at all.

Much of the solution to the problem of shyness is in trying to forget yourself and your own feelings. This sounds very dreary and preachy, but it's true, nevertheless.

So, on your first evening at this or any other club or gathering, don't hang back or worry about what impression you're making. Ask for some

useful job to do, save some girl from being a wallflower, and there won't be time for you to think about being shy.

"Would you please solve two problems for me? I am 14½ and am the only girl at my secondary school not allowed to wear lipstick. I feel very embarrassed when I am with other girls. Is my mother wrong in banning a little lipstick?"

"You mentioned a while

ago that another girl of 14 should have plenty of both girl and boy friends, but I think my mother would faint if she knew. Four boys and three girls, all very nice and from good homes, have invited me to join their 'gang.' Should I be allowed to join them?"

Individual, Brisbane.

MOST girls of 14½ are allowed to wear a little lipstick for special occasions.

But if your mother says No, then No it is for you.

About the second problem. You say your mother would faint if she knew. I don't think she would faint. She has more wisdom and good sense than you give her credit for, and she has some good reason for prohibiting the boy friends in your case.

Perhaps you're flighty and she has a difficult enough job trying to flog you into your school work without letting you have more distractions in the way of boys and parties. But neither the lipstick nor the "gang" is your real problem.

Your problem is that your mother treats you as a child and not as a young adult.

Probably she is waiting for some signs that you're growing up before she lets you get at the lipstick and join a "gang."

Are you really growing up? For instance, do you accept responsibility, or do you still try to lurk and dodge it, as children do? Do you ever help in the house?

This, very likely, is the situation from her point of view. So have a good look at it. Then talk it over with her. Show her my reply, if you like, and ask her can you have some friends home so that she can meet them.

Don't be afraid to speak out. She is your mother, remember, who loves you very much and wants only the best for you. She is not a dragon trying to spoil your life, as you're sometimes tempted to believe.

But a word of advice: Don't mention the word "gang" to her. It conjures up visions of street-corner horseplay and gives parents the horrors. Just say "a few of my friends."

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

Remember: In the measurements, all spoonfuls are level, and an 8oz. standard measuring cup is used.

APPLE GINGER PUDDING

Five cooking apples, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water, 2 cloves, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon boiling water, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, pinch spice, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

1. Measure all ingredients, grease an oven-proof piedish.

2. Preheat oven to moderate, arrange shelf slightly above centre in gas oven and slightly below centre in electric oven.

3. Peel and core apples, cut into eighths, place in saucepan with water, ½ cup of the sugar, and cloves.

4. Cook gently until apples are tender, remove cloves, pour into piedish.

5. Beat butter or substitute with remaining sugar, lemon rind, and hot water with wooden spoon until creamy.

6. Add egg, beat well.

7. Sift flour, ginger, spice, and salt twice.

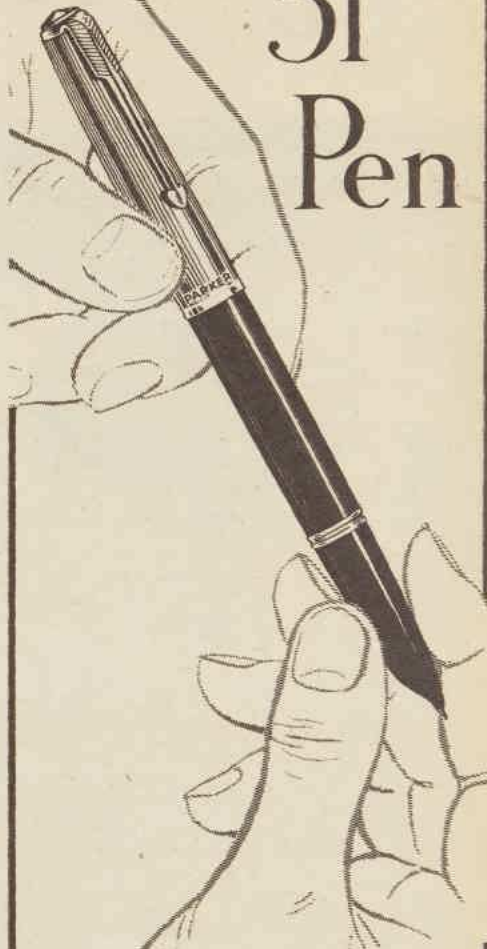
8. Fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk.

9. Pour over apples in dish.

10. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve with cream or custard.

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Rayons

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Worn open at the neck, the new style collar gives easy comfort plus the casual appearance favored by men who enjoy the open air life. Sportmaster is the most popular all-purpose sport shirt.

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easy to iron!

fast colours!

Sportmaster

exclusive range

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For men who prefer cotton sports shirts, Pelaco present a magnificent colorful range of new Sportmaster fabrics—durable poplins, smart plain and check denims, woven checks, waffle weaves and many others that make it so easy to choose the right shirt for sporting occasions. Of course, these colorfast cottons launder perfectly and are Sanforized shrunk. The 1954 cotton Sportmasters, with long or short sleeves, can be seen at your mercer's.



P73DS



CONSORT

Inspired by Fashion leaders in New York and London, and made expressly for Pelaco, the fabrics for the new Consort sports shirts are as interesting as their names—Mirracond, Chick n' Check, Nylon Plisse, Nylonised Merrilon, and Sierra. These hand washable de-luxe shirts cost little more; but have the most obvious air of real quality and tailored finish. To be worn with a tie or open-necked, styled in long or short sleeves, the 1954 Consorts in all the fashionable colors are on display at leading mercers throughout Australia.

Sportmaster

at all stores for men



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will give you

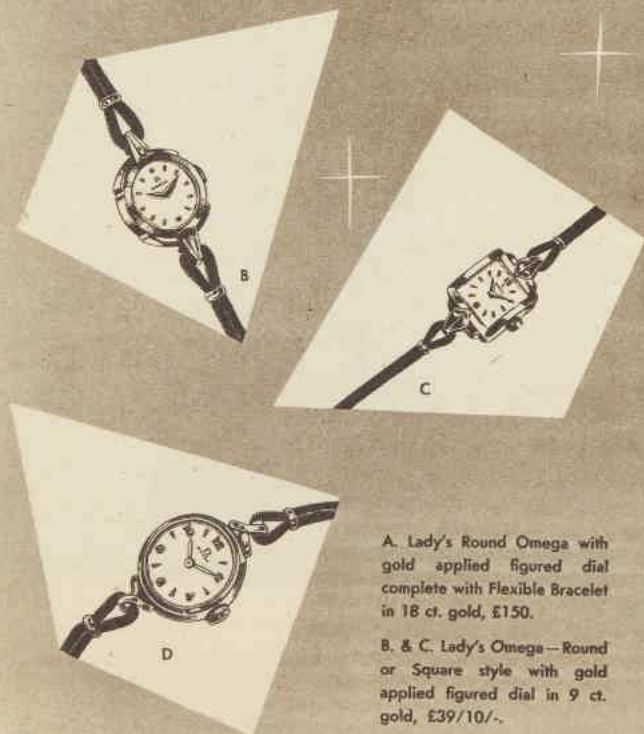
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OMEGA

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A. Yes! 'Vilene' as a backing for your belt will keep it in perfect shape—and, of course, will wash perfectly. It's a good idea, too, to work your summerbund on a 'Vilene' base to keep it from crushing. Use quality A65 or A80 depending on the stiffness required.



A. 'Vilene' is perfect for this and I have sketched a pannier-pattern of my own design which you might copy if you're clever with the needle. Stiffen the slip itself with A65 or S65. Line the crinoline parts with two thicknesses of quality 135.

*CRINOLINE PETTICOAT pattern—Weigel 1612 (waist sizes 24, 26, 28), at your favourite pattern department . . . or by mail if you send 3/4 (which includes postage) to Madame Weigel Pty. Ltd., 229 Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria.



A. When making a dress that buttons down the front, line the front parts with 'Vilene' A50 or S50. Result, a smoother, neater edge, a much longer-lasting finish and perfect button holes. 'Vilene' will never fray.

IDEA! Make your own 'Vilene' interlined beachbag to match your beach togs.

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 3

paper. "But that set I pointed out was over two hundred pounds."

"You don't have to tell me," he said. "Well, aren't you going to open it?"

With shaky fingers she untied the cord and opened the silken box. Rubies gleamed redly at her from their velvet background. With a shudder of delight she lifted the brooch out, turning it in her hand and watching its crimson stone glowing sullenly at her. She took out the ear-rings and held them against the light.

A heady delirium which she made no attempt to subdue came over her. She stretched her hand out to the driving-mirror over the windscreen and jerked it in her direction. Attaching the rubies to her ears she eyed herself in the glass, swinging her head this way and that, swirling the red stones against her flushed cheeks.

"They're beautiful," she muttered. Oblivious of his glowing eyes, she undid her high coat and held the brooch against her white throat. A surge of reckless abandonment swept over her as the icy fire of the rubies burned her skin.

Mervyn's face showed his satisfaction. Reaching forward he unlocked a receptacle alongside his dashboard, and pulled out a flask and two glasses. He poured into them, and handed one to Stella.

"There's water in it," he told her. "Drink it back and we'll have another."

She gulped down the brandy recklessly, feeling its fire reach out along her limbs. He filled her glass again, almost to its brim. She laughed gaily.

"It's an old trick, darling. I've had it tried on me dozens of times. You'll need lots of brandy."

"There's plenty more where that comes from," he said thickly. "Cheers."

"Cheers," she answered, drinking deeply again. The spirit was almost neat—she knew that and found herself unable to care. What did it all matter which way one went? Some became sinners and some became saints—and a terrible world it would be if they didn't. . . . Who would want to be a saint, anyway, if there were no sinners to throw punches?

The brandy brought a color into her cheeks that matched the rubies in her ears. She laughed and raised her glass to Mervyn.

"Stop looking as if you want

to eat me," she said, her voice low and husky in her throat. "Drink up."

He took the glass from her, put it away, then moved towards her. She made no move of protest or assent, but lay motionless with the brooch at her throat and rubies in her ears.

He reached out for her, his breath coming heavily.

"You're beautiful. I want you . . . How I want you."

His lips were hot on her face. She felt his hands but made no movement of protest. She felt languorous and relaxed; his caresses were not unpleasant. His fingers were on her white throat where the ruby brooch gleamed redly . . .

THE caresses grew more abandoned; yet Stella still lay motionless. The latent desire to be loved, so long suppressed, was being released by him. Her indulgence was purely physical; the caresses could have come from any man. She had known three long, empty years and her body was starved for affection. But remembering the last time, she lay with closed eyes, trying to link this moment with those other embraces. It was possible while she could not see, but as he turned his heavy body to her, her eyes opened involuntarily and she saw his suffused face close to her own.

The sight of it, so different from the sensitive one conjured up in her mind, sent a shock through her. She recoiled suddenly, drawing sharply away.

"No," she barely recognised her voice. "No . . . Leave me alone."

With an effort she broke free and sat upright, drawing her coat across her body.

Mervyn lurched forward again, trying to put his arms around her. She pushed him angrily away.

"Stop being a fool!" she snapped. "I said no. Don't you know what that means?"

He drew back sullenly, resentment showing in his inflamed eyes.

She pulled off the ear-rings and brooch and put them back into the box, which she then handed to him.

"I'm sorry," she said, and her words were sincere. "I shouldn't have led you on like that. It was my fault, and I'm sorry."

His discomfort was painful

to see. Turning away she lit a cigarette, giving him time to compose himself. Then she reached forward and took up his glass of brandy. She offered it to him.

"Finish it off."

He drained the glass without speaking. He looked at the box in his hand, then held it out to her. She shook her head.

He turned contritely towards her. "I'm sorry about this," he muttered. "I couldn't help it—honestly I couldn't . . . You affect me this way."

He thrust the box at her again. "Keep these—please. No, I want you to. Gwen may find them, and start asking questions."

Half gladly, half reluctantly, she put the box into her handbag. He watched her in relief.

"I'm crazy about you, Stel," he muttered. "You aren't angry with me, are you?"

She eyed him speculatively, then her lips twisted. "No, I'm not angry. But remember—behave yourself now."

"You won't hold this against me?" His voice was anxious.

"You're no worse than I thought you would be," she said coolly. "Now stop talking about it, and let's start back. We don't want a row with Gwen."

He gave her one last regretful look, and then turned the car. They drove back to Rom-bury.

"What's the programme for this afternoon?" she asked him, busy with her cosmetics.

He grimaced. "First lunch, and then I have to take Gwen to the Hensons'. We promised we would call on them today. Why don't you come round with us? Bill Henson is a good boy. He entertains well."

Stella shook her head. "No, I'd better not come. Gwen will start thinking things if I change my plans. I'd said I was going to see a girl friend and you can call for me on your way home."

The three of them arrived back at the house just after five o'clock that afternoon. Darkness had already fallen and frost made a hard crust on the snow. Stella opened the front door with her latch-key, and they entered the lounge. Mervyn, whose arms were full of parcels, grunted with satisfaction at the sight of a blazing fire.

Stella smiled. "That looks like Frank's work."

"Then bless him," Mervyn said. "It's a welcome sight." He laid his parcels down on

To page 49

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

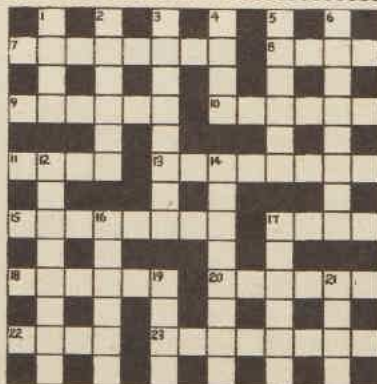
ACROSS

- A stout piece of timber consumed by a renegade (8).
- Very high points in emotional psychology (4).
- Money-lender who is sure in himself (6).
- Draw out what is mainly lawful (6).
- Throw to a steamer (4).
- I find tee broken up with exact limits (8).
- Scott told the lar of the last one (8).
- Wine in a harbor (4).
- His job is generally grinding corn (6).
- Vessel with two articles in the land of promise (6).
- Soon with a negation (4).
- Time ends (Anagr. 8).

Solution will be published next week.

CROSSWORD SINK
L S P T I M E
U N C O U T H S T A N D
B A T E R I T I G
B R A T R E S I D E
R E S S A N O
O O U R S A M P E R E
O F F E A E
S O R T E N S R I B S
T E A C C U S
I N N E R A M O N G S T
N C S P N L E
G L E E R E G I M E N T

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Composers create in no pusillanimity (4).
- Assumes wrongfully with a broken spur attached to you and me (6).
- Retriever in the most easterly part of North America (8).
- Wherever it may be it is certainly not elsewhere (4).
- I follow a rodent on daily allowance (8).
- Shiver but not from cold (8).
- Provisional convictions surrounded by onions (8).
- Person who kills the cat (8).
- Some sipping punch, some sipping tea, but as you by their faces see, All . . . and all damn'd." (W. Wordsworth) (6).
- Hat from a canal (6).
- "From off this brier pluck a white with me" (Shakespeare, King Henry VI, Part 1) (4).
- Florence and Pisa are on its banks (4).

Harsh Detergents Make Your Hair Dry and Brittle



Well-known model Diana Langley uses Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo. "It's so safe—and so good for my hair," she says.

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the table and marched over to the blaze, rubbing his hands before it.

"What do you think you're doing?" Gwen snapped. "Don't leave the parcels in here. Take them upstairs."

"All right; don't be in such a hurry," Mervyn grunted. "A man can get warm first, can't he? Let's sit down here for a while — nobody seems to be about. We can have a little drink."

From the unusual resistance he was putting up to Gwen, and from the shine on his flushed face, Stella decided he must have consumed his fair share of alcohol that afternoon. Gwen's tart reply confirmed her impression.

"You've already had enough. Every time you see Bill Henson it's the same."

The drawing-room door at the other side of the hall opened at that moment, and Ethel appeared. She stared coldly into the lounge before turning towards the kitchen. Mervyn winked broadly at Stella, and then lurched forward.

"Hello," he called. "We are just thinking of havin' a snort before dinner. Would you care to join us?"

Ethel paused. Her eyes travelled up and down the slightly unsteady Mervyn. "A snort! What on earth do you mean . . . ?"

He moved nearer her, grinning. "Don't give me that. You know what a snort is. Everyone knows . . ." He lifted his elbow, pretending to swallow.

Ethel stared at him, speechless with indignation.

Encouraged by her silence, he tried to take her arm, breathing heavily on her in the process.

"C'mon," he urged thickly. "It'll do you good. Make you feel human."

She snatched her arm away and jumped back. Her eyes threw knives at him. "Take your hands off me," she gasped. "And don't you ever dare suggest such a thing again."

Bristling with indignation, she threw him one final glare and then marched off to the kitchen.

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 47

Somewhat sobered by the encounter, Mervyn turned back unsteadily to the lounge. He grinned sheepishly at the others. Gwen was furious. Stella laughing.

"I don't think she likes me," he muttered. "There's something in her voice—"

"You fool!" Gwen was almost choking with rage. "What do you want to go annoying her for? I've been telling you for days that they all think we should go now that James is so ill. If you had any pride, we would be spared these insults."

He turned appealingly to Stella. "It isn't true, is it, Stella? You don't all want us to go, do you?"

"Of course we don't," she soothed. She turned to the door.

"Oh, well," she yawned. "I think I'll run along and change."

Gwen watched Mervyn's eyes following her hungrily. Her lips compressed.

"We can't stay here any longer," she told him acidly as soon as the door had closed. "Everyone is looking at us, wondering just how thick our skins are."

"We were invited here for Christmas, for three weeks, and we've only been here one so far . . ."

"Stella should never have invited us at all with that poor man in his condition."

"Stella knows more about the family's feelings than we do," he muttered. "She'll tell us soon enough if they want us to go . . ."

"Will she?" Gwen sneered. "I wonder . . ." She turned on him suddenly, waspishly. "What were you saying to her tonight in her friend's front garden?"

Mervyn's face dropped almost audibly at the sudden question. He stared at her, mouth agape. "Telling her? What d'you mean?"

"You know what I mean, all right. When we called for her tonight, why didn't you bring her straight back into the car?"

What were you saying to her in the garden? And why did you take hold of her hand?" Anger made her voice shrill.

Constitution spread foolishly over Mervyn's face. He began to bluster. "I don't know what you are talking about. What do you mean—holding her hand? I was probably giving her a cigarette or something. You're so suspicious you imagine anything these days. And how do you know I was holding her hand?"

GWEN said sharply, "I know you were holding Stella's hand, because I was watching through the hedge. It's no use your lying. I saw you."

He snatched at the opportunity to be indignant. "So you were spying on me. It's awful, terrible. I'm not going to stand it any longer."

She ignored him. "It's because of her you want to stay on. I know!" But you're not going to make a fool out of me. Do you think Stella cares a jot about you? She's only after your money, you fool. I know her better than you do."

Her remark stung him to fresh anger. "You know too much."

"You'll find out you can't do this to me," she repeated. "Now bring all those parcels upstairs."

She stormed out. After a moment, Mervyn followed her lugubriously.

Stella, about to leave her room, heard his unsteady footsteps climbing the stairs. She was thoughtful as she came down to the lounge. She would have to see he did not drink so much again, she told herself. Perhaps it would be better if he and Gwen did go. Gwen was growing more jealous by the day. Yet she had hoped to have them in the house for Christmas.

She sank into a chair, thinking of her last Christmas.

Frank had been in London, and neither James nor Mary had yet come to live with them. There had been Mrs. Allister and herself, with Ethel and her husband on Christmas Day. It had been an ordeal she had not wanted again—hence her invitation to the Ashburns. Of course Frank, James, and Mary would be here this year, but James' condition made no guarantee that things would be more cheerful.

She found her thoughts turning to Frank. In spite of his mask of indifference, she had known a long time his feelings towards her. Cynical of men, she had believed it only a matter of time before he made his affections known; but as the months passed by she had realised the war had left scars on his mind as well as his body.

Although he rarely spoke of it—and then only as a jest—she was sure he was acutely conscious of his lameness. This, plus the fact he was fifteen years older than herself, was more than enough to keep his admiration for her a thing locked within himself.

She had often wondered what her reply would be if he declared his affections for her. Looking back on her fifteen months with the Allisters, she realised that life would have been almost intolerable without Frank. Whatever his inner feelings, he had always acted as an elder, disinterested brother, giving advice when she had requested it, and keeping discreetly silent when she had not.

With him she had always felt at ease. She had never tried to be anything but herself in front of him—she had always felt those shrewd, crinkled black eyes would see through any disguise. For all his cynicism, he was a comforting person and a strong one, and the whole family relied on him.

The firelight shone on her face, darkening the shadow between her knitted brows. She was trying to lay her finger on the change that had come over

her relationship with Frank during the last week. There was a subtle change somewhere. She had felt it, although why she could not say. He had treated her no differently. He had been the same Frank with his sardonic humor and derisive grin. Yet his eyes had been often on her this last week and once or twice, when she had met them, she had imagined they held some mute message. Something he desperately wanted to tell her, and yet could not.

A thought struck her suddenly. Was it because of Mervyn? Had Frank noticed the other's infatuation for her, and did he want to warn her against it? Or was it all imagination on her part?

As she was still thinking about him, he came into the room. She found herself regarding him with new interest. She could have sworn a glint of pleasure came into his eyes on seeing her alone; yet his face was the usual poker-faced, cynical mask. He dropped into a chair opposite her.

"Mary hasn't been in, has she?"

She shook her head. "No, I haven't seen her. How are things today?"

"James has had one of his days off," he told her. "He has been sleeping in his study most of the time. Evans came this morning to see Mary, but I haven't heard yet what he told her."

He eyed her in silence a moment.

"By the way," he went on, "Mervyn told me this morning that he'd like to have a party here. Next Tuesday, he suggested. He wants me to ask all the family."

Stella looked at him doubtfully. "What do you think about it?"

"Might be a good idea."

"Are you going to ask Mary and James?"

"Why not?" he shrugged. "James can only refuse. And it might do him good if we can get him and get a few drinks inside him. It might relax him; you never know."

She nodded. There was a

short silence, then they both turned at the sound of determined footsteps in the hall outside.

Ethel entered the lounge. She was dressed to go home, and she looked extremely bellicose.

She marched across to Stella. "I've been trying to get a word with you all day," she said firmly. "But you are hardly ever in the house, and when you are, you are never alone. I want to talk to you about these friends of yours, the Ashburns."

Stella took a cigarette from the packet on her knee, and lighted it coolly. She blew smoke insolently through her nostrils.

"Well," she drawled. "What now?"

Ethel's face set. "You know what I'm going to say. I had a word with Mary on Thursday, but she hasn't the courage to speak to you. I suppose we have all been hoping your friends would have the decency to go once they saw how poor James was, but apparently that is asking too much . . ."

"You leave my friends alone," Stella retorted. "And get on with what you want to say."

Ethel's grip tightened on her bag. "You were here tonight when that ruffian tried to drag me into this room. I saw you laughing . . ."

"He was offering you a drink," Stella said contemptuously.

"On mother's behalf," Ethel went on grimly. "I'm asking you how much longer they intend staying. It's her house and she has every right to know."

"Her house?" Stella cried, jumping to her feet. "Whose money runs it? If it wasn't for James and Frank, where would she be? Where would you be, for that matter? I've seen you sneaking food out in that black bag to feed that lazy husband of yours. You've probably got some in there now."

She paused, then ended furiously. "You can tell your mother this—the Ashburns will

To page 53

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STARTING A GARDEN

Moving into a newly built home is exciting. But starting a garden can be slow and disappointing.

MOST people aren't aware of the bareness which awaits them until they actually move in. In the thrill of planning and building they forget the piles of rubbish and mud which, more than likely, will greet them.

This can become depressing if you don't know how to go about building a garden.

The first thing is to move any mess left by the builders. Bits of brick and lumps of concrete will be a nuisance later if they are dug in. So get the family on a gathering bee.

The first essential is lawn near the most used doors.

Once a small grassy area is growing and green, a great deal less dirt will be walked indoors. The rest of the lawn can come later.

The next thing is to get some color, and this is most easily done by buying pot plants or putting some shrubs in small tubs which can be moved around. Later they can be transplanted into the garden, if desired.

Earthenware flower pots are useful because they are available in many sizes and are comparatively cheap. Small wooden tubs are attractive, but generally rather expensive.

If the tubs have a permanent place to go to, try to get some brewers' casks.

These are often available comparatively cheap and are easy to saw in halves, thus getting two tubs from one cask.

If the time can be spared, it is a good idea to paint or clear-varnish the outside of wooden tubs, as this lengthens their lives considerably.

Don't forget to make some drainage holes in the bottom with a brace and bit. Cover the holes with a good layer of crocks to save them being choked up with soil.

Fill tubs or pots with good quality garden loam which has been enriched with compost or well-rotted animal manure. Add leaf mould instead of manure if azaleas are to be grown.

These lovely plants do not mind very old manure, but if it is at all fresh they are likely to die without much warning, so it is safer to avoid it altogether.

Pots and tubs are easy to care for and the same few can be used to change the whole appearance of terrace, lawn, or living-rooms.

Azaleas, camellias, geraniums, hydrangeas, bulbs, and cymbidium orchids are all suitable and very attractive.

Another idea to take away the initial bareness is to bury tins containing plants, just covering the tops of the tins with soil.

Anyone in a new home is sure to get plenty of gifts of this sort from friends.

Burying the tins is only a temporary measure. But it maintains the tinned plants in



GARDEN SCENE at the home of Major and Mrs. H. A. Roseblade, of Pymble, N.S.W. The green trees, shrubs, and little rustic bridge make a charming landscape effect.

good condition as they don't dry out so readily as when they are exposed to sun and wind.

When the garden is finally determined the plants can be lifted, de-tinned, and put in their permanent positions.

As soon as possible get down to your garden plan in earnest. Consider carefully what features you have, then decide how to make the most of them.

If there are native trees on your piece of land, you are very lucky. Some people make the mistake of cutting them down as a first job, and then regret it when summer comes.

So many garden favorites like shade, too—among them azaleas, rhododendrons, camellias, primroses, and hydrangeas.

If there aren't any trees on your lot, lose no time planting some.

Everyone has a favorite tree. It should be planted in a special place where it can

become the focal point of the garden.

It may be put in the lawn, or it may be tucked away somewhere in an out-of-the-way corner for privacy, depending on the gardener's fancy.

One special tree gives a garden character.

It doesn't mean that no other trees should be planted, but the rest should have a secondary place. This idea can be achieved by having only one of the focal tree but several of any other species.

Now take a look beyond your fences. If you want privacy, plant a row of evergreens. Wattle and Hakea saligna are fast growing.

Prumnopitys, a cypress-like tree, is another excellent choice in areas climatically unsuited to cypress.

In smaller gardens cotton-easters, hardy crataegus, or

escallonia would be good for the purpose.

Ugly fences will need attention, and the best way to cope with them is to plant hardy creepers. Wistaria and orange bignonia are lovely but rampant; climbing roses make a fine show and can be controlled through pruning; jasmine, clematis, quiscalis, and mandevilla are lighter growers.

Mark out an area for lawn, remembering that while green swards are lovely, they need a lot of mowing.

Next decide on the special features you particularly want.

A rose garden will be a must with most people. It wants full sunshine for best results.

Many people want a vegetable garden, which wants as much sun as roses.

Many like to grow their own fruit, too. If the lot is too small for an orchard, fruit trees look attractive in the garden.

If there are children in the family, consider allotting space for their own garden.

When all the necessities are provided for, link them together with beds in which will be planted a mixture of shrubs, herbaceous perennials, and annuals.

Annuals take a lot of time, but if the plantings are combined with perennials, the gaps won't be obvious.

If all this sounds too much trouble, consider having a simple but very effective garden made of lawn and deciduous trees—maples, oaks, birches, blossom trees, etc.—with naturalised bulbs growing under them.

Finally put your plan on paper. Don't trust to memory, it may let you down.

The general planting of lawn and trees should be left until autumn, but if time can be spared to water frequently, hardy shrubs and perennials can be planted now.

At least you will feel then that the garden has begun.

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Garment illustrated styled by Dorith Unger.

Page 51

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stay here as long as I want them to stay. They came for Christmas, and they'll stay for Christmas."

She pushed by Ethel and flung out of the room, slamming the door furiously behind her. Whatever happened now, she would keep Mervyn in the house for Christmas, even if it caused an earthquake, she vowed.

Ethel turned to Frank in dismay.

"Did you ever hear anything so dreadful," she gasped. "Why didn't you do something?"

"I?" He smiled sardonically. "Don't drag me in. It's your quarrel."

"You're as bad as the rest," she snapped. "If it wasn't for mother, it would be a long time before I came into this house."

He eyed her mockingly. She flushed, then tossed her head back. "Well, why don't you say it? Why don't you say you wish I would stay away? Well, I won't." She stalked out.

A draught of cold air from the closing front door announced her departure. Frank shook his head ruefully. He was busy packing his pipe when Stella returned, her green eyes still snapping with temper. He stared up at her.

"Hello! Have you come back for some more?"

"No; I saw her going from upstairs," she answered sullenly. "I came for my cigarettes. I left the confounded things here."

She picked them from the armchair, then turned to Frank.

"I know she is your sister, and I'm sorry about it, but she is a trouble-maker, and I'm not taking much more from her."

"I know what she is like," Frank said softly.

"She has never liked me," Stella said bitterly, moving towards the door. "I don't know why. I've never done her any harm."

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

(from page 49)

His eyes were on her reflectively. His voice was still quiet, almost expressionless. "You're beautiful, Stella. That's why she doesn't like you."

"It isn't my fault she is an old battle-axe," she declared, closing the door and making for the stairs. She was in her room before the import of his words reached her. In that quiet matter-of-fact way of his, as if he had been talking about the weather, he had said she was beautiful. It was the first time he had ever said that.

Standing before her dressing-table mirror, she drew back her red-bronze hair with her hands, and stood staring at her beauty, almost in wonder.

"Oh, please. Really, I shall feel an awful fool, sitting here with him listening to me. Won't he play . . . ?"

Mary smiled, answering for James, who was moving restlessly on the settee beside her. "We'd prefer it if you would play, Mrs. Ashburn."

Gwen rolled her eyes entertainingly. "But I'll be so embarrassed, really I will. Please . . ."

She was making her appeal from the piano-stool in the music-room on the following Tuesday evening. The room had a festive air; the walls and ceiling being hung with gay, if somewhat premature, Christmas decorations—a touch of Mervyn, as were the bottles imposingly arrayed on a table near the french windows.

To everyone's surprise, Mervyn's projected party had materialised. Except for Mrs. Allister and Ethel, who had been otherwise engaged, the rest of the family were present, all in evening dress. There was

Frank, Stella, Mary, and James . . .

Had it not been for Frank, the composer would never have been asked. Mary had hardly given the invitation a second thought until Frank had argued with her. Any change, anything at all that might keep him out of his study for an evening, was worth while. A party might slacken off his nerves; a few drinks might ease the tension in them both.

Even when convinced of this Mary had been unable to find the courage to approach her husband, fearing his reaction. Frank had shown no such reticence, and the outcome had surprised them all. With the unpredictability that marked all his actions these days, James had sullenly agreed to be present.

IN the acceptance, grudging though it had been, Mary had found cause for optimism. True, that very evening she had had to remind him of his engagement; but now, in spite of his preoccupied and ill-tempered appearance, she felt a lightness of heart that she had not known for weeks. Perhaps the skies were lightening at last. Perhaps in the letter she expected on the morrow she would find the information she so desperately wanted. Perhaps all was going to be well, after all . . .

In this brighter mood Mary was more than willing to humor the Ashburns, to whom she felt she owed this resurgent optimism.

Inevitably, however, James' melancholy presence had had

a depressing effect on the company. Mary had anticipated this by deliberately bringing him in late. The two of them had entered quietly, and then sat almost unnoticed while Mervyn, a storehouse of anecdotes and jokes, kept the others amused. Only gradually had the chill of James' dejection been felt.

Mervyn had soon summed up the situation as the appreciation of his audience began to wane. He had quickly filled up the empty glasses and suggested a dance. On his instructions the chairs were drawn back, clearing the floor. He asked Gwen to play the piano.

Her response was not enthusiastic, and was not due, as she was pretending now, to shyness in playing before James. She was a competent dance pianist and had played often enough on similar occasions. But she had no intention of sitting for an hour or more at the piano, plugging out music which Mervyn would use as an excuse for holding Stella in his arms.

"Please," she said again, trying to conceal her irritations under a cloak of demureness. "I'll feel awful—really I will."

"Rubbish," Mervyn grunted, pulling a carpet aside. "You've done it dozens of times before. Stop being coy!"

The pleading smile Gwen was holding out to James grew stiff. With an effort she swallowed back her anger.

"I wish you would play," Mary smiled. She was growing anxious. If Gwen went on appealing to James she might easily upset him. "James is at the piano all day," she went on. "And I know you play well."

Gwen turned back to the piano to hide her annoyance.

Beauty in brief:

Formula for freckles

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Anyone who has freckles knows by now that you can sometimes lighten their color, but rarely get rid of them altogether. Three courses remain. You can either make the most of your freckles, camouflage them or try concealment.

IF you are prepared to let freckles show, apply the smallest amount of face-powder over an invisible-type foundation. You need just enough powder to take away a shine or, if your skin is fine-textured, leave powder off entirely.

But dramatise the eyes, and wear the brightest lipstick you can find. Never use blue or purple lipstick tones. A faint blush of rouge on the cheeks is becoming.

For occasions when you will be in a strong day or night light, freckles may be covered somewhat by a light application of cake foundation.

If many freckles film the natural skin coloring, choose a shade of foundation in between the freckle and skin coloring, and with a sponge—very wet for pancake make-up and damp for other make-up—smooth foundation on evenly.

To cover freckles entirely, begin with invisible make-up foundation, then follow with pancake make-up in a shade that is more creamy than usual. Apply in long, sweeping strokes and then blend evenly with the fingertips or palms of the hands.

"All right," she muttered. "Just for a little while . . ."

She jerked herself round and began a slow foxtrot. Her playing was mechanical but technically competent with good rhythm. Mervyn's heavy eyes began to gleam. They rested on Stella for a moment, before passing on to Mary and James.

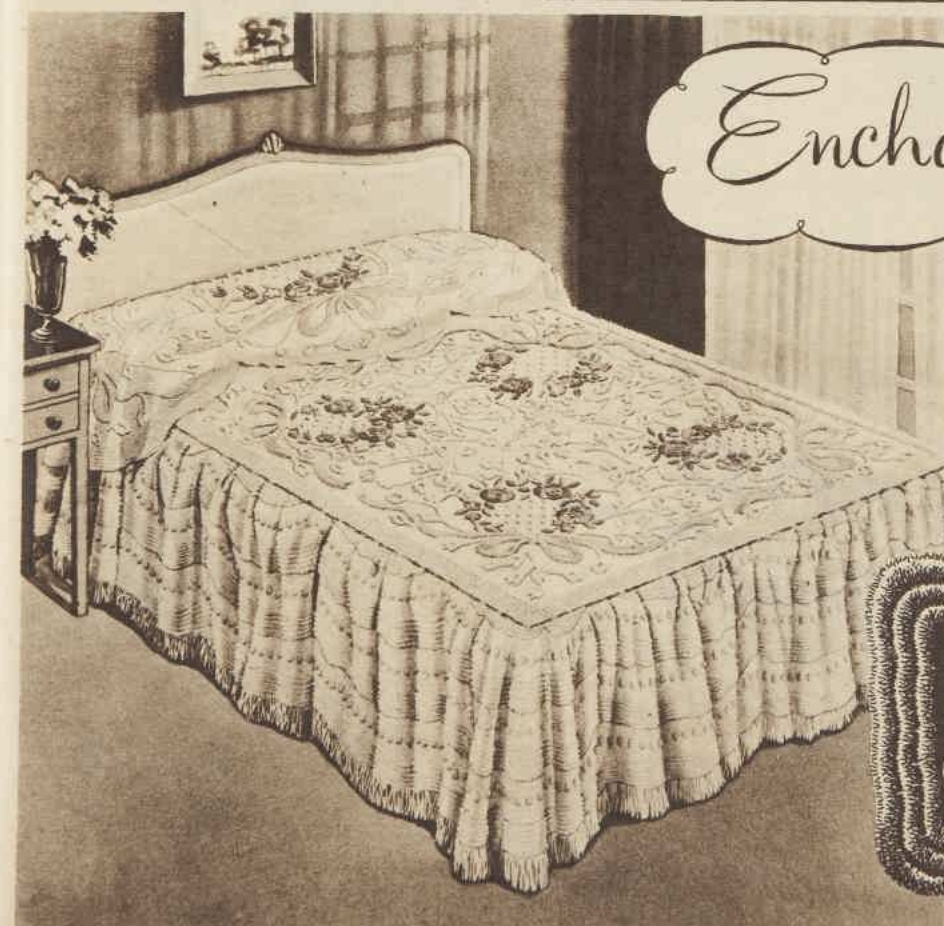
"Come on," he invited jovially. "Support the pianist."

Mary smiled and turned to James. "Wouldn't you like to dance, dear. Try one and see how you feel."

He looked at her with dull eyes. She took his arm gently. He rose and they stepped out on to the floor.

"Good show," Mervyn called. He went over to Stella. She

To page 55



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 27, 1954

was sitting nonchalantly in a chair beside Frank, ravishing in a strapless evening gown of yellow silk organza. Her green eyes watched him mockingly. "Come on," he said. "Loosen up."

She rose carefully, aware of Frank's gaze on her. Frank grinned. "Go on. Give us a demonstration."

"We could, too," Mervyn winked. He swung Stella away. "You be careful," she warned. "Gwen'll be watching you."

"Forget her." He pressed her closer. "You're so beautiful. I could eat you."

"Stop it," Stella snapped.

Frank held a match to his pipe. His face was expressionless. He was watching the two couples on the floor. James was moving like an automaton, the paleness of his face accentuated by his evening dress. He had been a good dancer in the past and his feet were moving mechanically to the music, although it was obvious that his mind was far away. Mary was having to lead him.

The other couple were dancing beautifully. In spite of his heavy build Mervyn was light on his feet and an excellent, though ostentatious, dancer.

Abruptly the music stopped. Mervyn applauded loudly. "More, more!" he called. Gwen commenced again.

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

[from page 53]

Mary led James back to the settee. Mervyn moved to put his arm round Stella again but she checked him.

"Go to Mary now," she whispered. As he hesitated, she jerked his arm impatiently. "Go on."

"All right, I'm going," he muttered, moving across to the settee. Stella watched him go, then sauntered back to Frank after she saw Mary rise for the dance.

She stood beside Frank's chair. He was drawing on his pipe; both hands clenched round the bowl. He grinned up at her.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"So, so," she said. She stood, as if waiting. Then she lifted an eyebrow. "Well. Do I have to ask you?"

His face twisted suddenly. It might have been with pain, but that was the risk she had to take.

"Ask me what?" he said.

"For a drink?"

"For a dance," she answered.

There was anger in his eyes—she could see it now. They gleamed like dull metal, an alloy of anger and bitterness.

For a moment she was afraid he would walk out of the room.

Stella lifted a glass by her elbow and drained it. "I shall not be put off easily," she murmured. "Will you dance with me?"

Still he did not answer. She made her voice hard. To have softened it now would have been fatal.

"You're not refusing, are you?"

He put his pipe down deliberately into an ashtray. His face was pale. He rose slowly, grimly.

"No," he said quietly. "I'm not refusing."

His body was hard against hers, unyielding. He stepped forward, deliberately exaggerating his infirmity.

Stella had expected something of the sort. A perfect dancer with excellent balance, she let her body swing with his, making almost a rhythm out of his lameness. In spite of himself, Frank was drawn forward.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous," he said, twisting his face to where Mervyn was dancing with Mary.

"Mervyn has been called many things," she murmured. "But never sublime."

He felt the supple lightness of her, the sway and glide of her body with his, and looked at her in wonder. Her hair was close to his face; its dark fire seemed to burn his cheeks. The perfume of her came to his nostrils, rare and elusive. . . . Slowly, imperceptibly, the stiffness went out of his body and limbs. His limp became less noticeable.

PRESENTLY Stella said conversationally, "I never dreamed James would come tonight, did you?"

"No," Frank said. "No, I never did, although I thought it worth a try. Although whether it is doing him any good or not is another matter."

Stella watched the composer as they passed by. He had not moved since Mary had left him. His eyes were fixed rigidly on the piano. He looked in another world.

Gwen made this dance last a long time. When it was over the bitterness had gone from Frank's eyes. There was appreciation and something more in them as they returned to their chairs.

"Thanks," he said quietly.

"Thank you," Stella yawned.

"Now what about that drink?"

"Good idea," he grinned.

"I'll go and get them." He went over to the table by the french windows where Mervyn was already busy.

Gwen turned round from the piano. "Is that enough?" she called.

Mervyn looked up in de-
rision. "What do you mean—
enough? We're just getting
warmed up. What's the mat-
ter with you tonight?"

"You're not getting much
more," she said, less successful
this time in keeping the irri-
tation from her voice. "Why
don't you put on the gram-
phone?"

"Don't worry; we would have
done if there had been any de-
cent records," Mervyn told
her. "Here you are; here's
another drink for you. Now
give us a waltz."

She glowered at him as he
handed her the glass. "You're
not getting much more," she
muttered. "And stop drinking."

He made an exclamation
under his breath and turned
abruptly away. She glared
after him, then lifted her glass
and swallowed half its contents.
Suddenly she turned back to
the piano and began a waltz.

Mervyn went over to Stella.
His eyes were bloodshot, heavy
with drink.

"Come on," he said thickly.
"It's my turn again."

She motioned him away.

"Frank's getting me a drink.
I'll have a dance later."

"Aw, c'mon. Don't be mean."

His voice was loud. Stella rose,
to keep him quiet. "This is
the last one," she said coldly.

"Don't tell me . . . What's
wrong with everybody tonight?"

He swung her away recklessly.

Stella tried to hold him off
but his arm pressed her close,
bringing their bodies tightly to-
gether. His breath was hot on
her neck.

"Stop it, you fool," she whis-
pered angrily. "Everybody's
watching us." Her eyes were
fixed on Frank, anxiously. He
had returned to his seat, her
filled glass standing beside his
own. His face was expression-
less again.

"Let 'em all watch," Mervyn
muttered. "I don't care any
more. I'm crazy about you.
Do you hear . . . crazy about
you?"

They were approaching the
piano. As he brought her into
a turn his arms tightened
around her, bringing his lips
into contact with her hair.

Gwen turned her head at that
moment. Stella wrenched her-
self away but not in time to
prevent Gwen seeing the near
embrace. Then their steps
took them away across the
room.

"You fool!" she gritted.

"Gwen saw you. Have you
gone mad?"

Not only Gwen, but the
others must have seen them.

Frank must have seen.

Her anger nearly choked her.
Yet to pull herself away and
leave him would be to accentu-
ate the incident. The cold
fury of her eyes sobered Mervyn;
making him avert his
ashamed face. They danced
on in silence.

Gwen was playing automati-
cally. Her jealousy was like
a raging demon inside her,
striking out blindly in its ef-
forts to break loose and con-
fusing her with its violence.

A transient suspicion, barely
considered before, now re-
turned to govern her immediate
actions. She did not consider
the danger to others; she did
not care. Her only desire was
to punish; to strike out at
everybody and everything with-
in her reach.

Quickly she rounded off the
tune she was playing, ran
through a modulation, and be-
gan another waltz.

Mervyn felt Stella stiffen in
his arms. "What's wrong?" he
muttered, staring at her sud-
denly frantic face.

"That tune," she panted.

"Shes doing it on purpose . . ."

She broke away from Mervyn.

"Stop it," she cried to Gwen.

"Stop playing that thing." She
caught up her dress and ran
to the piano, but was too late.
James was on his feet, a cry,
a half-moan, breaking from his
lips. His hands were holding
his head.

"Don't," he groaned. "Don't
."

Mary was clinging to him,
her face ashen. "What is it,
darling? What's the matter?"

"That music. That waltz
. . . Stop it . . ."

Gwen had ceased playing.
For the moment she was scared,
fearful of what she had done.

Frank was on his feet.

"It was your waltz," Mary
faltered. "You wrote it. Can't
you remember?"

"Remember . . ." His face
contorted as he swung round
on her. "Did you tell her to
play it?"

"No. No; of course I didn't.
Why should I . . .?" She
seized his arm frantically. "Sit
down, dear. If you don't like
it, Mrs. Ashburn won't play
it."

To page 56

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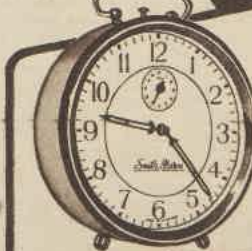
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it again. I promise you she won't."

James was struggling for breath, his eyes wild and glaring. With a muttered imprecation he threw off her hand, turned, and stumbled from the room. With a hand at her throat, Mary stood a moment as if made of stone. Then she ran after him, followed by Frank.

They left a silence in the room. Gwen had swivelled in her chair to watch the others run from the room. Stella was a statue by the piano. Mervyn was standing in the centre of the floor, his bloodshot eyes dazed and vaguely frightened. Slowly Stella moved. Her eyes were green slits of venom they turned on Gwen.

"Why did you play it?" she whispered, hate in her voice. "You knew he couldn't bear it. You found that out last Saturday. Why did you do it?"

Gwen's lips writhed together in a smile of triumph. The malevolence in her eyes matched Stella's own. "Why, darling, I was doing it for you. I forgot all about him. I remembered how you and David used to like it. It was one of your favorites, wasn't it?"

They stared at one another, eyes virulent and hating. After a full thirty seconds Stella picked up her gown and swept from the room. Gwen's laugh followed her, shrill and exultant.

Mervyn was still standing agape in the middle of the room, like a large, bewildered dog.

"What happened?" he muttered, his tongue running nervously over his lips. "Why did Allister go off like that? What the devil's going on?"

"Your party is over, dear," Gwen told him. There was a strange air of jubilation about her. "It's a pity, but I told you it would happen. The fellow's crazy."

His eyes lost some of their nervousness at her apparent amicability. He grunted dejectedly.

She took his arm, pointing to the bottles on the table. "Never mind. There's all the more for you. Come along, and I'll mix you something." Her laugh was high-pitched, a triumphant sound. There was a curious excited gleam in her eyes.

Mervyn stared at her heavily, trying to understand. Then, abandoning the effort, he turned and followed her to the table.

The days passed by, and time moved in uneven jerks for Mary. In moments of tense anxiety, when James hovered dangerously on the brink of raging delirium, time was pitiless. It leered and sidled hatefully up to her; it yawned and sneered and mocked . . .

Seconds became hours, and hours haunted years. Then, with the crisis over, time stepped back with a jeer and took a great leap into the morrow—to bring the day when she would have to admit defeat and make her irrevocable decision twenty-four hours nearer.

So Saturday came round again. Saturday—and eight full days had passed since Mary had received John's report. Eight days—in which she felt she had run the whole gamut of human emotions. Hope, fear, love, despair . . .

Hope. The word was a demon sneering into her face. What hope was there in trying to find out the secret of a man who would destroy his mind rather than tell it to a living soul? To whom would she turn for help?

She had been able to think of only one man who might be able to help—Colonel Briggs, who had commanded James' unit before and during the invasion of Europe. She had met the Colonel after the war—a bluff, hearty, ruddy-faced man who had thought

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 55

highly of James, his third-in-command. The previous Saturday night, after hearing from John of the likely cause of James' disorder, she had written the Colonel.

After begging his complete confidence, she had told him everything; and then asked him to be equally frank in his reply. She wanted to know anything, however serious or trivial, that might have a bearing on her husband's present condition.

The Colonel's reply had been sympathetic, but in no way helpful. Captain Allister's conduct during his association with the Colonel had been at all times exemplary. He had been a model officer. Of his private affairs during the war the Colonel could naturally say little, but he had no doubt they were managed as honorably as his military ones. Just before the invasion the Colonel had noticed a change in him—he had seemed more reserved and quiet—but what man had not grown more introspective as that fateful day approached?

THE Colonel had been Mary's one hope. There was no one else to whom she could turn. She kept the cause of James' condition to herself until after his letter had arrived. It came in the late post on Wednesday; and that same evening she had told everything? she pleaded. "It doesn't to her tight-lipped, although without surprise.

"Can't you think of something?" she pleaded. "It doesn't matter what it is. Don't hide anything from me."

"I can't, Mary," he said regretfully. "Don't forget I hardly saw James during the war."

"And yet you didn't look surprised when I told you. You didn't look surprised when I used words like guilt and regret."

"Quite frankly, I always thought it was something of the sort," he said quietly. "It was the obvious thing."

"What am I to do now?" Colonel Briggs was my one hope. Isn't there anyone else you can think of?"

He had shaken his head regretfully. "I can't, Mary. We could try to find out things about his prison life, of course, but it could probably take months. And we have no guarantee it would help us. And you say Evans couldn't give you long."

"No. He couldn't. I'm working on borrowed time now . . ."

CARE OF BABY'S EARS

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOU should give special care and attention to your baby's ears. At first, the outer ears should be cleaned at bath-time with a little olive oil on a swab of wool or soft boiled rag.

If you use water, a drop might get into the ear.

The occasional waxy discharge is nature's way of keeping the inside of the ear clean and the olive oil will clear it.

Be sure when you are laying baby on its side or putting on its bonnet that the ears are not crumpled. Keep them flat against the head.

If baby's ears seem to protrude or baby has a "crumpled" ear, a special corrective bonnet can be worn in the early weeks of life.

A very young baby does not often suffer from a discharging ear, but quite often mothers do not regard earache and dis-

charging ears with sufficient seriousness.

These complaints are sometimes complications of teething or of cold. But if the ear looks red and inflamed, or baby seems to be in pain and rubs the ear, a doctor's advice should be sought at once—especially if there is any temperature.

While waiting for the doctor, relief can be given by applying a warm compress (well wrung out and tested on the arm before applying) or by a well-covered hot-water bag half filled with hot, but not boiling, water.

Never poke anything into the ear. Never use a syringe unless ordered by the doctor and you are shown how to do it.

Deafness can be caused by delay in getting medical advice about a discharging ear, and serious middle-ear trouble can result through neglect.

on her. The desire to turn and run from the room was almost irresistible. With a supreme effort she fought it down.

Mrs. Allister gave her a nervous, unctuous smile and then buried herself with the tea. Ethel sat opposite Mary, folding her hands on her lap.

"Mother and I were just talking about you," Ethel announced coldly. "There is something we must have out with you today."

Mary's lips twisted. She lifted her grey eyes to the other's face.

"You know what it is, of course," Ethel went on. "We've been asking you for days, and you've done nothing but ignore us. Well, we've finally made up our minds. We want a definite answer with no more evasions. When are you going to agree to James having his operation?"

Mary felt positive hate for Ethel. It came in white-hot waves that threatened to engulf her. She turned to Mrs.

Allister, who was trying to pour tea with a shaking hand.

"Surely you can understand why I'm hesitating, Mother. It's such a terribly final step—once it is done there can be no turning back. If he loses his talent, it will have gone for ever. I'm hesitating because I'm trying to find out what has caused his condition—so that I can perhaps help him recover without the operation. I'm praying for a miracle. Perhaps it is wrong of me, but surely you, a mother, can understand."

It was as near as she had gone towards explaining to them her reason for postponing the operation. She dared say no more.

The old woman set down the teapot and clutched her handkerchief defensively. "I don't understand. I don't see how anyone who professes to love the poor boy can put his career before his happiness." She gave a little sob.

"Something must be done; things can't go on like this."

To page 58

"They'll whisper about you."



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This is an example of an original Ipana story.

King Neptune's Daughter



By Pamela Adler, age 9.
Deep down on the sea-bed there was a magnificent castle with surroundings of coral. In this castle there lived a beautiful princess. She was lovely in every way but she never smiled. This, of course, made the princess always look very unhappy. Now everybody knows that all fish and sea animals have pure white teeth but our princess was not so fortunate, and everybody

knew her secret. Every fish, and even King Neptune himself, tried to help. One stormy night a cargo ship was wrecked and all the little fish explored the wreckage. Scattered over the floor of the vessel were a lot of red-and-yellow tubes. One fish took off the top of a tube and a frothy mixture came out. Thinking it to be magic, the fish took the mysterious stuff to the princess and she used it on her teeth. When she had finished, the princess took a

look in her mirror. There she saw that her teeth had become glittering and sparkling—gone was the ugly green look they had had before. Putting the tube in a safe place, the princess raced to see the King. Seeing his daughter so happy and smiling made the King happy, too. So he invited everyone in Sealand to a banquet to see what a wonderful change had taken place in his lovely daughter. . . . thanks to Ipana, the most magic toothpaste in all the land.



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You can only buy **IPANA** from your chemist

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 56

I want my boy well and happy again."

"But he wouldn't be happy," Mary cried. "Can't you see that? If he couldn't compose, he would be like a man without a tongue. And when he knew what we had done, he would hate us . . ." Her voice broke off in a sob. She turned blindly for the door. Mrs. Allister raised her tear-stained face.

"Wait a minute," she sobbed, tottering over to the table. "There's a cup of tea here for James. Please take it through to him."

Mary looked back dully. "He doesn't want tea. He doesn't want to be disturbed."

Mrs. Allister's lips compressed. "Doesn't want tea? I've never heard such nonsense. Very well; if you won't take it to him, then I shall go myself. The poor boy isn't going without his afternoon tea now."

"But he doesn't want it," Mary cried desperately. "I asked him when I came down. If you go in now you might upset him."

Mrs. Allister dug indignantly into the sugar bowl and dropped two lumps into the cup. "I've never heard anything like it. What harm can tea do to him? Go on—you needn't bother to wait. I'll take it through to him myself."

"But you might upset him again . . ."

"I'm taking him a cup of tea," the old woman snapped. "And that's the end of it."

Mary's shoulders slumped. Her eyes closed for a moment. Then she held out her hand. "Very well," she said quietly. "Give me the cup."

Mrs. Allister held it out to her triumphantly. "Take it straight in while it is hot."

Mary moved to the door again. As she reached it, Ethel rose from her chair. "Wait a minute," she snapped.

Mary turned, meeting the other's malevolent eyes. "Yes," she said.

"You haven't given me an answer yet. Are you going to arrange for that operation or not? If you don't, I shall go in and tell James. I mean it."

Mary's face was deathly white in the shadows of the room. She spoke in a half-whisper. "I've already decided to have the operation done. I decided earlier this afternoon." She walked out.

A moment later, they heard her tap on the door of James' study. A pause followed, and then a loud, impatient shout. They heard Mary's voice, drowned a second later by a sudden crash of furious discords. Quiet followed in which Mary could be heard, pleading and imploring. Then all other sounds were immersed in a wild shouting that rose to a frenzy. A mad smash of crockery sounded in the uproar.

Mary's voice came again, sobbing and pleading, followed by her footsteps running down the hall and up the stairs. The wild raving of the composer died slowly to a murmur as the two women sat staring at one another, stiff with terror.

James Allister stood panting by the door of his study, listening to the echo of his shouting dying away in the far corners of the room. The eruptions of fury that had welled up and burst in blood-red flashes in his brain began to subside in frequency and severity. With hands clenched and body trembling, he stood motionless,

feeling the cold sweat running down his face and back.

One last spasm of rage sent a flash of crimson light across his eyes and taunted again the steel wire that cut into his temples. The veins in his forehead stood out like cords. Then, as the paroxysm died reluctantly away, his shaking body relaxed and the pressure on his temples eased.

With a groan he dropped into a chair, spent by the fury of his passion. He sat head in hands, his eyes, which had burned with such unnatural intensity a few minutes ago, now staring dully down at the green carpet. An unfamiliar object lay at his feet, but at first he made no attempt to focus his eyes on it, being quite content to sit without conscious thought as the steel wire round his head slackened farther and brought him blessed relief. He had no memory of what had happened; he was aware only of a sense of utter exhaustion, as if he had just passed through some great physical or emotional experience.

At last he found the strength and desire to examine the thing at his feet. A frown crossed his pale face as he stared down at it. A broken cup handle. A cup handle . . . Where could it have come from?

He moved his eyes and saw other broken pieces of china lying on the floor around him. The contents of the cup had



"I decided to forgive you!"

already sunk into the deep pile of the carpet; they showed as a darker green patch on its surface.

The frown deepened between his eyes. A broken cup and saucer. Why was it broken? Why was it lying there? He looked at his wristlet watch. Twenty minutes to four. This was the time they usually had tea. Then where was his? Why had they not brought it?

He rose and was about to press his bell-push when he hesitated. Of course; now he remembered. Mary had come in to ask if he wanted tea and he had refused her offer. He stared at the manuscript on the piano. That was it. He had been having trouble with that phrase and had not wanted disturbing.

Relief at the memory soon passed when he found he could not recollect what had happened next. Lapses of memory such as this he had sometimes noticed before. Not always—only when concrete evidence lay before him, as it did now in the shape of the broken cup and saucer at his feet. It looked . . . he paused and frowned. It looked exactly as if someone had brought him tea in spite of his request to the contrary and it had been dropped at his feet.

The strain of trying to remember made the steel wire tighten again round his temples. His mind seemed choked by

To page 59

some noxious, shadowy thing that stifled thought.

A nameless fear came over him as his mind struggled to remember. What was happening to him? Why did his mind balk like this whenever he tried to reason or remember? Irritability merged with panic, and the two threatened to derange his mind again. The tightness grew at his temples; he stood with clenched hands, fighting back the terror. When his fear had subsided a little, he made another desperate effort to remember.

He could not. His mind tried first one road and then another, and each time ran into a black fog of emptiness. His fear grew at his helplessness. What was the matter with him? He wanted to scream, but terror choked his throat. His nerves tightened as he tried to pierce the mist around him. It was this inability to think clearly that made him mullen and abrupt in conversation these days. Sometimes, very occasionally, the tension seemed to ease slightly, the mist to lift. But so seldom now . . . If only he could relax . . . If he could sleep like others who put their heads on their pillows and were granted the

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 58

bliss of unconsciousness. Even the few hours of sleep given him were full of wild and hideous dreams . . . To sleep, oh to sleep on and on, and know only the cool and calm of nothingness . . .

Groaning, he lifted a hand to his forehead and felt its feverish heat. He stared down at the broken china again, and vague swirling visions writhed in the mist of his mind, mocking him. It was Mary . . . It had something to do with her, but what . . . ? He did not know.

An acute melancholy, the after-effects of his rage, settled over him. The study suddenly felt like a prison cell, holding in itself every nameless fear, and thrusting them at him from its shadowy corners. Its heat stifled him; he felt he could not breathe.

Opening the door, he stepped out quietly into the hall. He made no attempt to collect his hat and coat from the hall-stand. He had only one aim — to escape from the fear that brought waves of heat to his burning forehead.

Instinct told him to walk out

of the house warily. If he were seen he would be asked a hundred questions, where he was going, why he was going, why he was not wearing his coat; and he knew the hot anger that seared his mind and exhausted his body would erupt again. So he was careful to remain unobserved, leaving the house by the kitchen quarters.

He skirted the garden cunningly, keeping behind the hedge, and then made for a column of concrete steps that led down the cliff to the beach. The bitter wind cut through him like a knife. His body shuddered in protest, but his mind, feverish and tormented, barely noticed the discomfort.

DESCENDING the steps, James reached the beach and crossed over to the wet sand at the edge of the waves. There he paused, his feverish eyes staring out over the raging sea. The wind drove spray over him, soaking his clothes, and the breaking waves sent long tongues of white surf licking hungrily out. Some of the far-flung sheets of water reached him, overflowing into his shoes and soaking his feet, but he made no effort to retreat.

Then his wild eyes shifted, to settle on a ridge of rocks that stretched out into the sea ahead. He stared a moment, then turned abruptly and made his way towards it, his body moving jerkily, like an animated puppet.

Reaching the slippery rocks, he climbed over them towards where the waves were pounding and thundering in savage frustration. He reached the first of three huge rocks that formed the end of the ridge and walked upright over it, stepping forward without caution, although its surface was treacherous with seaweed and the wind a wild thing that made vicious attempts to overthrow him.

He reached the second rock and there he paused. With body swaying in the wind, he stood, gazing at the tempestuous sea.

His mind was without conscious thought. He stood absorbing the mad turmoil of raging wind and sea as if it were a great, pagan symphony. The mighty thundering bass of the sea and the shrill scream of the wind came to him in waves of shuddering, primitive sound that held him transfixed. Patches of crimson like gouty clouds over the sunset, and his brilliant eyes were fixed on them. He stood motionless, unconscious of cold or discomfort.

Great, passionate chords of pagan music, stolen from the gods of the wind and storm, were rolling in awful majesty through him. He stood in ecstasy, every nerve of his body vibrating in wild sympathy. Forgotten now was his fear of the black monster that was choking his mind. Content with his abandonment to the pagan gods around him, it had drawn back and was leering at him from the murky environs beyond his mind.

A sudden wave, larger than its fellows, hurled itself savagely at the rock. Its impact was like thunder, sending a tremor through the solid granite. A sheet of water, hissing like rain, fell over the upright man.

The icy impact sent a psychic shock through his whole being. A blinding flash of light illuminated the dark recesses of his mind, and in the split second of its passing allowed him to see and remember again the thing of guilt that had festered there . . .

He saw it clearly again, this thing of shame that had been buried for so long . . . He saw it again in all its putrescence.

Gone was the ecstasy of the moment. His arms lifted in agony, imploring the dark monster to return and blind him again. It stirred, but did not

act at once. It lay sneering, punishing for his earlier reproaches, watching his agony pitilessly.

James staggered on to the end rock. Cascades of spray showered over him. Alongside the rock the water boiled and seethed. Strange creatures with white faces and long green limbs writhed and twisted towards him.

"Come," they cried in welcome. "Come, come, James Allister," they called. "Come to us, for we are peace and forgetfulness. Our sleep is dreamless; in our arms the past will never be remembered. Come to us; we are peace and we are rest. Come, come, come . . ."

They rose high on the waves, their long green arms held out in supplication. They flew forward as if to embrace him, vanished among the spray, then formed again. They were peace; they were rest. Eternal peace, his screaming mind told him. He heard their call again as he staggered nearer the edge of the rock. It came on the wings of the eager wind, in the sibilant hiss of the falling spray.

"James," their voices sang, strangely sweet. "James, James . . ."

Still the black monster refused to ease his agony. It lay crouching, gloating over his torment. His face was contorted as memory scored deep gouges in his bleeding mind.

"James . . . James . . ."

He was almost over the whirlpool now. The creatures were below him, calling, writhing, waiting for the embrace. He paused. One voice was familiar. He stared down. No, it could not be. Down there was peace and oblivion. Nothing of the past could exist . . . Nothing of it. Yet he heard the voice again.

"James. Stop. Keep still."

He turned then, and saw her approaching. Her face was wild and her red hair dank with spray. Another blinding shock ripped through his brain. The black monster saw her and moved reluctantly forward, although slowly as yet. James crouched, his hands hiding his eyes, his shocked muscles tensed and ready . . .

"James," came her cry over the scream of the wind. "Keep still. Don't move. Don't move . . ."

Frank paused outside the open door of the music-room. Stella was standing by the french windows, staring out into the back garden. He stepped into the room. "Come out for a walk," he said.

She started and turned around. A flicker of welcome showed in her green eyes.

"Hello," she greeted.

"Come out for a walk," he said again. "It'll do you good."

Stella noticed he was dressed in overcoat and wellington boots. She hesitated, giving a shiver.

"That awful wind is still blowing," she said. "It's worse than ever today."

"You won't notice it once you're moving," he told her. "Come on. You have been riding about in cars too much lately."

There was a challenge in his words. "All right," she said, suddenly. "Wait here, and I'll get my things."

She was back in a few minutes. As they stepped outside, the wind stung their faces.

"Which way do you want to go?" he shouted over the sound of it.

"Let's try the beach," she shouted back. "The tide is out."

Frank nodded, and they went round the house and down the back garden to the cliff edge, where the steps took them down to the beach, nearly three hundred feet below. Although the tide was coming in, there was still a wide strip of hard, wet sand left on which to walk.

They turned to the west. In that direction the sand stretched for miles, except for a ridge of rocks and farther on a promontory which jutted into the sea. Once it was surmounted there were three clear miles and more of flat beach.

They reached the ridge of rocks in a few minutes and climbed over it. Stella made no attempt to help Frank. Purposely she kept her eyes averted

To page 60

FOR THE CHILDREN



"... but what caused it, Doctor?"

"In all probability, flies: disease carrying flies. You evidently neglected to spray as soon as the flies appeared."



You'd be startled if you knew how much sickness and disease is carried by flies. Flies are filthy with germs. You never know where a fly has been before it enters your home and soils a cooking utensil or one of your baby's toys. You never know what bacteria it deposits, until—almost unaccountably—someone in your home falls ill.

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Continuing

Of Masks and Minds

from page 59

and climbed slightly ahead of him. Dropping on the sand at the other side, she stood watching the great, white explosions of the waves bursting at the end of the promontory until Frank reached her side.

The beach stretched before them, fading into the distant mist. The wind made conversation difficult, blowing their words away. An occasional, desultory comment was all they passed to one another, and Stella found this adequate. She was enjoying this walk, and there was something warm and comforting in the nod and smile of the limping man at her side. Frank was a restful person, she thought—a man one could be natural with. With him one could throw away one's cloak of sophistication, and sing. She did sing, into the teeth of the buffeting wind, and found reward in her companion's slow smile.

They were about fifty yards from the promontory of rocks when she gripped his arm, and pointed ahead.

"I'll race you," she challenged. "Last there buys a packet of cigarettes. Come on."

She had actually started running when she remembered. Checking herself, she stood deathly still, not daring to look back.

Then she turned and saw his face . . .

Only for a moment, the fraction of a moment, did she see the man behind the mask. Then he was waving his hand sardonically towards the rocks ahead.

"Go on," he said. "There's a useful fable about a hare and a tortoise . . ."

She did not laugh. She looked straight into his smiling face.

"It isn't a disgrace," she said harshly, deliberately turning her eyes down to his lame leg. "It isn't anything to be ashamed of. Do you think people care? Do you think women care?"

He winced and went very pale.

"Don't be a fool, Frank," she said. "Don't be a stupid fool."

Only when they reached the rocks was she able to relax. He limped beside her up to them without speaking. Then, behind a huge boulder that gave shelter from the wind, he stopped and offered her a cigarette. His familiar, cynical grin was back, but through it his eyes shone with approving warmth. He struck a match, holding it to her with cupped hands.

"Congratulations," he said quietly. "You handled that . . . situation . . . with admirable roughness. I'm grateful."

"I'm not interested in your gratitude," she said curtly, to hide her embarrassment. "I'm interested in whether you believe what I said or not. If you don't, then you're a fool. Because it happens to be true."

"Does it?"

"Of course it does," she snapped. "You lost that leg fighting for your country. Is that anything to be ashamed of?"

His eyes turned bleak and sombre. "Sometimes I think anyone who takes part in a war has something to be ashamed of." Then he smiled cynically. "My sin is twofold. If I had been decent and died, all would have been well. I might even have been a hero. But I wasn't so considerate. I went on living and that was very thoughtless. Now I'm a liability on my country."

"That's all sheer self-pity," she said scornfully. "Nothing else. You should snap out of it."

Frank looked at her in amusement, then laughed soundlessly. "You're probably quite right. That is one of the things I like about you, Stella. You're no hypocrite. You don't lie."

Her lips twisted. "Don't lie?" "Oh, you'll have your moments. Everyone has. But not as many as most people."

"I'm no more honest than anyone else, Frank," she said bitterly. "In fact, I'm a sight worse. I've got my secrets and some of them are horrible."

"There you are," he shrugged. "You'll even admit that. How many others would?"

Stella turned on him passionately. "Don't go thinking I'm a saint, Frank. Not you—I couldn't stand that. I've committed more than my share of sins."

"I know that," he said coolly. "I know you're no angel. You've got your share of faults, but you've got strength with 'em. And give me a strong sinner to a flabby saint any day. There's potential strength and goodness in one; there's nothing but cant in the other."

She looked at him in wonder. She had never heard him talk like this before. He was sitting on a rock and she was standing before him. There was enough light from the sunset and the wintry moon above for her to see his face. She wondered why it was she had never noticed before the likeness between him and his



"Never mind, Mum. I can reach it now!"

brothers. There was the same high forehead, the same well-chiselled nose and lips . . .

It was his expression, she realised. It was the lines that pain and years of cynicism had cut into his features. They gave him a tougher, more weather-beaten look. But underneath, as she realised now, there was the same sensitive nature of his brothers. He had used his face as both a mask and shield to hide his nature, and the shield had received many dents and scratches in its defence.

"Let's get back to you," she said. "Why don't you practise what you preach? Why do you care about what people think or say—or what you imagine they think? Why are you ashamed of that leg? Why aren't you honest with yourself? You don't think you are as good as other men because of it. You've got a complex about it."

He shrugged ruefully. "Perhaps I have. But I've always had a strong sense of independence—or is that a sense of inferiority? Whichever it is, it took a bad beating when this leg went."

She shook her head angrily. "I can't imagine a more capable man than you. I've always thought you strong—someone a person could rely on. You aren't going to disappoint me now, are you?"

She saw that look of hungry yearning behind his eyes again. Even his smiling mask

To page 61

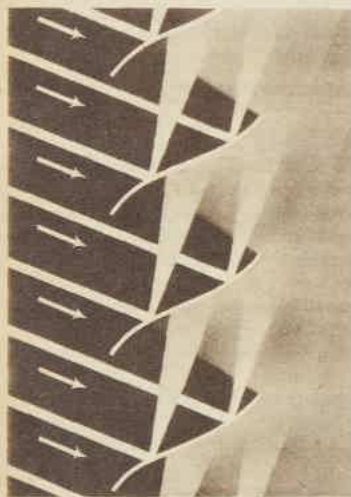


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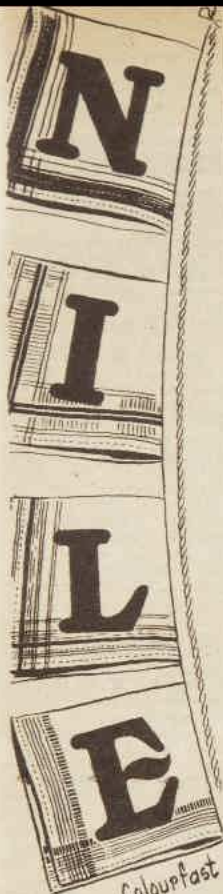
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Continuing Of Masks and Minds

(from page 60)

could not conceal its glow. Then he laughed without sound.

"What are you laughing at?" Frank rose, smiling sardonically. "I was just thinking how humorous it would be if you chose this moment to tell a lie, even if it was a white one. Wouldn't that be ironical?" She stared at him fiercely. "I'm not lying. Why should I lie?"

He put his hands on her shoulders. They were firm and strong. This was the first time he had touched her in a moment of seriousness. She stood erect, meeting his gaze defiantly. A timeless moment passed, and then his eyes crinkled suddenly at the corners. Lifting one hand, he touched her cheek. It was a brief thing, barely a brush of his glove, yet it was a caress such as she had not known before. She stood very still.

"And you aren't," he smiled. "God bless you for it."

His hands tightened, then fell away as he turned and started for the house. She helped him now over an occasional steeper rock. He made no demur; his eyes were smiling now as well as his lips. Suddenly she wanted to tell him everything. The reason for her restlessness, her bitterness, her moods. So that he, just he, would understand. To have done this would have brought her unspeakable relief.

But, even as the wish came to her, her eyes dulled. It was not fair to him, or to others. The luxury of confession could not be enjoyed when others were involved. And, anyhow, to tell him all would mean the end of his companionship, his understanding, the warmth of his slow smile. They would all go because there was one thing he would never, could never, forgive.

"What's wrong?" he asked her quietly as they reached the beach beyond the rocks.

Stella realised he had sensed her change of mood. "Nothing," she muttered sullenly.

The gladness in his eyes faded reluctantly. They started along the beach in silence. A movement on the rocks on her left attracted Stella's eyes. She saw a figure silhouetted against the fading sunset. As she watched, it moved again, making its way nearer the edge of the ridge where the massive waves pounded and thundered. Frank followed her gaze and stiffened.

"Who is that?" he muttered.

"What is he doing out there?" Recognition came suddenly to Stella, and with it fear. She clutched Frank's arm.

"Can't you see who it is?"

It's James. James, your brother . . .

Frank's face went white. "What is he doing out there?" He started forward. "I must get to him," he muttered.

With Stella helping him, he clambered over the slippery rocks. The going was bad, a succession of slime-covered rocks interspersed with pools of icy water. Frank could not leap the pools; he was forced to wade through them, gasping at the shock of the bitter cold. Rocks hid James from sight for a moment; then, through a gap, they caught sight of him again. He had moved; he was nearer the end of the promontory, and, as they watched, the spray from a bursting wave half hid him from sight.

They reached a higher barrier of rocks. Stella managed to scramble up them and leaned down to help Frank. He caught her arm, but even with its assistance was unable to make the climb. One foot slipped and he fell backwards, almost dragging Stella with him.

FRANK got up slowly and painfully, cursing his helplessness.

"Are you all right?" Stella called anxiously over the bowl of the wind.

Seeing he was, she threw a glance over her shoulder and winced at the sight of James almost at the edge of the rocks.

"I'll have to go on," she called down to Frank.

"Be careful," he shouted back.

She nodded and ran on. There was thirty yards of boulders between her and the three large rocks which formed the end of the ridge, and she scrambled over them frantically. Dusk was approaching rapidly, and the rocks were dark against the sky. The wind sprang and sprang again at her, screaming threats at her temerity. She could no longer see James for the hulk of rock ahead.

Her foot slipped on a patch of seaweed, and she fell sideways, scraping her elbow along a jagged rock. Biting back the pain she stumbled on, her fur-lined boots icy, sodden weights on her feet. At last she reached the first of the three rocks.

She clambered on to it, and peered forward. James was on the third and last rock, and as she watched he drew nearer its edge.

"James," she screamed.

"James, James . . ."

He did not hear her voice.

over the exultant howl of the wind. His eyes were fixed on a maelstrom of seething water among the rocks below. His eyes never left it as he slowly approached the edge.

Desperately she ran forward over the slippery rock. The wind caught her bodily and threw her sideways. For one fearful moment she thought she would be hurled into the raging water. Sobbing, she clutched at the wet rock and pulled herself upright again.

She saw James clearly now through the curtains of spray. Agony was distorting his sensitive face, yet there was a look of yearning mingled with it as he stared down at the writhing, sucking water below. He had the look of a man tormented beyond all human understanding who has seen at last a way of escape.

"James," she sobbed. "James . . ."

She was on the third rock now, and she was afraid. She dare not run forward to clutch him, although he was now on the extreme edge. Instinct told her that the sudden touch of a hand would be like a trigger to his mind. She approached him slowly. A wave broke over the rock and its icy water sent her reeling back, gasping with shock.

For a second he vanished completely from her sight, then she saw him straightening himself, his wild eyes still fixed on the whirlpool below. He crouched, preparing to jump. "James!" she screamed in terror. "Stop. Keep still . . ."

Frank meanwhile made a last desperate effort to climb the barrier of rocks, and fell back with a groan. It was no use; he realised the impossibility of making the climb alone. Blood drawn from his previous efforts was trickling down one leg, and his hands were scored and grazed. Frantically he limped to an adjacent rock and dragged himself on to its flat top, from which he could see the grim tableau ahead.

Cursing his inability to climb any farther, he watched through the spray as Stella drew slowly closer to James.

James was crouching, preparing to jump. Frank heard Stella scream and saw her run forward. Now his fear was for her. James had turned abruptly and his face was ghastly to see. There was more than shock in it, more than fury at the sudden interference. There was something else, something that made his face contort.

Stella was at his side now.

To page 62

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): October 26 is unfavorable for financial transactions; postpone action in business matters until October 29, when you stand to gain more than you expected.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): The young and impressionable revel in a glamorous evening, October 29, while their elders enjoy entertainments. October 31 shines on group outings.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): You may start an enterprise on the afternoon of October 27, confidently looking forward to a speedy success, only to find delays, hidden snags, October 30.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If you want to indulge in a bit of mild speculation, jump in, October 26. If you're in the throes of a love affair, November 1 brings happy developments.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Misunderstandings with members of the family, or minor accidents around the home, are likely October 28, unless you are careful. October 29 carries heart-warming news.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): That little expedition undertaken October 27, that awaited letter, or interview may not prove entirely satisfactory. You may change your mind, October 30.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Ways and means to get what you want are the big issues of October 29, but October 31 you can work out a sound, practical basis to success.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): An emotional cocktail may render October 26 or 28 exhilarating. Your personal affairs are undergoing fortunate changes with October 31 glorious.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Read all the fine print in any agreement made October 26. October 27 may produce profit.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): October 27 is fine for hobbies, club meetings, or romance, good fortune through the opposite sex. November 1 could mix business and pleasure.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): October 26 is adverse for career changes, but October 28 is exceptionally good for career and prestige.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): You may need a change in outlook, or surroundings. During this week, plan holidays, take short journeys, read books dealing with travel. October 31 for a bright idea.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

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AT LEADING STORES

Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 61

and Frank knew how near she was to death. If his brother clutched her in his frenzy and jumped, they would go to death together in the boiling fury below. He watched in agony.

He heard Stella cry again, although her words were lost to him. Her hand was on the composer's arm, resting on his dripping sleeve. He recoiled at her touch, his hands leaving his eyes. His feet were not two feet from the edge as she spoke to him. She touched him again, pulling gently. Her lips were moving as she spoke to him.

James' eyes were on her face, his expression terrible to see, his body crouching as if to spring. For timeless seconds both were motionless, while behind them the waves leapt like hungry beasts trying to drag them down.

Frank averted his face. The dull boom of a large wave brought his eyes round in terror again. A curtain of spray hid them from sight. As it settled, he saw them once more . . .

He let his breath out, suddenly conscious of the tightness of his chest. For a moment he relaxed weakly against the rock. They were moving away from the edge . . . Six feet, ten . . . James was advancing slowly under the pull of her insistent arm. His expression was changing, becoming dull again. They reached the second rock, the first . . . and then Frank was helping them down.

James came first and then Stella. Frank caught hold of her, his fingers biting deeply into her arm. Their eyes met . . . and she leaned suddenly against him. He held her tightly, feeling the deep shudder of her body.

His dry lips moved, searching for words. "You were wonderful," he muttered. "Absolutely wonderful."

Stella pulled away from him, sinking down on a rock. Her face was deathlike. She sat with her head between her knees.

"Go away," she said in a strangled voice. "I want to be sick."

He knelt beside her, watching her anxiously.

James was standing sullenly alongside them, staring around with moody, puzzled eyes. The black thing in his mind had taken full possession of him again and blanked out all memory of the past. The agony on his face had subsided, leaving it dark and sullen.

"Go away," Stella muttered to Frank.

His arm was around her. He held her tight, ignoring the hand that tried to push him away. Her body heaved violently. A minute passed before she was able to straighten herself.

"Feel better now?" Frank asked.

"I'm all right," she lied, rising unsteadily. She nodded

to James. "We'd better be getting back or we'll all have pneumonia."

Between them, they led James back to the beach. He stumbled forward with bent head, speaking to neither of them.

Frank turned on him when their feet sank at last into the sand. "What were you doing out there?" he asked roughly, reaction turning him to anger.

The composer gave him a dull, resentful glance. "I came for a walk," he muttered. "I came for a walk, and then . . ." His brows drew together in sudden alarm. "I can't remember what happened then."

Stella motioned to Frank to say no more, and they hurried on in silence. The dark cloud had spread from the horizon almost to the winter moon above, and fine snow mixed with the spray from the oncoming waves. The wind pierced their wet clothes and cut them to the bone.

At last they reached the cliff steps and left the bleak, windswept beach behind. They had almost reached the top when Mary appeared, running down towards them. She was without hat and coat, and her face was frantic with anxiety. She stopped short at the sight of them, almost breaking down in relief at seeing James.

"Steady," Frank said, going up to her. "Everything is all right."

PULLING away from Frank, Mary ran down to James. Her eyes dilated in fear at the sight of his sodden clothes.

"There's a good deal of spray on the beach," Stella said meaningly. "We met James down there. He had gone for a walk and we all came back together."

Her tone warned Mary. She turned to James, trying to smile. "I didn't know you wanted a walk, dear. I'd have come with you, had I known. I felt like some fresh air myself."

"I didn't feel like company," he muttered, starting up the steps.

Mary looked at Stella in fear. Stella shook her head and whispered, "We'll tell you everything in a minute."

Together they followed the two men up the steps, and into the house above.

An hour later Stella left her bedroom and made her way down to the lounge. She was dressed in a warm skirt and cardigan. A hot bath and a brisk rub down had taken most of the chill from her body, although an occasional shiver still ran through her.

Frank and Mary were in the lounge as she entered. Both rose on seeing her. Mary, with

white, drawn face, came over to her at once.

"Frank has told me what you did," she said simply. "I shall never forget it." She tried to take Stella's hand in her gratitude.

Stella pulled away abruptly and walked to the fire. "Drop it," she said shortly. "It was nothing."

The hurt in Mary's eyes died away as quickly as it came. "It was wonderfully brave of you," she said. "You might have been killed."

Stella shrugged. She leaned over the fire as another shiver ran through her.

"You should be in bed," Frank told her grimly. "You were soaked to the skin."

"I'm all right," she muttered. She heard a clink of glasses and, turning her head, saw that Frank was busy with a bottle of rum. He brought her a large glass.

She smelt at it and shuddered. "I can't bear the stuff," she told him.

"Drink it off," he insisted. "I'll take that chill out of your bones." He turned to Mary, his voice suddenly gentle.

"Come on, Mary. Sit down and have this first."

Mary turned from the door by which she was standing. She shook her head, managing a smile. "Afterwards, Frank. When I've finished."

He winced at the look in her eyes. "Let me do it," he begged. "You sit here and let me tell him."

"No," she said quietly. "I'd rather do it myself. I won't be long . . ." She turned abruptly and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Frank stood motionless a moment, then filled his own glass with shaking hands. He turned wearily to his seat. He met Stella's questioning eyes and nodded. "Be gentle with her, Stella. She has gone to phone Evans."

Her eyes widened. "You mean — about the operation . . . ?"

He nodded again. "I told her everything that happened this afternoon. She realised she couldn't afford to wait any longer."

Stella was staring into the fire. Her eyes had a bitter, distant look in them. "So that is the end of it," she breathed. "The end of it all . . ." A shudder ran through her, and she lifted her glass and drank deeply. The strong liquor made her grimace. Her lips twisted at him.

"You over-estimate me."

"If you feel anything like me, you need a strong one tonight," he said slowly. "You were wonderful out there this afternoon," he went on gruffly. "You took your life in your hands when you touched his arm." He lifted his glass, grinning to hide the fear his memory invoked. "Here's to those strong sinners we talked about."

Her face was averted; he did not see the expression on it. She did not move for a moment, then turned towards him bitterly, lifting her glass.

There was the ting of the telephone-bell in the hall as the receiver was put down. Footsteps moved slowly away and up the stairs. At the sound of them, Frank's mood changed.

"What a rotten business this life is. What a dirty rotten business." His words were accusing, a denunciation.

Stella looked up at him. His inflamed eyes were fixed savagely on the door.

"You know how much she cares about James. And what is her reward for all that love and devotion?" He laughed, an ugly, harsh sound. "Anyone who loves is a fool. The moment you love you give a hostage to Fate. There are a thousand ways it can get you then. While you are alone you are safe. It can't touch

you. But love, and it will torture the life out of you."

"You're bitter," she breathed. "You're more bitter than I am."

He stared at her angrily. "You've no right to be bitter. You're young. You haven't been to a war."

"There was something else though, wasn't there?" she whispered. "Someone you loved?"

The veins were standing out on his forehead. He drained his glass, then leaned forward, his eyes full on her face.

"Yes, there was," he sneered. "Once I was a fool."

"When?" she asked quietly. "During the war, when all men are fools?"

"What happened?" she whispered. Then she could have bitten off her tongue. Suddenly she knew.

He did not spare himself. His words were cruelly deliberate. "Very little, really. She had made a slight mistake, that was all. She told me so when I came out of the hospital. She wanted someone with two legs. It's understandable, really."

"Curse her," she said suddenly, savagely.

Frank shrugged, pouring himself another drink. "Why blame her? It's all part of the unlovely business. That was my point."

She paused, trying to find words to say. They came at last.

"Down on the beach I said women don't mind these things. I mean it. They don't, at least ninety per cent. of them don't. . . . You were well rid of yours. Can't you see that? You were lucky."

There was a mocking smile on his face as he lifted his glass to her. "Of course I see it. I have no hostage to fate. She did me a favor. Here's to her dear little heart."

"And so will never love again?" she asked slowly. "Is that what you mean?"

She saw his hand shaking as it held the glass. She rose and stood beside him. "Is that what you mean?" she asked again.

He stood motionless with the

To page 71

Beauty Expert's
advice on an

INTIMATE PROBLEM

It amazes me that some women are still distressed by the problem of superfluous hair. There's no need to worry these days, now you can literally cream away the hair — and quickly, too. I know there's a great temptation to use a razor, but do remember that razors make hair grow faster and coarser. They scrape tender skin and you're left with noticeable stubble. But the amazing cream called Veet removes all hair in three minutes, leaving skin silken-smooth! Summer and winter, legs must be Veet-smooth. Bare, hairy legs look so ugly, and the glamorous effect of sheer stockings is ruined if hair shows through. So get Veet, at all chemists and stores.



Cream away
ugly under-
arm hair in
summer.



Large Economy
(double size), 4/11
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Show girls
cream away
ugly hair.

Slightly higher in
some country districts.



"Thought I'd try you again, Harry. We still have a couple of those puppies . . ."

Prizewinners in honey contest

First prize of £100 in our £250 Honey Recipe Contest was won by Mrs. Ethel M. Dell, Henry Street, Noble Park, Victoria, for her recipe for savory stuffed veal with honey. Second prize of £50 was won by Mrs. V. E. Twigg, Griffith, N.S.W., and third prize of £25 by Mrs. K. Retallack, of Binnun, South Australia.

MRS. TWIGG'S prizewinning entry was for an almond honey cake. Mrs. Retallack's for chocolate honey crumbles.

Prizewinning great-grandmother Mrs. Ethel M. Dell, of Noble Park, Victoria, has been winning prizes in our recipe contests since The Australian Women's Weekly first appeared.

Mrs. Dell, who is 72, delights in concocting new recipes, always giving them an unusual touch.

"I have great fun adding and subtracting from recipes I've heard and making my own new ones... I've been doing it since I was a child," she said.

She will take a trip somewhere in Australia with her prizemoney. "I still love tripping around," she said. "Can't mope round the house, even at my age."

Mrs. Dell has had nine children. She has 17 grandchildren and four great-grandsons.

"They love coming to Gran's for Sunday tea, because I cook up all sorts of specials they don't get at home," she added.

Mrs. Dell knits almost continuously. "I think up recipes while the needles click," she said.

WINNER of the second prize, Mrs. V. E. Twigg, wife of Archdeacon Twigg, of St. Alban's, Hay, says she gets plenty of practice cooking for the entertaining she does at the rectory in Griffith, N.S.W., and also in her job as president of the St. Alban's Women's Guild.

"I think any woman who has been married for 18 years

and done her own cooking must be fairly proficient and able to choose as well as make up her own recipes," she said.

"The Almond Honey Cakes recipe was given to me some time ago and has been one of our favorites ever since."

Archdeacon and Mrs. Twigg have lived in Griffith for the past 16 years, during which time they have worked unceasingly for a new church.

"Now at last we are seeing our dream come true and we hope to see the new St. Alban's completed by next January," Mrs. Twigg said.

"It will be a great help as our parish is growing all the time. We have 4000 square miles of country, which is a big territory for my husband to cover."

MRS. KENNETH RETALLACK, 26, of Binnun, in the south-east of South Australia, has implicit faith in the value of honey, which, she says, she often uses as a substitute for sugar in the preparation of meals.

"We have always used a lot of honey in our family," she says.

Mrs. Retallack's husband works on the sheep property of his wife's stepfather, Mr. John Boddington.

Mrs. Retallack helps with small farm jobs such as draft-



EXCITED winner of first prize of £100 is Mrs. Ethel M. Dell, of Noble Park, Victoria. This picture of Mrs. Dell is the first she has had taken for 30 years.

look after and a young baby to care for I don't have much time for social life.

"Naracoorte is 23 miles away from Binnun on the good road, though only 15 by the short cut, and that is where we shop."

Mr. Retallack is three years

Mrs. Chamberlain's forebears came from Stuttgart, Germany, and the old leather-bound recipe book with the German word "Kochbuch" on the cover is a link with her family ancestors.

Honey Torte is the German name for a layer cake with honey.

THE Honey Lemon Dessert entered in the contest by Mrs. Frank Day, of Noble Park, Victoria, was "one of her adventures."

"I let my imagination run wild when I'm cooking," she said.

"My husband is one of those annoying men who enjoy only a good plain grill, and you can't let the imagination go far with that," she sighed.

Mrs. Day takes every opportunity to give a party so she can have a good day's fancy cooking.

MISS MARGARET HARVEY, who lives in the Brisbane suburb of Taringa, enjoys making sweets.

At Christmas time she makes gift boxes of sweets for her friends, always including some of her special honey toffee.

MRS. E. M. MATHERS, of Hobart, section five's £10 winner, has been using honey in cooking ever since she was married.

Mrs. Mathers, most of whose family are now married, uses honey because it has such an unusual and nice flavor.

Mrs. Mathers, a widow, teaches millinery for the Adult Education Board and divides her spare time between her two hobbies, cooking and gardening.

Full list of prizewinners and recipes appear on pages 65 and 66.

ing and branding. She has always done quite a lot of the real farm work.

Binnun is a siding on the south-east railway and has a post office for surrounding farmers, but there is no township.

There is not much social activity except for visiting friends. "Anyway," says Mrs. Retallack, "with a house to

older than his wife and they have been married for six years.

WINNER of the £10 prize in the first section was Mrs. G. Chamberlain, of "Vine Vale," Guildford, W.A., with a recipe for Honey Torte.

The recipe came from a German cookery book given to her by her mother when she was first married.



MRS. V. E. TWIGG, second-prize winner, in the rectory garden at Griffith, N.S.W.

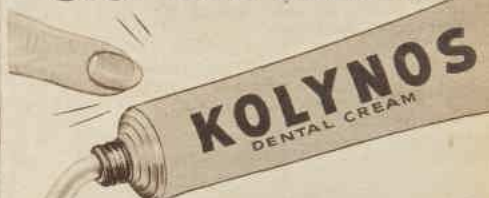


MRS. K. RETALLACK, of Binnun, winner of third prize, on her wedding day.

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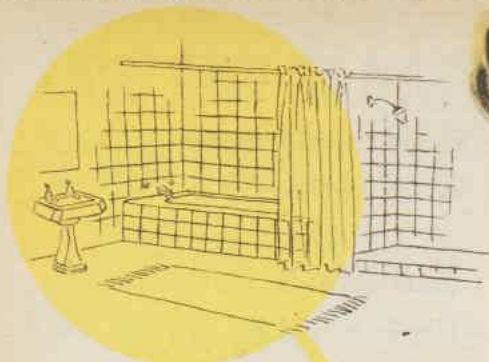


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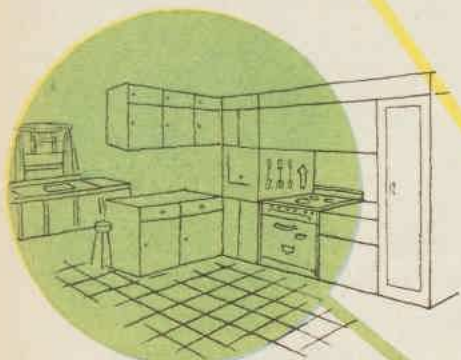
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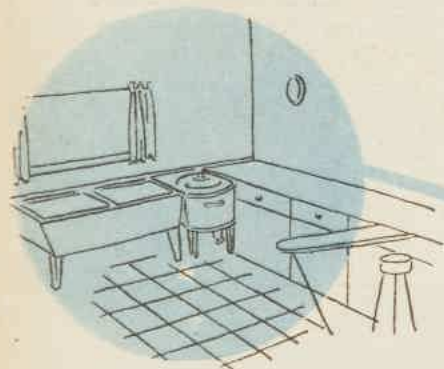
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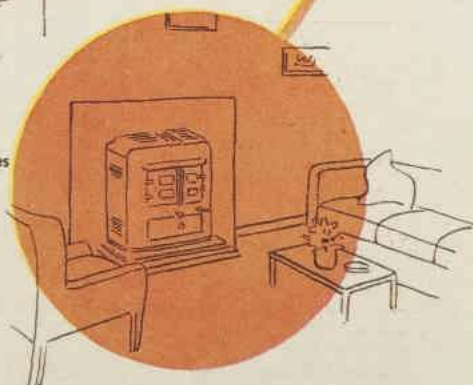


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For those cold winter winds, Metters "Kosi" and "Kumfort" slow combustion stoves provide clean, healthy warmth.



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£250 COOKERY CONTEST

Made from Honey



The thousands of entries from readers in our £250 cookery contest prove that honey, used with imagination, makes dishes fit for a king. On this and the next page we print the prizewinning recipes.

IN the picture above are shown some delectable dishes which can be made with honey. All are simple to prepare and are eminently suitable for family meals.

For maximum accuracy in measuring, all spoon measurements in these recipes are level.

SECTION 1. Cakes.

HONEY TORTE

Four ounces butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, 2 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, raspberry jam, honey icing, cherries.

Cream butter thoroughly with honey, add beaten eggs a little at a time. Work in sifted flour, making a stiff dough. Divide into 6 or 8 portions, roll each one very thinly on floured board, cut into a circle using a 7in. plate or saucepan lid as a guide. Place on scone tray or upturned slab tin. Bake two at a time in moderate oven 7 to 10 minutes. While still hot remove on to a flat plate one at a time, using an egg-slice and spatula. Spread with raspberry jam and place one on top of the other. Continue until all layers are cooked.

Spread top with honey icing and decorate with cherries.

Honey Icing: Melt 1 teaspoon butter with 1 teaspoon honey and 1 teaspoon water. Work in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar and warm slightly until thinned a little. Pour on to torte, spread with a knife and decorate with cherries.

£10 to Mrs. G. Chamberlain, "Vine Vale," Guildford, W.A.

SECTION 2. Desserts

MOCHA HONEY APPLES

Six large cooking apples, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups honey, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup desiccated coconut, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup strong black coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, whipped cream.

Wash and core apples, peel about quarter of the way down from the stem end. Mix $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the honey with coconut and walnuts, fill into centres of apples and place in a shallow ovenware dish. Mix remaining honey with coffee, stir over low heat until honey is melted, simmer 10 minutes. Pour over apples, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes or until apples are tender. Baste frequently with the honey-coffee syrup

• Continued, page 66

MAIN AWARD-WINNING HONEY RECIPES

£100 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. E. M. Dell, Henry Street, Noble Park, Vic.

SAVORY STUFFED VEAL

Four potatoes, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup grated cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. veal steak (cut in one piece), 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 bananas, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1 large onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup honey, nut of butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups stock.

Line greased casserole with par-boiled potatoes cut into slices $1/8$ in. thick. Mix flour and cheese, rub well into steak. Cut a pocket in steak and fill with breadcrumbs mixed with roughly chopped bananas, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Sew up with coarse thread. Brown well on all sides in hot bacon fat, place in casserole. Brown the onion and place on top of meat, add balance of flour

and cheese mixed with parsley. Warm honey and butter, pour over the steak, then add stock. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, removing cover for last 15 minutes. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.



£50 SECOND PRIZE

Mrs. V. E. Twigg, Box 31AA, Griffith, N.S.W.

ALMOND HONEY CAKES

Two ounces butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ beaten egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. honey, 3 dessertspoons poppy seeds, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped almonds.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla, add egg, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a stiff paste. Roll into pencil-shaped lengths, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ in. pieces. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven 20 minutes, leave on tray to cool. Bring honey to boiling point in saucepan, add cooked pastry strips, poppy seeds, and almonds. Cook until mixture stays on spoon, about 3 or 4 minutes. Spoon into very small paper containers and leave until cold.

Note: These are delicious served with black coffee at the end of a meal.



£25 THIRD PRIZE

Mrs. K. Retallack, Binnun, South-East, S.A.

CHOCOLATE HONEY CRUMBLES

Half pound solid type white shortening, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons honey, 4 tablespoons golden syrup, 8 tablespoons sugar, 4 teaspoons bicarbonate soda.

Melt shortening but avoid overheating, add icing sugar and cocoa thoroughly sifted together. Mix well, allow to cool and thicken. Line sides and base of small paper patty cases by running in a thin layer of chocolate mixture, or spreading with a knife. Reserve some for covering tops, standing saucepan over hot water to retard setting until honey-comb is ready. Boil the honey and golden syrup with the sugar for 10 minutes, or to toffee stage. Stir in

soda and mix well (use a large saucepan as mixture froths up). Spoon quickly into chocolate cases, when set cover tops with remaining chocolate.



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A "QUICK TRICK" RECIPE
Raspberry Cream
1 raspberry jelly crystal or
tablet, ½ tin unsweetened
evaporated milk.

Dissolve jelly in hot water to
make up to ½ pint—if neces-
sary, stand in basin of hot
water to dissolve completely.
Cool. Add evaporated milk.
Place in a mould or
serving bowl.



Cool . . .
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MORE PRIZE HONEY RECIPES

● Exhaustive tests were made
in our kitchens before prizes
were awarded in our £250 Honey
Recipe Contest. Here are more
prize recipes.

MOCHA HONEY APPLES

from page 65

during cooking. Remove from oven, sprinkle
tops of apples with a little sugar and place
under grill for 4 in. from heat. Sprinkle
frequently with sugar and baste with syrup
until apples are glazed, about 10 to 15
minutes. Serve with cream.

£10 to Mrs. D. Day, 27 Buckley St., Noble
Park, Vic.

SECTION 4.

Beverages

HONEY-CHOCOLATE SYRUP

One cup sugar, 1½ cups cocoa, ½ teaspoon
salt, 1/8 teaspoon mixed spice, 1/8 teaspoon
cinnamon, 1½ cups boiling water, ½ cup
honey, 2 teaspoons vanilla.

Combine sugar, cocoa, salt, spice, and
cinnamon. Blend smoothly with the boiling
water. Place over low heat, bring to the
boil and simmer 5 minutes, stirring con-
tinuously. Cool, add honey and vanilla and
store in covered container in refrigerator.

To serve: Heat ½ cup honey-chocolate
syrup with 2 cups milk until very hot, but
not boiling. Beat with a rotary beater be-
fore using.

Or serve thoroughly chilled with a spoon-
ful of whipped cream on top, or a scoop of
ice-cream in each glass.

£10 to Mrs. F. Belcher, Amiens, Qld.

SECTION 3.

Confectionery

HONEY TOFFEE

Two cups sugar, ¼ cup cream or milk, 3
tablespoons honey, ¼ cup boiling water.

Place all ingredients in saucepan, bring
slowly to the boil, stirring all the time. Stop
stirring immediately mixture boils and place
lid on saucepan for 2 minutes to melt sugar
on sides. Cook for 10 minutes or until a little
of the syrup crisps and crackles when dropped
into cold water. Pour into greased dish and
leave until cool enough to handle, then pull
out until it turns a creamy color and hardens.
Then cut into 1 in. pieces and wrap in waxed
paper or shiny colored paper.

£10 to Mrs. M. Harvey, 11 Crombie St.,
Clayfield, Qld.

SECTION 5.

Savory or meat dishes

LOBSTER A LA CREME

One and a half cups cubed lobster meat,
1 tablespoon butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of
cayenne pepper, 1 small wineglass dry sherry,
1 small wineglass brandy, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup
cream, 1 tablespoon honey.

Melt butter in a shallow ovenware dish,
add lobster meat, salt, and cayenne pepper.
Cook 5 minutes in moderate oven, then add
sherry and brandy, and cook 5 minutes
longer. Beat egg-yolks with cream and honey
until well mixed and pour over lobster.
Return to oven for 20 to 30 minutes, stirring
occasionally with a fork as mixture blends
and thickens. Garnish with parsley and serve
hot.

£10 to E. Mathers, 393 Liverpool St.,
Hobart, Tas.

● Consolation prizes of £1 each were awarded to
the following 25 entrants in our Honey Recipe Contest:

MRS. G. LARSON, Miriam Vale, N.C.L.,
Qld.

MRS. J. C. FOSTER, 26 Fourth Avenue,
Klemzig, S.A.

MRS. J. A. HOLBEACH, Experiment Farm,
Bathurst, N.S.W.

C. HODGKINSON, "Kalulah," Creek Road,
Maryborough, Qld.

MRS. A. BETCHER, 12 Carinya Road,
Picnic Point, N.S.W.

MRS. L. WALSH, Box 14, Wuaringa, via
Rockhampton, Qld.

MRS. L. HAIG, 21 Bath Road, Burwood,
Vic.

MISS B. LAWSON, Landsborough, Qld.

A. K. FISHER, 5 Prince's Avenue, East
Caulfield, Vic.

MRS. F. MILL, Lot 821, Mosaic Road,
Riverton, W.A.

MRS. A. J. MCCREEDY, 22 Hillcrest Road,
Terrigal, N.S.W.

MRS. N. O'DONNELL, 11 Brooke Street,
Eaglemont, Vic.

MRS. W. CLOTTI, 11 Dane Road, Moorab-
bin, Vic.

MRS. L. C. SMART, "Silverwood,"
Werombi Road, Camden, N.S.W.

M. S. ASPHAR, 19 Onslow Street, South
Perth, W.A.

MRS. J. CAMERON-STEWART, 92 Wattle-
tree Road, Malvern, Vic.

MRS. T. GRAHAM, Private Bag, Cygnet,
Tas.

MRS. D. POWRIE, "Hawksdale," Koo-wee-
rup, Vic.

MRS. A. G. FORSAITH, 24 Scottish Avenue,
Edwardstown, S.A.

MRS. E. M. PETCH, "Kinda-Roy," Pioneer
Road, Corrimal, N.S.W.

MRS. S. E. RICHARDSON, 9 Buckland
Avenue, Cessnock, N.S.W.

MRS. T. R. BUFFHAM, Hatherleigh, S.A.

MRS. C. WALKER, 7 Seabrook Street, Mt.
Hawthorn, W.A.

MRS. J. J. HENNESSY, 61 Mimosa Street,
Bexley, N.S.W.

MRS. D. L. PAUL, 30 Winifred Street,
Adelaide, S.A.



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AND PLAIN SURFACE COTTONS.

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fabrics (which may be glossy or
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THE POPULAR PETS FAMILY TREASURE CHEST QUIZ

£2,000
IN PRIZES

No Entry Fee — No specialised knowledge required

An entirely NEW kind of competition in which both parents and children can participate.

Someone, somewhere is going to carry off this great Treasure Chest board, and no one has a greater opportunity than you. First Prize is the complete Treasure Chest containing over 40 wonderful gifts valued at £500 plus a £400 cash award. Full details of this and other Prizes are featured in the panel at the right. It's an entirely new type of contest with a different twist — an easy, interesting and educational Quiz that offers tons of fun for parents and children alike. So come on now! Get together and discover just how really easy it is.

DIRECTIONS

Simply place an X against each answer in the entry form you think is correct. Clues to any answers that you may be doubtful about can be found in the present series of 66 picture cards distributed in all packets of Weeties and Crispies. The new Popular Pets Album on sale at your grocers will also prove a big help.

The children will know all the tactics of collecting cards from their friends, which will add to the collection you'll soon have by serving delicious, wholesome Crispies or Weeties each morning.

You first need to get these answers right to qualify for a prize. In the last section of the Quiz you are asked to place a group of pets in what you consider is their correct order of popularity. The entrants successful with this section of the competition will be those that, in the opinion of the judges, show most skill in correctly assessing the relative popularity of the pets. Every entry will be opened and considered, and every prize will be won.

All clear? Then let's get going. Send as many entries as you wish but make sure they are postmarked no later than December 15. Each one must be accompanied by a section of a Weeties or Crispies pack as indicated in the Conditions of Entry.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. Each entry must be accompanied by the words "Three Foods in One" cut from either the Crispies or Weeties packs. These words are on all Weeties and Crispies packs, irrespective of design.
2. Only entries submitted on the coupon cut from a Family Treasure Chest advertisement or on the special printed form obtainable from your grocer will be eligible.
3. No more than one entry to be submitted in the one envelope.
4. The panel of judges will comprise representatives from Purina Grain Foods Pty. Ltd., The Paton Advertising Service Pty. Ltd., and Lieut.-Colonel F. G. Sutton, Tailwagger-in-Chief of Australia. Results will be announced prominently in the press in late December.
5. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence can be entered into regarding results.
6. Staff (and families) of Purina Grain Foods Pty. Ltd. and associated Companies and their Advertising Agency, are not eligible to enter this competition.
7. Cash awards will be mailed immediately results are known. The complete Treasure Chest will be packed and freighted free to the address indicated on the successful competitor's entry. 2nd and 3rd and Consolation Prize winners will be contacted and asked to nominate their choice of Treasure Chest items. These will also be forwarded freight free.

IMPORTANT

Entries must be posted in a 3d. stamped envelope addressed to Family Treasure Chest Quiz, Purina Grain Foods Pty. Ltd., 14 Best Street, North Fitzroy, Victoria, and must be postmarked no later than December 15.

Sponsored by the Makers of WEETIES and CRISPIES

in conjunction with their current series of 66 Popular Pets Cards enclosed in every packet of these famous breakfast cereals.



ENTRY FORM

Place an X in one square for each question:

1. A pleasant, lively little fellow; I am often referred to as a dwarf shepherd dog.
I am an Akita Terrier ☐ a Corgi ☐ a Dalmatian ☐
2. I am the only dog on a "Popular Pets" card who is sitting up begging.
I am a Fox Terrier ☐ a Silky-haired Terrier ☐ a Border Collie ☐
3. They call me "Lion head", and though not flattering, the description is very apt.
I am a Fish ☐ a type of Pigeon ☐ a type of Lizard ☐
4. You'll find me in the "Popular Pets" card series carrying a bird to my master.
I am a Curly Coated Retriever ☐ a Flat Coated Retriever ☐ a Springer Spaniel ☐
5. According to the description on my card, I am a distant cousin of the Cairn and Scottish Terriers. Some say I am the original shaggy dog.
I am a West Highland Terrier ☐ an Akita Terrier ☐ a Pointer ☐
6. According to the "Popular Pets" Album, the most specialised form of life today is:
Fish ☐ Birds ☐ Dogs ☐ Frogs ☐
7. It says in the "Popular Pets" Album that guinea pigs:—
Drink lots of water ☐ Drink a fair amount of water ☐ Require water only on the hottest day ☐

I enclose section of Weeties/Crispies packet as instructed.

YOUR NAME

ADDRESS

1st PRIZE

£400 cash plus the complete Treasure Chest valued at £800

THE TREASURE CHEST CONTAINS:

Mantel Radio; Console Radiogram; "Hecla" Electric Fire; * Electric Jug; Set Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopaedia; Tape Recorder; * Banleigh Tray (Oval, Square or Rectangle); * Suitcase (Luxemburg) 28"; * Suitcase (Luxemburg) 24"; Picnic Lunch Set (4 people); * Wall Mirror; * Roma Gent's Watch; * Roma Ladies' Watch; * Set Youth's Boxing Gloves; * Roller Skates; Tricycle; Rocking Horse; * Scooter; Merry-Go-Round; * Blackboard and Seat; Doll; Doll's Pram; * Child's Sewing Machine; * 2 Cricket Bats; Cricket Stumps; Cricket Ball; Complete Table Billiard Set; * Quoits with Stand; * Football; * Basketball; * Yacht; Mechanical Train Set; * No. 8 Ezybuilt Construction Set; Pedal Car; * Morphy Richards Iron; Morphy Richards Automatic Toaster; * Conway-Stewart Pen and Pencil Set; * Heavy Gauge Set Aluminium Saucepans; Canteen Cutlery; Silver Tea Service (3 items); * Musical Biscuit Barrel; Motor Lawn Mower; * Championship Tennis Racket; * Pearl Necklace; Xmas Stocking containing boy's assorted toys to the value of £75; Xmas Stocking containing girl's assorted toys to the value of £75; Choice of available breed of pedigree pup.

2nd PRIZE

£100 cash plus your choice of any 20 Treasure Chest items marked *

3rd PRIZE

£50 cash plus your choice of any 10 Treasure Chest items marked *

60 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Your own choice of any one Treasure Chest item marked *

Special Prize of £150 cash to the grocer who supplies the winner with Weeties or Crispies.

(Entrants living in Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia need not necessarily enclose the section of the Weeties or Crispies packs specified in the conditions.)

POPULARITY POLL

Number each square 1 to 14 in what you regard as the order of popularity of these pets. Place only one number in each square.

Fish	<input type="checkbox"/>	Guinea Pigs	<input type="checkbox"/>
Horses or Ponies	<input type="checkbox"/>	White Rabbits	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dogs	<input type="checkbox"/>	Silk Worms	<input type="checkbox"/>
Parrots	<input type="checkbox"/>	Common Tabby Cats	<input type="checkbox"/>
Canaries	<input type="checkbox"/>	Black Cats	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lizards	<input type="checkbox"/>	Marmalade Tabby Cats	<input type="checkbox"/>
Frogs	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pigeons	<input type="checkbox"/>

Write in ink. Use block letters.

I purchased my Weeties/Crispies from

GROCER'S NAME

ADDRESS

Send as many entries as you wish!

GET MORE ENTRY FORMS FROM YOUR GROCER

from page 10

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 27, 1954

Tony's luxury dish—Malayan Curry

In Malaya the main dish at Sunday tiffin is always a curry of some kind, says Tony, of the Colony Club, Sydney, giving his luxury recipe for this week. The curry, of course, is superbly cooked, he added.

TONY said the curry is served with rice, and the "curry boys" follow with all the accompaniments.

"One serving is literally a feast," says Tony, "but you are never allowed to stop at one."

"Of all the curries I sampled in Malaya, the one published here was the best. The recipe, which is sufficient for six ample servings, was given to me by a Malayan chef who

is famous for this particular dish."

Three and a half pounds lean loin of lamb, 1 level tablespoon salt, 3 level tablespoons butter, 2 medium size onions, 3 shallots chopped very fine, 1½ cloves garlic, 2½ level tablespoons curry powder, 2 bay leaves, ½ pint coconut milk, chicken stock or water, 2½ level tablespoons arrowroot, 2 green apples, 2 tablespoons chutney, 2 cups cream, juice of 1 lemon.

Cut the lamb in small pieces.

Put butter in a saucepan, melt over low heat, add the onion and cook until lightly browned, stirring with a wooden spoon. Add shallots, garlic, and lamb. Season with salt, mix well and cook for a few minutes. Then add the curry powder, the bay leaves, a little coconut milk, and also a little chicken stock or water.

Bring to the boil and cook slowly for 35 minutes. Remove the lamb into deep serving dish. Strain the liquid through a coarse sieve. Return to the

fire, add the apple, remaining coconut milk, and chutney. Cook for a few more minutes. Thicken with arrowroot dissolved in a little water. Before serving, add the lemon juice and the cream. Add a tablespoon of sugar, correct the seasoning, and pour the sauce on the curried lamb.

Boil sufficient rice for six servings, place in another serving dish, and arrange the accompaniments, such as fried onions, pineapple, Bombay duck, almonds, sliced cucumber, grated coconut, and chutney, in small "help-yourself" dishes placed on two trays.

WEEKLY FEATURE:

Family dish

● Lamb chops flavored with celery and carrot and topped with savory cheese make this week's dish.

THIS appetising dish serves four, is very satisfying and costs approximately five shillings.

LAMB AND CELERY BAKE

Four or five large best neck chops, 1 large carrot, 2 sticks celery, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 onion, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, salt, pepper, 4oz. scone dough (make with 4oz. flour), 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Wipe chops with damp cloth, coat with seasoned flour. Brown on both sides in hot fat, place in large ovenproof dish. Add chopped onion, carrot, and celery to pan, brown lightly, place in dish with meat. Blend gravy powder with stock or water, season

with salt and pepper, pour into dish. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ hours. Prepare scone dough, roll out ¼ in. thick on floured board, glaze top with milk, sprinkle with cheese. Cut into rounds or triangles with floured knife or cutter. Remove meat from oven, increase temperature to hot. Take lid off dish, place scone shapes around edge. Return to oven for further 20 minutes.

This dish may be partly cooked in pressure-cooker. Prepare as given, place ingredients in cooker instead of ovenproof dish. Bring to pressure, cook 20 minutes. Turn into heated ovenproof dish, top with scone shapes and bake as directed.

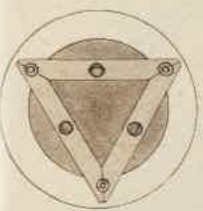
PRIZE RECIPE

TEMPTING savory fold-ups filled with a delicious crab, bacon, and tomato mixture win this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest for Mrs. H. Clay, 28 Emu Street, Canterbury, N.S.W.

SAVORY FOLD-UPS

One small tin crabmeat or salmon, 1 bacon rasher, 1 small tomato, 1 level teaspoon grated onion, ¼ cup soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, buttered sandwich-bread slices.

Place chopped bacon in pan, fry over low heat until crisp and brown. Add chopped, skinned tomato, and onion, cook 4 or 5 minutes. Add breadcrumbs, mix well, season to taste. Remove from heat, fold in flaked crabmeat, parsley, and beaten egg. Place a spoonful of mixture diagonally across the unbuttered side of each bread slice. Press opposite corners together, secure with cocktail sticks. Place on oven-tray, bake in moderate oven until bread is crisp and golden brown. Remove cocktail sticks, serve hot.



PICTURE FRAME MAKES TABLE

Conversion of an old picture frame of dark oak and the legs from a broken chair into a modern coffee table wins this week's prize of £3/3/- in our popular contest.

MRS. Barbara James, 1 Cowper Street, Braidwood, N.S.W., sent in the winning entry in our "Something New from Something Old" family competition.

"An old-fashioned circular picture frame made of dark oak, which we bought at an

LEFT: Back view of table top showing the triangular frame in which the angled legs were secured. At top you see the old circular picture.

auction sale for a few shillings, needed little alteration to convert it into a coffee table," writes Mrs. James.

"We removed the photograph from the frame, and then painted the frame white and trimmed the moulding with gilt.

"A map was substituted for the photograph.

"A triangular frame, drilled to take three angled legs, was



COMPLETE conversion shows the coffee table, painted in white with gilt trimming, centred with a United Nations map.

secured to the back of the picture frame, and the three legs (turned dowels taken from an old broken chair) were glued into the angled sockets of the triangular frame."

Send your entry to the Editor of our Homemaker Department.

Of course it's lovely - BUT!

it's the way it washes ... so CLEANLY - so GENTLY

that's WHY I love my new Westinghouse CLOTHES WASHER



I couldn't help admiring it when I first saw it in Mr. James' window. Then, when he told me it was a Westinghouse, I knew the quality was right. We never thought we could buy a Westinghouse for such a good price, but we found it even easier to buy than other good Clothes Washers.

It just staggered me that a Washer could do such a good job. It doesn't scruff the clothes either, you can see it pouring the water through and through them, washing by water action alone, which doesn't harm the daintiest fabrics. I just love to watch it.

HERE ARE MORE REASONS WHY WOMEN LOVE THE WESTINGHOUSE WASHER

- * An outstanding feature is the one-piece, all-steel, porcelain, curved-bottom tub—with an anti-splash lip.
- * Specially designed agitator is recessed and, when combined with the tub design, washes so cleanly, so safely. Does 8½ lbs. or just a few garments.
- * Built-in sediment trap keeps water cleaner while washing.
- * Powerful pump empties the dirty water quickly, efficiently.
- * More powerful Westinghouse motor is oiled for life.
- * Damp-Dri rollers take out maximum amount of water—have two dual-acting touch releases and safety stop.
- * Westinghouse designed—built to Westinghouse quality standards.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse Manufactured by a Unit of EMAIL Limited



CLOTHES WASHERS
FOOD MIXERS



RANGES
FANS



REFRIGERATORS
MENU-MASTERS



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50 *deliciously "different"* Sandwich Ideas!

How many sandwiches have you made in the past month? Probably dozens and dozens! Were they *interesting*? Were they enjoyed by your family and friends? Or have you fallen into a "sandwich rut"?

Here's your chance to step out with sandwiches that are never "stale"—and always make a delicious and nourishing meal or snack.

Study the fifty easy-to-make recipes on the opposite page . . .

*Recipes
on the
opposite
page*



All made from **KRAFT** **FOODS**

50 SANDWICH IDEAS



"All easy to make-and so nourishing..."

says **ELIZABETH COOKE**
— Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert

CUT THEM OUT NOW!

- Grilled bacon and Vegemite
- Thinly sliced cold lamb and Kraft Sandwich Relish
- Cream ½ cup grated Cheddar, add 1 teaspoon Vegemite and use with shredded lettuce.
- Peanut butter, grated carrot combined with sliced Cheddar.
- Finely grated carrot, finely chopped celery, mixed with grated Old English and moistened with Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Cream Cheese Spread, sliced preserved ginger.
- Velveeta and raisins.
- Chopped liver sausage with chopped hard-boiled egg and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Corned beef, pickles and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Vegemite butter and sliced Kraft Cheddar. (To make Vegemite butter: cream 1 tablespoon Vegemite with 2 tablespoons butter.)
- Chopped pickled walnuts and Kraft Cream Cheese Spread.
- Vegemite butter, sliced cucumber, Mayonnaise.
- Combine hard-boiled eggs with Fish Paste.
- Peanut butter and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Cream Cheese Spread and marmalade.
- Sliced tomato, grated raw onion, sliced Old English.
- Liver sausage, mustard and grated Old English.
- Sardines, Smokay and lemon juice.
- Baked beans and Cheese Spread.
- Chopped left-over vegetables and Mayonnaise.
- Mashed bananas and Velveeta.
- Combine Meat Paste with grated Kraft Cheddar.
- Mix 2 tablespoons Anchovy Fish Paste with 2 tablespoons Cream Cheese Spread.
- Peanut butter, Bonox and chopped celery.
- Sardines, mashed with lemon juice and grated Kraft Cheddar.
- Cream Cheese Spread, finely cut uncooked prunes, chopped nuts.

- Sliced Kraft Cheddar with sliced ham and mustard.
- Combine hard-boiled eggs with Gherkin Kraft Sandwich Relish.
- Cheese Spread and cooked crumbled bacon.
- Chopped dates, peanut butter, sliced cold meat and Vegemite.
- Cream Cheese Spread, finely chopped celery, salt and pepper.
- Sliced tomato, watercress and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Vegemite butter, scrambled egg and chopped parsley.
- All cold meat sandwiches are improved with a dash of Bonox.
- Cream Cheese and Vegemite mixed together.
- Cold sliced tongue, shredded lettuce and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Vegemite butter and chopped celery.
- Combine 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce, pinch curry powder and Gorgonzola Cheese Spread.
- Sliced Old English, drained mashed pineapple and Kraft Mayonnaise.
- Shredded raw cabbage, Kraft Mayonnaise and sliced Cheddar.
- Chopped dates, walnuts and Danish Blue Spread.
- Fish Paste with chopped lettuce and finely chopped celery.
- Kraft Cheddar and orange marmalade.
- Jam or jelly, grated Kraft Cheddar and sultanas.
- Grated apple, Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.
- Crisp rolls filled with Kraft Cheddar, Kraft Mayonnaise and a frankfur.
- Chopped raisins mixed with grated Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.
- Crisp rolls, mixed shredded salad and sliced Kraft Cheddar.
- Kraft Cheddar, lettuce and chutney.
- Kraft Cheddar and chopped gherkin on rye bread.

BUY THESE

KRAFT FOODS NOW

- ★ KRAFT CHEDDAR ★ VELVEETA
- ★ OLD ENGLISH ★ VEGEMITE

★ **CHEESE SPREADS**—in handy re-usable glasses. Smokay—Gorgonzola Cheese Spread—Danish Blue Cheese Spread—Cream Cheese Spread.

★ **RED FEATHER MEAT PASTES**—in 6 delicious flavours. Beef and Ham Paste—Beef, Ham and Tongue—Potted Beef and Ham—Beef and Tongue Paste—Beef, Ham and Chicken—Beef, Veal and Bacon.

★ **RED FEATHER FISH PASTES**—in 6 popular flavours. Lobster—Salmon and Shrimp—Anchovy—Herring and Tomato—Lobster and Tomato—Anchovy and Tomato.



KRAFT FOODS for delicious, nourishing sandwiches.

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 62

glass at his lips. "If I were not such a fool," he said harshly. "Yes. But people don't change. The same fool that was in me then is in me now."

"Go on," she breathed. "And what does the fool say?"

He turned to her then, and she flinched at the raw pain in his eyes. His lips twisted. "The fool whimpers at me that he wishes I were rich and you were less beautiful."

"I were less beautiful . . . It was a second or two before she understood.

"Yes. But then I told you he was a fool," he sneered, draining his glass.

Stella spoke bitterly. "Yes, it might have been better for me if I were plainer. Don't worry about my looks. . . . Sometimes I think I hate them myself."

His voice was soft, distant. "Like all fools I worship beauty. I worship it from afar. And because of my worship I can't bear to see it in sackcloth and ashes and bound to a cripple."

"You are a fool," she said vehemently. "A stupid fool."

He bowed mockingly. "Then we both agree."

In the pause that followed, they heard the front door close heavily, and a second later Mervyn entered the lounge.

His walk was slightly unsteady, and his face flushed with alcohol. He waved an arm cheerily at them both, although his heavy-lidded eyes were moving over Stella.

"Hello," he greeted. Frank looked at Stella, his lips twisting. Then, with a sudden curse, he brought his glass heavily down on the table and limped from the room.

Mervyn stared after him, then at Stella.

"What's the matter with him?" he asked.

Before Stella could speak, Gwen stalked into the room. Her eyes were malevolent.

"I know everything that's going on. Don't try any more of your bluffing," she said.

Stella sank into a chair. Her body was tense and stiff. Faint lines of strain appeared alongside her nostrils and lips.

Mervyn's face was a picture of guilt and dismay. He tried to bluster. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Gwen unlocked one of her tightly clenched hands to show a ruby brooch. "Do you recognise this? And there are two ear-rings to match it in her room," she went on, stabbing a finger towards Stella.

Mervyn was ludicrous in his dismay. His eyes goggled at the brooch.

"Where did you get that?" he muttered.

"You fools—you didn't think you could get away with this, did you, right under my nose?" Gwen demanded. "I found this jewellery in your pocket the same day you bought it," she told Mervyn. "I kept quiet at first, in case it was a Christmas present for me. But on Thursday night I found out it had gone, and I guessed who had got it then. But I waited to be quite sure."

"You waited until I went out and then searched my bedroom," Stella interrupted furiously. "You stole those things."

"Don't look so shocked," Gwen blazed at her. "It isn't much beside what you're trying to steal from me. I'll go much further, too, before I let you get away with that." She swung round on the dismayed Mervyn. "You fool," she gibed. "She's only after your money."

The door of the drawing-room opposite opened suddenly and Frank approached them with set face. He stepped inside the lounge closing the door behind him.

His voice was stern. "I'm sorry to intrude like this, but I must ask you to keep your voices down. Something pretty serious has happened this afternoon, and James is in a dangerous state. Any excitement might do him harm. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course," Mervyn muttered gruffly. "I'm sorry. Let's go away from here." He turned to go but Gwen ignored him. She pointed venomously to Stella.

"Do you know what she is trying to do?" she asked Frank.

His eyes were bleak. "Whatever it is, I am sure it is no business of mine," he said quietly.

The last of Gwen's control went. She turned to Frank in sudden decision. Her eyes were like hard stones, pitiless and vindictive.

"Now I'll tell you something you should know," she said between her teeth. "Something I had guessed, but wasn't sure about until the party last Tuesday when I played a certain waltz."

Stella's cheeks suddenly went ashen. She opened her mouth to protest, then her shoulders slumped. She walked over to the fireplace and lit a cigarette. She stood motionless with her back to them, staring down at the flames. Gwen watched her exultantly.

"I played it specially," she sneered. "Something happened in this room last Saturday morning that set me thinking. So I played that waltz when James was present—to see what would happen. And something did happen. You'll remember—you were there."

FRANK was standing like a statue. He did not speak. Gwen went on pitilessly.

"That waltz was a favorite tune of hers during the war," she said, jabbing a finger at Stella. "She was always humming it when she was staying with me. Well, I went away for a fortnight in '44 and left her alone in my flat. When I got back the woman who lives above told me a man had come home with her one night—a man who played the piano beautifully. She had heard him playing Stella's favorite waltz on my piano." Her voice was sly, insinuating. "Are you following me . . . ?"

Frank was staring at her in unbelief. His nostrils were pinched and white, and his breath was rasping through them. Suddenly he came to life and flung open the door.

"I want no more of this, Mrs. Ashburn," he said harshly. "Please be so good as to control yourself and leave this room."

Her eyes narrowed. "So you've fallen for her as well, have you? She's made a fool out of you, too. You don't want to hear what she is. You don't want a possible reason why your brother is insane, crazy with remorse. All right—but she isn't going to get away with it. If you won't hear it, then her mother-in-law shall. I'll write and tell her everything. She isn't going to get away with it, I tell you."

Frank motioned again to the open door.

With a curse she walked out and slammed the door behind her. Frank stood transfixed, his incredulous eyes on Stella. She made no movement. She was still standing before the fireplace, head on arms, staring down into the flames.

When he spoke at last, his voice was part of the nightmare into which he had fallen. It was his voice, and yet he could not recognise it.

Blonde in a leopard skin

WHEN the weather is wet or cold at Col-laroy, a Sydney beach suburb, a small, well-proportioned blonde dressed only in leopard-skin swimming trunks lies on her stomach on a low wooden box, facing a large mirror, and goes through the motions of the crawl or butterfly stroke.

Attached to her hands are two ropes which run over pulleys and connect with carefully calculated counter-weights, which simulate the pressure of water in swimming pools.

The blonde is aged five years, and her father, a Dutchman named Harry Kuylers, hopes that, through his carefully planned system of training, she will one day rank as Australia's Esther Williams.

There's an interesting story about him and his daughter Jose in the October 26 issue of A.M.

"Was it true?" he said. "Was it James?"

"Yes," Stella whispered, without turning her head.

"James," he breathed. "You and James?" His face writhed with pain. He moved slowly forward, one foot before the other. She heard him, and her body cringed away. Her face was hidden in her hands.

"Leave me alone," she whispered. "I've had enough. Go away and leave me."

The sudden memory of Mary's face on hearing of James' attempted suicide came back to him. Its agony, its hopeless despair. He took a deep, shuddering breath.

"I haven't told you this yet," he said slowly. "No one knows but Mary and myself. But the reason she has held off the operation is because the specialist believes James has some secret locked away in his mind. If Mary can find out what it is, there is a slight chance of saving him. Do you understand?"

Stella turned a dazed, uncomprehending face to him. "You say if Mary knew . . . it might save him?"

"Yes. It is his one chance. While the secret is locked up in his mind it is destroying him."

She laughed suddenly a high-pitched, ironical laugh that sent a jangle of discords through his strung nerves. "If Mary knew, it might save him . . . Oh, that's funny. That's funny."

He made himself go on. "Is this secret you share with him enough to drive him insane?"

Her body stiffened, and grew still. The silence pressed on his temples. He felt his pulse pounding in his clenched hands.

It was a full half-minute before she lifted her face and he saw, almost with a shock, that it was tear-stained.

"Yes," she said. "Quite enough."

To the last he had hoped otherwise. His heart gave one great throb, and then became inert lead in his breast.

"Sit down and let me tell it to you," she said. "It's a fascinating little story."

Frank moved one hand. "No," he said dully. "I don't want to hear. I only wanted to be . . ."

To page 72

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Listen to the Constant Invader

sure . . . Tell it to Mary; she is the one to know. It's her last chance to save James. Tell her everything. I'll send her in."

He turned and limped to the door. Her words followed him like wolves, snapping and tearing at his dragging feet. "Don't you want to hear first? So I'm no hypocrite, aren't I? I don't lie, don't I? You fool. You poor, stupid, lame fool . . ."

With haggard face Frank sat alone in the drawing-room. Beside him lay his pipe, cold and forgotten. Long minutes passed in which he sat motionless, lost in a bleak sea of sombre thoughts.

He started at the sound of footsteps and jumped to his feet a second later as Mary entered the room. He limped towards her, helping her to a chair. Her eyes were dazed; she looked at him, at the room, at the chair as if they were all suddenly things of fantasy. She sank down and sat for a moment with closed eyes.

Frank stood before her uncertainly. Then she lifted her face up to him, replying to the mute question in his eyes.

"She has told me everything," she whispered, raising her hands to her temples. "And it's . . . incredible, Frank. I still can't believe it."

He moved to her side, to keep his face from her sight. "Is it . . . what you hoped to hear?"

She gave one convulsive, hysterical sob; then gripped the sides of her chair as if her life depended on them.

"Yes," she said bitterly. "It's all clear now. It was through James and her that—"

"No, please," he broke in harshly, one hand held out in protest. "I don't want to hear. But are you quite sure . . . what you have heard . . . is the cause of James' condition?"

Pain welled back into her eyes. Her voice was bitter again. "Oh, yes. Quite sure."

He said gently. "I know how you feel. What are you going to do now?"

"I shall go in to James as soon as he wakes up, of course."

He stiffened in alarm. "You mustn't do that. You must

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

[from page 71]

phone Evans and tell him. He will arrange for James to see a psychiatrist."

Mary shook her head in determination. "No, Frank. That wouldn't be fair to John. He would never agree to my going in to James alone, and once he had refused permission I would be obliged to obey him. The responsibility would be his then, and he has risked enough for me already."

"But if he wouldn't give you permission, then it must be too dangerous."

"It's my one chance," she said quietly, "and I must take it."

"No, Mary. You might ruin everything—"

She leaned forward pleadingly. "Let me tell you what it was, Frank. I must talk to someone. Let me tell you what he did, and then you will understand better. Why won't you let me tell you?"

A look almost of panic came into his eyes. He half-rose and then slumped heavily back. "All right," he muttered in despair. "Go on . . ."

The sound of a car engine came to them. A few seconds later it receded down the drive. Gwen and Mervyn had gone.

Frank sat with half-closed eyes, waiting for the blow. His shoulders hunched imperceptibly as Mary began speaking, her voice halting and low.

"It happened in 1944, after Stella and David had been married for nearly a year. Stella was staying with Gwen in a flat in London. At that time she had met none of your family . . ."

She had not seen David for months, and she says she was bored and lonely. She wanted to join up, but the Food Ministry would not release her. A few weeks before D-day, Gwen went away for a fortnight's holiday with Mervyn, who was up in the North somewhere, leaving Stella alone in the flat. During that time Stella heard from one of David's friends that James was on leave . . ."

"I remember that leave well," Mary went on quietly. "James had been given only two days,

and I was in Northern Ireland at the time. There was no chance of our meeting, and so he told me by letter he would spend the leave in London with some friends. I was sorry. D-day was so near."

Frank nodded without speaking. He listened with bowed head as Mary continued: "Stella says she had always wanted to meet James, and her friend arranged an introduction for her. She did not meet him as David's wife. She called herself Miss Lawson—"

Frank broke in with one harsh monosyllable. "Why?"

"She says she did it for a joke—that she meant to tell him later and give him a surprise. He took her to a nightclub, and saw her home. And then . . ." Her voice faltered.

AFTER a moment, Mary went on speaking, bitterness lending strength to her voice. "Stella never told James who she was. And so . . . she stayed the night with her. It was during that night that he played his waltz for her on Gwen's piano. It was a favorite tune of hers. A neighbor in the flat above heard his playing, and mentioned to Gwen later what a beautiful pianist Stella had entertained."

Frank found words at last. He nodded heavily. "Yes, I see it all now. That was why Gwen played it at the party the other night. It was to test James' reactions. Something had awakened her suspicions last Saturday. I don't think she meant to tell me tonight. I think her idea was to hold the threat over Stella's head, but her jealousy proved too much for her."

"Stella said the same thing," Mary told him. "She said Mr. Ashburn wanted her to go away with him, and his wife found out. That was the cause of the quarrel tonight."

Frank hesitated, trying to choose his words carefully. "From what Gwen said to me

tonight, I guessed something of the sort had happened between James and Stella." His voice was gentle. "I know how you must feel—what a shock it must have been to you. But . . ." He paused again, groping for the right words to use. "Bad though it is, I can't feel it is enough to turn James' mind—even when he found out she was David's wife. Some men are more sensitive than others, I know, but . . . to do this to him . . . I can't see that."

Her lips twisted bitterly. "I haven't finished yet, Frank. The worst has yet to come. You see, the next morning David came home on unexpected forty-eight hours' leave."

"Oh!"

"Stella doesn't know what happened after that. She went out and left them. There was nothing else she could do. When she came back they had both gone. She never heard from David again, but two weeks later he volunteered for a dangerous raid and was killed. Do you understand now?"

The blow had landed at last. Frank sat as if stunned.

"Don't you see now why I must go to him?" Mary asked, her tone changing, becoming vibrant with hope. "It wasn't his fault that David died. He didn't know Stella was his wife. If I can convince him of that, I might free his mind. A doctor might be able to show him what is festering inside him, but a doctor can't forgive him. I can, and if he still cares for me, it might save him."

He made his last plea. "Phone Evans," he begged. "Explain everything and ask him to be here in case something happens."

"No," she said vehemently. "It wouldn't be fair to him. If anything . . . goes wrong, he will be responsible. No, I must do it alone."

"Where is Stella now?" he asked, dry-mouthed.

"I left her in the lounge. She said she would be leaving tomorrow."

"You must hate her for this," he muttered.



She hesitated, then turned to him. Her voice was perplexed. "Sometimes I think I do. And then I'm not sure. I can't forget her face as she was telling it all to me. She was smoking a cigarette and even smiling, but underneath she was in agony. I could see it. And I can't forget that she saved James' life this afternoon."

"You are being very generous," he murmured. "Perhaps it is only because I am so grateful for this chance," she said quietly. "Wish me luck, Frank."

Mary left the room, leaving him with his thoughts. Minutes passed and as his brain lost its numbness, his eyes grew fearful. He looked up at the clock on the mantelpiece and then rose suddenly. There was no time to lose, every second counted. James seldom rested long; he had already been asleep well over two hours. Mary must not go in to him without a doctor being present. Limping hastily into the hall, he picked up the phone and dialled.

Stella stood at the window of the lounge, her hand holding aside the heavy curtain. Except for the firelight, the room behind her was in darkness.

She heard a woman's footsteps passing along the hall.

A few minutes later a door opened and the telephone bell tinkled once as the receiver was lifted. She heard the sound of the dial followed by Frank's voice, too low for her to catch his words. A minute later there was a tap on her door, and he entered.

Stella raised her eyes, meeting his gaze fully.

"Well," she said bitterly, "I suppose Mary has told you everything."

"Yes," he said quietly. "She has told me."

"And are you satisfied?" Frank ignored her question. "Did Mary tell you she is going in to James as soon as he wakes up?"

She turned away. "Yes; she told me."

"I asked her not to do it," he said. "I begged her to tell Evans, but she wouldn't hear of it. She says he will stop her . . ."

She swung on him fiercely. "I don't blame Mary. I'd do the same thing myself; nobody wants half a man; nobody wants to be half a man. She's doing the right thing—I'm not worried about that. But I am worried about her," she finished sullenly. "James might do anything when he finds out."

"I know. But she won't

To page 74

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Continuing . . .

Of Masks and Minds

[from page 72]

listen. So I phoned Evans a couple of minutes ago."

"Is he coming?" Her voice was eager, relieved.

Frank shook his head grimly. "Unfortunately, no. He has been called out to a farm to see a sick child. There isn't a phone there and I couldn't get through."

Her eyes dilated in alarm. "What are you going to do now?"

"That's what I came to ask you," he said quietly. "The farm is about fifteen miles from here and I shall have to find it first . . . The round trip may take me the best part of an hour. Dare you stay alone with Mary? Will you help her if something should happen while I'm away?"

Her lips twisted scornfully. "No, I'll run for my life."

"You realise the danger," he muttered.

"Run along and do your errand."

"I thought it only fair to ask you first," he said slowly. "I could stay, but it will be better if Evans is here. There's every chance James will sleep another hour or more yet. It should be safe . . ."

"Hurry and go. I'll take care of her."

He paused at the door, his face suddenly wistful. "Tell me one thing. Would you have confessed if you had known before?"

She stiffened as if stung with a whip. Her eyes narrowed into slits. She laughed a harsh, bitter sound. "Confessed? Do you think I'm mad, you fool?"

Frank turned abruptly away. "I'll be back as soon as I can."

She waited until he had gone, and then sank into a chair, her face in her hands. She sobbed without tears, her body retching and struggling convulsively, fighting against itself. The sound of Frank's car died into the night, its engine racing as if it were being chased by devils.

Outside the wind redoubled in violence. Up among the eaves and chimneys it sobbed and wailed like an earthbound spirit in torment. It seemed to be tearing at the house, trying to find a way to the sleeping man and force its evil self into his unstable mind.

Half an hour passed, three-quarters of an hour, and the hunched black shadows across the room crept stealthily nearer as the firelight waned. The groan and swish of the great branches of the elms outside sounded through the howl of the wind. Stella wanted to switch on the light, yet found herself unable to move. Fear had drained the strength from her limbs.

A sudden gust of wind howled round the house like a great, exultant laugh, the house shuddering at the sound. Then it dropped a moment, to listen and gloat at its success.

In the hushed silence that followed, Stella listened and heard it, too. From the study across the hall came the wild, pagan chords of the symphony.

Mary sat in her bedroom, waiting. Silence lay about her, abnormal silence, as if the spirit of the house was afraid, and was itself listening and waiting . . .

She had given up trying to decide what to say to him. To prepare words meant knowing his reactions to those said before, and by the nature of things that was impossible. She could think as far as the moment she confessed to knowing his secret, but always at that point her mind shivered into hopeless confusion, like a mirror shattered by a stone.

In her agony of mind she walked aimlessly up and down the bedroom, her nerves stretched on a merciless rack. "Go down now and wake him,"

one half of her mind commanded imperatively.

"Wait," another voice urged anxiously. "Let him sleep. It may be fatal to wake him. Let the others come. You need advice and help . . . you cannot do this thing alone. Think of the danger . . ."

She threw up her hands and clutched her aching head. She wanted to scream and scream . . . Outside the wind laughed and the aura of evil grew round her like a miasma.

Then, suddenly, the wind dropped, and the sound of the piano came to her. Her heart gave one great throb, and her face grew deathly pale. Without allowing herself to think, she turned to the door. The decision had been made for her; she could no longer hesitate. Like a sleepwalker she crossed the landing and started down the stairs, one hand on the banister and a sightless smile on her face.

In the hall outside the study someone tried to bar her entry. Through the mist she recognised Stella. Stella. That was strange. She had thought Stella had gone away with the Ashburns. She saw the girl's lips moving but heard no voice. The piano was all she could hear; muffled though it was, its vibrations filled the world. Stella's lips moved again, pleadingly.

"I'm going to him," Mary heard herself say. "I must go to him." Her hand was on the study door when she felt her arm being pulled away. Without effort, without anger, without any feeling at all, she shook off the frantic girl and opened the door.

INSIDE the study, Mary did not pause. To have done that would have been fatal. James' pale face was staring irritably at her from his stool by the piano, and she walked straight towards him. She saw nothing else in the room. Only his face, and the brilliant black eyes that watched her with dislike.

She heard her voice again, and wondered at its strength and purpose.

"I've come to tell you that I know what happened," she said. "I've come to tell you that I know everything about you and Stella and David . . . And that I can forgive you . . ."

Suddenly, irrelevantly, his face seemed to change into a roulette wheel. It began to spin, faster and faster. But there were two balls instead of one—they leapt and danced over its surface and grew larger and larger. She watched them in terror. They became great black globes, glowing with an inner fire.

"You didn't know," she cried. "You weren't to blame. It wasn't your fault David died. You didn't know Stella was his wife. You must get it out of your mind. It wasn't your fault. Do you hear, darling. No one will think it was your fault . . ."

From the doorway Stella stood watching the tableau. Her whole petrified attention was on James as he listened to Mary's revelation. Nothing she had seen in her life, even in nightmares, had ever terrified her as much.

Although for a few seconds he did not move, his body seemed to swell with suddenly liberated fury. The veins on his forehead rose like swollen cords and his hands, still resting on the piano keys, stretched out into prehensile claws. But his eyes . . . his eyes . . . The sight of them cut off her sob of fear in her contracting throat. They burned as if the furnace doors of hell had been thrown open and all its concen-

trated fury was flaming through two black windows. He gave a grunt, an inarticulate ghastly sound without meaning; and his eyes rolled dreadfully, to settle back on Mary again.

"Who told you . . . ? Who told you what I did . . . ? Who told you I killed David . . . ?" His words died into a slobber. He sprang to his feet, his body bent and strangely twisted.

Mary was screaming wildly. "No. Don't, darling. . . I understand what happened. No. Please. . . No. . ."

His glaring eyes had searched round for a weapon and fixed on a ruler that lay on the table. Snatching it up, he sprang on her, striking viciously. She reeled back, screaming, screaming . . .

"Don't, darling . . . oh, don't!"

For a moment panic almost overcame Stella, and she turned to run from the scene of horror. A cry of pain and a thud brought her eyes round again.

She saw Mary on her knees, trying to protect her head from the blows of the frenzied man, above her. Running into the study, she clutched Mary round the waist and tried to drag her away into safety.

James' wild cursing ceased suddenly. He stopped raining blows down on his half-unconscious wife and turned to Stella. The silence was more dreadful than the noise had been. Through it, in some remote part of Stella's brain that was still functioning, she thought she heard running footsteps on the gravel outside the house; but in the next moment even that last island of resistance was submerged in an overwhelming flood of terror.

The wild eyes glaring at her spoke their purpose as clearly as a voice. They had recognised her at last. Mary had unlocked the cellar of his mind and pulled out the reeking thing there for him to see; and in blind, frantic desperation he had attacked her. But now, with

To page 75



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(P. 54/58)



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Continuing Of Masks and Minds

from page 74

his forgotten guilt bared before his eyes, he saw and recognised the woman who had been the cause of his agony. And now she had betrayed him . . .

His scream was a fearful thing that froze the blood. Stella pushed at the still dazed Mary, trying to steer her past the composer and out of the room. He saw her intention and turned swiftly, cutting off their escape to the door.

The rest followed at lightning speed. With a bowl of frustration he hurled the light ruler away. He glared round the study, his eyes falling on a walking-stick in the corner by the door. Before either of the women could move it was in his hand. His lips drew back; he crouched and leapt. Stella saw him coming at her and screamed. She caught his first blow on her arm, only for the limb to fall away in agony after the impact. Again and again he struck, grunting with the effort of each blow.

Stella collapsed on the floor. A shock of pain tore through her body. She rolled over in agony, hearing the thud of the stick on the carpet by her side. A man's voice came above the uproar, a voice she vaguely recognised. "Allister. Stop it. Drop that stick!"

The shadow of the frantic man fell over Stella again. She saw his eyes glaring at her . . . death was in them. He drew the stick back, holding it like a spear over her head. The brass ferrule on its point glinted dully, and time stood still. Then he drove downwards, viciously. She twisted away, but agony seared her face. The stick rose again . . . he screamed in rage as his arms were held.

There was a struggle . . . a woman's screams . . . then the shadows were reeling over Stella again. A foot trampled on her hand, but she felt no pain. Blood choked her mouth and nostrils. Then one shadow broke loose for a second; there was a wild, triumphant yell, followed by a crashing blow that hurled her into a sea of utter darkness.

Consciousness came back to Stella like a shifting fog. At times it lifted sufficiently for her to see vague, hazy figures moving around her. Then it would descend into a blackness too dense for the eye to pierce, and she would see only things of the mind.

Time played strange tricks. In one moment she was a small child again, standing by her father's side and watching his strong hands carving out the tiny dolls that had once delighted her so much. In the next moment she was older—a girl of fourteen returning to the house of her aunt in Hampstead, where she had been sent when her parents were killed. It was a dank house—her memories of it were always as she saw it now, half-hidden in the shifting fog, bleak, cold, unloving . . .

She was on the beach. Ahead a lonely figure was struggling among the rocks. It was Frank . . . she had to reach him. She ran among the water and strange green things tried to drag her down. Frantically she fought them off and reached Frank's side. Now she could help him . . . at last she could help him. She bent down to lift him to his feet, and the maddened face of James glared triumphantly up at her . . .

She ran into the lounge. There was Frank at last, by the fire . . . There was love in his eyes, she could see it . . . He rose and held out his arms, and she ran desperately towards him, only to draw back in horror. Before her, like a row of pikes waiting to impale her trembling body, were pointing, accusing fingers. There was Gwen, Ethel, David, Mrs. Allister, James . . . The fingers came closer, closer . . . growing bigger, growing sharper . . . Behind them, Frank's eyes dulled. Slowly he turned away, and the fingers struck. She felt a shock of agony and blood pouring down her face . . .

Fog, delirium, terror, in which time stood still and one night was an aeon of torment for Stella Allister. Until at last the mist lifted sufficiently for her to see a vague shadow by her bedside. She peered at it. Was it Frank? Its shape was familiar . . . She tried to move, but her body was inert. If it was Frank she had to speak to him . . .

The fog descended, then lightened, and with the light came back memory . . . She tried to speak, and her head exploded in agony.

When she opened her eyes again it was early morning. The greyness she thought mist was the winter light oozing like cold water through the drawn curtains. She recognised the man leaning over her. It was John Evans.

Memory returned more readily this time. She tried again to speak, and her lips would not move. The managed a whisper, as faintly sibilant as waves on a distant shore. He bent his head to listen.

"James . . . How . . . is he?"

"You mustn't talk," he said in a low voice. "You must close your eyes and sleep."

Her eyes pleaded with him in agony. "Tell me . . . about James."

He hesitated, then answered her. "He's quite safe. Don't worry about him."

Anger welled up weakly inside her. "What has happened? You must . . . tell me."

"We don't know yet," he said abruptly. "We have to wait. Now close your eyes."

WITH a moan of disappointment Stella fell back, and the fog engulfed her again. Through it the glaring eyes of James burned in hatred. He was following her, following to have his revenge. She ran and ran, her screams dying stillborn in the cold, pitiless mist.

John Evans took a last look at the unconscious girl and left the room. At the bottom of the stairs he met Frank, whose haggard face searched his own for news.

"She has been conscious for a few minutes," John told him. "She'll be all right. Don't worry."

"What about her cheek?" Frank asked bitterly.

"I don't know. One can never say. They can do wonders these days."

"Surely the sooner they get to work on it the better. Can't you get her away this morning? It'll be a tragedy if it leaves a bad scar."

John spoke curtly. He was weary, unshaven, very tired. "I can't help it. She'll live; she's in no danger. What is a scar on one's face compared with what might happen in there?" He jerked a thumb to the closed study door. "If I send for an ambulance there'll be questions to answer, forms to fill in . . . What am I to say—that she was attacked by an insane man I should have had certified? And that he is still lying in the house and may start the same thing all over again? I'm doing my best. I can't do any more."

"I know," Frank muttered. "Only it seems so tragic." His voice trailed off as he turned away.

"I'm sorry," John said wearily. "But, in any case, it is safer to keep her here until the effect of the concussion has worn off. I promise you I'll send her away as soon as I know how your brother turns out. Either way it won't matter then."

Frank nodded and went up the stairs to Stella. The doctor walked heavily to the study and entered it. The electric light was not switched on, and the iron-grey of the morning was coldly lighting the room. In bed, alongside one wall, lay the unconscious figure of James Allister. He lay supine, his aesthetic face pale in the dim light. His breathing was slow and shallow, almost imperceptible. Only a strange nervous spasm that ran at irregular intervals down one side of his face, lifting a corner of his eyes and twitching his lips, showed that there was life still within him.

Mary was seated at his bedside. Her face was as white as his, accentuating the dark shadows round her tired eyes.

John walked softly to her side, occupying the chair beside her. "Any change?" he whispered.

She shook her head. "No. He hasn't moved. How is Stella?"

"She recovered consciousness for a few minutes while I was with her. Her memory is all right—she wanted to know about James. I had to tell her we knew nothing yet."

"Is she going to be all right?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes. There's no serious injury. A fractured rib, concussion, and this nasty gash to her face. None of them is dangerous. She'll be all right."

Mary shuddered. "She was so lovely. It's horrible to think of beauty like that being spoiled. Get the best plastic surgeon you can—we'll pay for everything."

"I will as soon as I can," he said grimly.

Leaning forward he raised one eyelid of the unconscious man, and examined the pupil underneath carefully. Then he timed his pulse.

"How much longer before we know?" Mary whispered, watching him.

John frowned, his eyes on the spasmodic twitch that kept running across James' right cheek and temple.

"I can't say, Marv. I gave him a stiff dose of morphia—I had to. But he should be out of that at any time. But there is bound to be tremendous nervous exhaustion after what happened. He could wake any time, or he might be out for hours yet."

She leaned forward, staring tenderly at the unconscious face of James. His sensitive features were almost boyish in their repose. Watching them Mary could imagine she was seeing the man she had known three years ago, lying with tranquil mind in dreamless sleep. Then, like a sudden gust of wind ruffling the surface of a peaceful lake, the nervous tremor sent a sudden convulsion across his features. Looking closer, she saw there was a fine mist of sweat on his forehead.

"What is that?" Mary asked nervously. "Why does his face keep twitching in that way?"

"It's some nervous reaction. I don't think it is symptomatic. But he has a temperature. It may be from the shock or from the soaking he had out on the beach. I don't know."

The morning dragged slowly by. Except for moments when John went upstairs to attend to Stella, who was now sleeping naturally, he hardly left James' side.

About noon the composer showed signs of regaining consciousness. He moved an arm, his body twisted restlessly, and he made a muttered exclamation. Mary watched with bated breath. As he lay quiet again she turned to John.

"How much longer now?" she breathed.

"Not long," he told her.

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To page 76

tightly. His face was grim; lines of strain were drawing round his mouth and eyes. "Promise me not to be too upset," he begged, "if the worst should happen."

She tried to smile into his anxious eyes. "Don't worry, John. I won't let you down."

He sighed heavily, turning his eyes back to James. As they watched, the composer muttered something and rolled sharply over on his side. Something in the abrupt movement brought terror to Mary. James lay still a moment, then flung one arm across the eiderdown.

John pulled a hypodermic needle from a case on the table and knelt beside the bed. His face was grave; his body tensed and waiting. Beside him Mary sat huddled in her chair, fearful to move, fearful to look, yet finding her eyes held in awful fascination upon her waking husband. His eyelids fluttered and she stiffened. In minutes, in seconds, she would know the truth—whether her desperate bid to save his brilliant mind had been a success or a pitiful failure.

In the hushed silence she heard irrelevant sounds: the tick of John's wrist-watch, the distant breaking of the waves, the hum of a car passing the house. Then she became aware of John's quickened breathing, the rustle of his clothes as he leaned abruptly forward. Then all sounds were lost in the wild tumult that was her heart, thumping like a madly beaten drum.

Her husband's eyelids flickered, flickered again, and then opened. His gaze roamed wildly round the ceiling and then fell upon them.

It was early afternoon when Stella awoke again. The window curtains were drawn, and a pale ray of winter sunshine was touching her bed. Needles of fire stabbed her eyes as she

Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 75

gazed at it. When the pain had subsided she looked at it again, watching the dust motes rising and falling gently, and her confused mind thought it was spray out on the beach. . . . Then memory began to return, and sorrow was its companion. Her eyes moved swiftly to the chair by her bed, faltered, then fell away. It was empty. . . . Bitterness touched her briefly, and was gone. What else could she expect? What other reaction could a man have for the woman who had caused the death of one brother and the ruin of another? Her punishment had come late, but the mills that grind slowly grind exceedingly small, she reminded herself.

Her head throbbed agonisingly. She became aware also of pain and stiffness at one side of her face. Lifting a leaden hand she explored the tape and thick bandages strapped over one cheek. Memory, fully returned now, sent a shock of terror through her body. Again she saw James standing over her with the brass-bound stick in his hand, and then driving it madly down at her face. . . . Her fingers searched her cheek in agony. Oh, no. Not that. . . . Perspiration broke out all over her body. She wanted to scream and only a muted sob broke from her. She lay motionless, numbed by her discovery. Minutes passed while she fought the bitterest battle of her life. But at last her eyes opened, and they were unblenched again. The thing was done, it was conquered. It could be faced now. . . .

Footsteps sounded on the landing outside her room, familiar footsteps. She turned her eyes and her heart gave a great throb. He limped forward, his eyes

eager, while she lay afraid to move in case it was another dream.

He bent over her, his voice gentle. "Hello, How's the hangover?"

She tried to speak, but no sound came from her stiff lips.

"Does it hurt to speak?" he asked softly, bending to listen.

"Not much," she managed. "Not very much."

"Good," he smiled.

There was something in his face, in his eyes, that made her hope against things that were hopeless. She took a deep breath, setting herself.

"Is there any news yet of James?" she whispered.

FRANK nodded. The world suddenly stopped moving, and Stella closed her eyes tightly. There was a sound of rushing water in her ears. His voice sounded a million miles away.

"You can open your eyes, Stella. James is going to be all right. . . ."

Stella's heart would not let her speak. It struggled in her throat like a captive bird. For the moment the implications of Frank's message were beyond her. She knew it was wonderful news; she knew it was wonderful news. But her mind had been frozen, devoid of hope. Feeling would return to her later and there would be pain with it, such being the nature of things. But now, like a frozen creature placed before a fire, she was aware only of a pleasant tingling, a languid feeling that was in itself infinitely satisfying.

James was safe. James was well again. That was good. Somehow, that was wonderful. The warmth of the fire sank

deeper. Then Mary would be happy again. Mary would smile and laugh. . . . Mary had done the right thing. . . .

Her blood began to flow again, although slowly at first. With its movement came the pain. Mildly at first, a thin twinging, a warning of what must follow.

Now the blood was rushing through her veins in long, warm spurts, and the pain began in earnest. Pain at the thought of what might have been. If she had known the situation and told Mary earlier, might not Frank have forgiven her then? If he had not thought, as he must think now, that she had kept it all a secret to guard herself. . . . instead of her desperate wish to save them all from further pain. . . .

But what difference could that make? David was still dead. Nothing could bring him back. Nothing. Not remorse, not sorrow, not even a miracle. He was dead, and he had been Frank's brother.

Frank watched the torturing train of emotions passing behind her eyes.

"Isn't it good news?" he asked softly.

"Yes," she breathed. "It's wonderful news."

"I think I know how you feel."

"Nobody could ever know how I feel. Nobody. . . ." She tried to rise, caring no longer about pride, caring nothing about pain. "Where's Mary? I want to see her."

Gently he made her lie down. "She's with James at the moment," he smiled. "You can see her later."

"I want to see her now," she sobbed. "I want to tell her how sorry I am."

"You don't have to tell her that. She knows."

She tried to stop, but the

floodgates were released and words poured from her lips, some of them incoherent.

"I was young. . . . and such a fool. I wanted to meet James. . . . but I didn't mean it to go the way it did. . . . But he was so much like David. . . . only a stronger David, like you. David seemed a mere shadow beside him, and David had been away so long. . . . It wasn't as if I fell in love with James—I seemed to have been in love with him all the time, through David. And the war was on. . . . and you know what war does to people. . . . to women. . . ."

He dropped into the chair beside her, his eyes on her face.

"Don't think I'm making excuses," she whispered. "I'm not. Only Mary might feel better if she knew everything. . . . It wasn't sordid. . . . it wasn't! At the time it seemed almost beautiful. . . . Oh, if I had known all this was to happen. . . . to David and James and you and Mary. None of you have done anything to deserve it: Mary least of all. . . . I wanted to die last night. I wanted James to kill me. I still want to die."

Her sobs were both a relief and an agony, racking her aching head unbearably. The bandages round her face were soaked in tears. She wiped her eyes dry.

"I'm sorry for that show," she muttered, almost sullenly. "It was all self-pity. You'll have to blame it on the knock I got on my head last night."

"It's not new," he said.

"You've said it all before."

She stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"You said most of it last night while you were delirious. I was sitting here eavesdropping," he smiled.

So that, at least, had not been a dream. He had been by her side during the night. . . .

"You shouldn't have been listening," she muttered. "People say anything when they're delirious."

"You were you," he said intensely. "All the veneer and cynicism and sophistication had gone. You were a little, frightened girl."

She lay watching the sunbeam, afraid to believe. . . .

"You were looking for your mother and father," he said with a strange catch in his voice.

"You said I wasn't a hypocrite," she whispered. "And yet I've been living in this house all these months knowing full well what I did. You couldn't get greater hypocrisy than that. . . ." Her lips twisted painfully. "Poor Frank—how wrong you were."

"It's no use pretending now," he said. "You told too much during the night. I know why you kept quiet."

"You spared herself nothing. There's still David," she said, watching the tremor of pain in his eyes. "I killed him—as surely as if I had shot him. I killed him, and he was your brother. . . ." The words were drops of blood squeezed from her heart.

He lifted his bowed head, remembering Mary's words. "We all do foolish things when we are young. But we aren't all as unlucky as you have been."

"It wasn't foolish. It was wicked. I killed him, Frank."

"Each man kills the thing he loves," he quoted slowly.

"Some do it with a bitter look; some with a flattering word. You did love David, didn't you?"

"Yes," she faltered. "I think I did."

His eyes were intent upon her. "What was it about him that you loved?"

"I don't know. Something

To page 77

OUT-PLAYED
OR
JUST
PLAYED OUT?



MARY THREW THAT SET AWAY.

I DON'T WANT TO DROP HER, BUT—



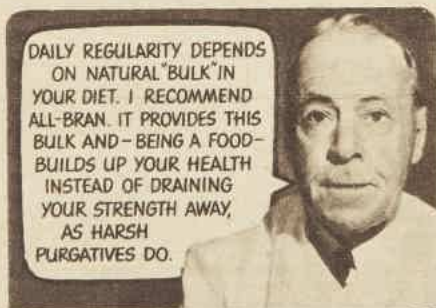
I KNOW YOU'RE KEEN, MARY, BUT YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PULLING YOUR WEIGHT LATELY.



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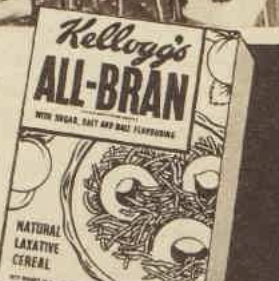
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Continuing . . . Of Masks and Minds

from page 76

inside. "Oh, how can one ever say?"

"Had James that something, too?"

"Yes," she whispered. "That was it. That's what I tried to explain. They were alike, somehow, although James was more vital . . ." She wanted to go on, to tell him that he, Frank, was the strongest of all the Allisters, but her words ran back into her throat, choking her.

"I killed him, Frank," she said again dully. "Nothing can change that."

"Each man kills the thing he loves," he quoted softly again. "Yet each man does not die . . ."

"It's no use," she sobbed. "It will always be there. There is no removing it . . . Oh, I'm not going to do away with myself. I'm not going to commit suicide or anything like that. I'm not that sort. I haven't the courage. But I do know what I've done."

"You've always known," he broke in harshly. "That's why you have been so bitter and cynical . . . It was to hide the frightened child in you that was crying for comfort. You poor kid . . ."

She fought back her sobs until the blood roared in her ears.

"You've gone through as much as James," he said fiercely. "The same memories have been poisoning you, although in a different way. You have to put it all behind you now. You have to make a fresh start. Do you hear?"

The pain began to ease. She knew it would come again, but for the moment it was warm and comfortable, lying with him by her side, listening to his voice, watching the sunbeam . . .

"What did I say last night?" she murmured, keeping her eyes from him.

His voice was soft. "You were a frightened little girl," he said again. "And you were crying for someone to comfort you."

She wondered if she had called him by name. He did not say so. Instead he asked a question.

"Tell me, Stella. This thing in the Allisters—is it in me, too? Or am I the odd man out?"

"Oh, no," she breathed. "It's very strong in you."

A light of life itself flooded into his tired eyes. He clutched her arm, a hungry movement. She checked him, lifting a hand to her bandaged face.

"Wait," she whispered. "Do you realise what this may mean?"

His face flinched in pain. "No. No, it won't . . . it can't! Evans is arranging for an ambulance. It should be here soon. We have told him to get the best plastic surgeon he can find. You'll be all right."

Her hand lingered briefly on her cheek, then fell away as if in farewell. "Somehow, I don't think so. I feel it is part of

the price I have to pay . . . With the look of one who has discovered a great truth, she lifted her eyes to him. "There is a price to pay, you know, Frank. There's a price to pay for everything. I know it now. We don't pay it . . . afterwards. We pay it here, on earth. I don't mind. I'd rather have it that way."

"You'll be all right," he muttered again.

"And if I'm not?"

He was ready for her question. "Then I shall think that the wish I made last night has come true."

She turned and pressed her face passionately against his hand. "Oh, Frank . . ." She lay motionless a moment, then stirred feverishly. "You said last night that anyone who loves gives a hostage to Fate. Then what about me . . . ? It will be even worse," she touched her cheek again, disdainfully now.

"A scar isn't punishment. There'll be worse to come, Frank. I don't mind, but what about you? If you live with me—if you care—you'll suffer as I suffer, and that wouldn't be fair. I don't want that. Do you hear, I don't want that . . ."

He eased her down to her pillow gently. "Go to sleep now. You'll feel better tomorrow."

"I'm not delirious," she sobbed. "You said it. You know you did . . ."

QUICKLY Frank broke in: "I was a fool, a cowardly, selfish fool. Oh, I was right enough in what I said. It's true—one always takes a risk in loving someone. But I was wrong when I said only fools did it. Because one should take risks, one should suffer."

"I don't want you to suffer," she sobbed again. "You'd feel it so much."

"Stella, a man who has never suffered has lived in vain," he said quietly. "Suffering is the fire that burns out our pride and arrogance and greed. It purifies us for the thing that comes next."

Her wide eyes fixed themselves wonderingly on his face. "Comes next?" she breathed.

"Yes. I don't think death is the end. I think there is another taxi waiting, but one that has to have one's feet clean to be allowed in it. If they are dirty, perhaps one has to wait."

"I know what you mean," she whispered. "Yes; I know . . ." A deep shudder racked her body. "And I'm afraid, Frank. I'm terribly afraid."

He leaned over the bed and put his arms protectively around her. "You've paid your debt, Stella. I'll swear to it. But if you haven't, we'll pay off the rest together. We'll finish it more quickly that way."

Her body rose trembling to

him. "I can love you very much, Frank," she sobbed. "Oh, I can love you!"

"Get well again," he said. His happiness was a living thing; it was peeling the harsh years from him, leaving his face strangely youthful in the sunlight. "Get well again soon, Stella Allister."

Downstairs in the study the curtains were half-drawn, and in the dim light Mary's eyes shone like stars. It was over three hours now since James had awakened, and still she was hardly able to believe the miracle that had happened. She sat at his bedside, watching his sleeping face in wonder.

The door opened and John, wearing his overcoat, motioned her into the hall. With a last look at her sleeping husband, she followed him.

"Well," John said as she closed the door quickly behind her. "Are you happy now?"

Her eyes flooded with tears. "Happy? I'm giddy with it, John. I can't believe it yet; it's like a miracle. Are you sure this isn't just temporary recovery?"

"Yes; I'm almost certain he will be all right now. The crisis is over; the guilt is in his conscious mind at last. He'll recover, Mary."

"I don't know what to say to you, John. How to thank you for all you've done."

"You've nothing to thank me for," he said quietly. "You did it all yourself."

She shook her head passionately. "No; that isn't true. You gave me the time I needed; you risked your career for me. I'll never forget, John. Never."

He smiled at her. "I'm going to run along now and make arrangements to get a bed for him. I want him to get the best of treatment until he has fully recovered."

"You'll be coming round to see us often, won't you?" she asked wistfully.

"Yes. I'll drop in now and then." His voice was steady.

Her lips moved helplessly, searching vainly for the right thing, the one thing to say. There was a faint cry from the study.

"Mary. Where have you gone?"

She ran to the door and threw it open. "I'm here, darling. I won't be a moment."

John had turned away. He was at the front door as she ran after him. She threw her arms around him tightly.

"Thank you, my dear," she whispered. "Thank you for everything. If I could only say what I was feeling . . ."

Her face lifted suddenly and he felt her lips warm on his own. He stood motionless, his face white. Then she was gone, running back to the study. She paused at the door and waved back to him. Her happiness was too great a thing to conceal; it made a shining glory of her face. As she turned into the study, the hall became very dark and empty.

He opened the front door and walked slowly round to the car. He did not look back at the house on the cliff as he turned for Rombury. A hundred emotions, each cancelling out the other, made his mind a blank and his face without expression. Afraid at last of this vacuum inside him, he willed himself into thought and his thought became her face, radiant in her newly found joy.

The memory brought feeling back into his limbs and life to his heart. She was happy again, and that was good. That was everything. For the moment he thought no more, but drove rapidly on, the dullness in his eyes giving way to an abiding contentment.

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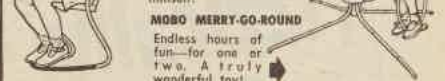
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WE are pleased to announce as our new serial to begin next week, "Ben Nevie Goes East," by Compton Mackenzie.

This is Compton Mackenzie's latest novel, and is in his best, imitable style—the delightful tale of a Highland chieftain who goes to India, grimly confident that he can outwit the woman who is said to have designs on his son.

The woman proves to be astonishingly attractive. Maharajahs, strange characters, and customs add color and complications to the bewildered chieftain's visit, and the whole thing is a rich feast of comedy, romance, and intriguing story interest.

"Ben Nevie Goes East" continues our present fiction policy of bringing you outstanding novels of today in a few, very long serial instalments. It will appear in three extra-long instalments.

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Continuing . . . The Trespasser

from page 5

gazed at Jennifer as if she'd just dropped straight down from it, and made no attempt to disguise his admiration. For a long moment they looked at each other.

"I was right!" he said suddenly. "It was Fate that led me to this paddock!"

Gregory cleared his throat. "Look here, my man . . . he began, then stopped uncertainly.

Gregory was a great believer in class distinctions, but he couldn't quite place this young man. Clothes, he had found, were often a useful guide, but in this case they weren't much help. The young man was simply clad in a very brief, very dirty pair of shorts and sweater. Jennifer thought she had never seen anyone look so attractive.

Gregory tried again. "Look here," he said, "you are obviously unaware of the fact, but this is private property."

The young man looked surprised.

"I know," he said. "I read it on a notice." And he smiled disarmingly.

Jennifer, at least, was disarmed. Gregory clearly was not—but he was speechless, which was something.

"Tell me," said Jennifer, smiling back, "are you a gipsy?"

The young man bowed. "I'm a gipsy in spirit, madam," he replied. "A writer by profession."

As if to prove it, he gestured towards a table just inside the caravan door, where, surrounded by several empty baked bean cans and two kittens, a typewriter stood. Gregory peered in. He inspected the typewriter as if it were Exhibit A in a court of law.

"But let me introduce myself," the young man was saying. "My name," he went on, rolling it out with as much ceremony as if it were one of the oldest and longest titles in the country, "is Bim. And this is my horse, Chaucer."

"Good morning, Chaucer," said Jennifer gravely.

"Chaucer?" said Gregory incredulously, recovering his voice. "Why?"

"There's a certain family resemblance, don't you think?" said Bim. "Besides, it sounds so nice. This is my horse, Chaucer. Meet Chaucer, the horse."

He rolled the phrases appreciatively round his tongue, and Gregory looked at him as if he were mad. Jennifer, meanwhile, was inspecting the side of the caravan facing the creek.

Unlike the brilliant scarlet and gold that she'd seen from the hilltop, this side was brown and weather-beaten, and looked as if it hadn't been painted since the 19th century. Bim noticed her glance.

"Unfinished, like the Symphony," he explained kindly.

"Good heavens!" said Gregory, startled. "Do you mean to tell me that's intentional?"

"Frankly, no," replied Bim. "I ran out of paint and couldn't afford another pot this month. But I feel that the lop-sided look is symbolic, don't you?"

Gregory treated this remark, as he treated all remarks, quite seriously.

"Symbolic?" he said, puzzled. "Of what?"

Bim played along with him. "Of art and life, too," he declared. "You know—the old and the new—tradition and experiment—that sort of thing."

He caught Jennifer's eye, and laughed.

"I say," he went on, addressing Gregory in a more normal voice, "you do like to know the reason for everything, don't you? Anyone would think you were a lawyer!"

Jennifer gave a sudden gurgle and quickly changed it to a cough.

"As a matter of fact," said Gregory stiffly, "I am."

Bim looked contrite.

"I say, old man, do forgive me," he said warmly. "I didn't mean to be rude. Look here, why don't you both come in and have some coffee? There's only one cup, but we could take turns."

"Why, thank you . . ." Jennifer was beginning eagerly, when Gregory moved in and took over the conversation.

He spoke at some length, and in his best court-room manner. He explained that this paddock belonged to Miss Linden's father. He pointed out that Bim, by his own admission, was willfully trespassing on it. He inferred that if the said Bim did not immediately remove himself and his effects from the aforesaid paddock, proceedings would be taken against him.

During this recital, Bim leant easily against the door of his caravan and gazed at Jennifer. Perhaps that was why his expression remained unruffled, in spite of Gregory's speech. It is doubtful, indeed, if he heard more than half of it.

Jennifer did, though, and she was furious.

"Gregory!" she said sharply. "This land isn't yours—yet. And I see no reason why Bim—I mean, this gentleman—shouldn't stay here if he wants to. Please don't go," she coaxed turning to Bim, "and I'll ask my father if it's all right."

Bim bowed again. "Thank you, madam," he replied formally. "Then I'll take no further action in this matter until I hear from you, or"—he looked Gregory slowly up and down—"or from your solicitor."

AS they rode home, Gregory spent some time explaining to Jennifer how foolishly she'd behaved.

"Why, you positively encouraged the fellow," he said sulkily. "I don't know what got into you. You don't seem to realise that he's deliberately trespassing, that he's actually breaking the law."

Gregory lowered his voice at these words. He couldn't have sounded more horrified, Jennifer decided, if Bim had been caught committing every one of the Seven Deadly Sins at once.

But even Gregory's voice, droning on and on, didn't spoil the ride home for Jennifer. She was suddenly, completely, surprisingly happy—though she wasn't quite sure why.

Even the sun seemed to be shining more brightly now than it had been an hour before. The color had flooded back into the autumn leaves, and they danced in a riot of red and gold above her head. Jennifer's heart had replaced the dull ache again, and it was singing as loudly and ecstatically as the birds.

Mrs. Linden treated Gregory's account of their morning's adventure with a proper blend of sympathy and indignation. She agreed that the young man's behaviour was preposterous. She informed her husband that he must go down to the paddock directly after lunch and send him packing.

Mr. Linden, after a shrewd glance at his daughter's radiant face, suggested that the poor chap probably wasn't doing any harm, and they might as well leave him where he was. Mrs. Linden, however, continued to bring the subject up at regular intervals throughout the meal.

So her husband, apparently deciding that he'd better have peace at home even if it meant war abroad, set off unwillingly at two o'clock. He was gone

for four hours, and was very late for tea.

"Well, how did you get on?" asked his wife anxiously as Mr. Linden eventually ambled into the hall.

"We got on very well, thank you, my dear—very well, indeed," he replied.

Mrs. Linden gave him a searching look.

"Did you tell him to go?" she said ominously.

Mr. Linden thought for a minute.

"I don't think I did mention it," he said. "We got talking—you know how it is. As a matter of fact," he added mildly, "I believe I asked him to dinner."

Dinner was not, on the whole, an outstanding success. Jennifer found herself hoping against hope that Bim would make a good impression on her mother, though why it should seem so important she couldn't for the life of her imagine. Bim's first remark was not auspicious.

"Hallo, Red Head!" he called cheerfully to Jennifer as the maid ushered him into the drawing-room. "You look even better off a horse than on one."

Mrs. Linden's face was a study in conflicting emotions as her duties as a hostess fought a losing battle with her determined dislike of this impertinent young stranger, who seemed to be on such familiar terms with her daughter.

Bim proved to be a good talker and a sympathetic listener. As the meal progressed, Mr. Linden found himself confiding in Bim about the difficulties of keeping the old house and its grounds in order, with rising costs and dwindling capital.

"Well," said Bim casually, with the air of one who is stating the obvious, "you ought to sell out and live in a caravan."

Mrs. Linden and Gregory couldn't have looked more scandalised if Bim had suggested blowing up the whole estate with a hydrogen bomb. Mr. Linden, however, looked wistful.

"That's not a bad idea," he murmured, with an apologetic glance at his wife.

"Mind you," continued Bim chattily, anxious to be agreeable, "life's not easy, nowadays. Even I find it hard to save much out of my income. It all seems

To page 79

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to go—on oats and coffee and cigarettes."

"And what is your income?" asked Mrs. Linden bluntly.

Jennifer blushed. Really, neither could be most embarrassing. But Bim did not appear to be easily offended.

"Five pounds a week," he said with a certain pride. "I write the cooking page for a country newspaper. Just until I can find a publisher intelligent enough to take my novel, of course."

Jennifer giggled. It struck her as delightfully funny that a young man who seemed to dine exclusively on baked beans should make his living writing cooking notes.

But Mrs. Linden's laugh had a metallic ring.

"You could hardly keep a wife happy on that amount," she observed.

"I haven't got a wife," said Bim, surprised. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him, for he took a long, hard look at Jennifer.

The conversation was too much for Gregory. With a muttered excuse about having a case to look over, he escaped to his room as soon as the meal was finished.

"Now there," said Mrs. Linden, with a meaning glance at Bim, "goes a very hard-working and ambitious young man."

"H'm," said Bim, unimpressed. He continued to look at Jennifer.

Mrs. Linden thought it would do no harm to make the position clear right from the start—and, at the same time, distract his attention from her daughter.

"Such a dear boy, too," she went on. "My husband and I are so happy about it. He and Jennifer, you know..." She let her voice trail archly away.

Bim was distracted, in more ways than one. He jumped, stared at Mrs. Linden and almost shouted.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that a beautiful girl like Jennifer is going to marry that..." that words failed him.

"That's what we're hoping," said Mrs. Linden calmly. "A

perfect match, don't you think?"

"A perfect match!" echoed Bim furiously. "You make it sound as if you're buying a new chair cover to go with the drawing-room curtains!"

Mr. Linden gave a little snort of laughter from behind his paper. It amused him to think of Gregory as a chair cover. Jennifer, however, was not amused. Her cheeks were almost as red as her hair.

"Really, Mother!" she protested. "Nothing's been decided. I've simply promised to give Gregory an answer in a fortnight."

"I think we know what your answer will be, darling," cooed her mother firmly. She turned to Bim again. "Gregory's such a sensible boy," she explained, "and so well-off. He'll be able to put the property in order and manage it for Jennifer when the time comes."

"I see," said Bim slowly. "So Jennifer's future husband must have plenty of money. And I've got..." I mean, she's got a fortnight to make up her mind."

"That's right," said Mrs. Linden vaguely, and changed the subject.

She congratulated herself on her quick and tactful handling of a situation which might have become difficult.

Bim was very thoughtful for the rest of the evening, and left early.

Jennifer spent a miserable and sleepless night, thinking of all the things she had wanted to say to Bim—but couldn't, in front of her mother. That she didn't care whether her future husband had money or not—whether he managed her property or burnt it to the ground.

She wanted to say, in short, that her idea of perfection would be a scarlet and gold caravan and an income of five pounds a week. Dawn found her still tossing restlessly and making imaginary speeches to Bim.

"Really, you're absurd," she told herself crossly, "spending the whole night thinking about

a man you only met yesterday. Now, just forget all about him, and go to sleep."

Even as she gave herself this sound advice, Jennifer got out of bed and scrambled hastily into her clothes. She crept downstairs and saddled her horse.

"I'm simply going for an early-morning ride," she assured herself, "to nowhere in particular."

She turned her horse's head in the direction of the paddock—quite by accident, of course—and galloped off at top speed into the sunrise.

As Jennifer began to climb the hill her heart was beating faster than the horse's hoofs. She had no idea what she was going to say to Bim. Perhaps it wouldn't be necessary to say anything at all. Perhaps he would just look at her, and understand.

JENNIFER closed her eyes as they neared the summit, so that the sight of the little scarlet-and-gold caravan would burst upon her as vividly as it had done yesterday morning.

Was it really only yesterday? It seemed that there could never have been a time when she hadn't known Bim. She felt the ground flatten out beneath the horse's feet, and, with a happy little laugh of anticipation, she opened her eyes again.

Then the bottom dropped right out of Jennifer's world. The caravan was gone!

Jennifer gasped. She couldn't believe it. The shock of not seeing the caravan was far greater than the shock of seeing it had been. There was the paddock, green and sparkling in the sunlight and as empty as on the day it was created. The caravan and its owner had disappeared as suddenly and completely as they had come.

"Perhaps Bim was a mirage," Jennifer told herself wildly. "Perhaps he never existed at all!"

It was not until she found

Continuing . . . The Trespasser

from page 78

him gone that Jennifer admitted to herself how deeply she had fallen in love with Bim. And now it was too late to let him know how she felt.

She knew that she would carry his image in her heart to the end of her days—the image of a tall, golden-haired young man leaning against the door of a scarlet caravan.

She rode slowly home through the wood, fighting back her tears. It was odd how cold the air had become in spite of the sunshine.

The next fortnight dragged by, somehow. Jennifer kept hoping for a word from Bim. After all, would he have looked at her as he did if their meeting had meant nothing to him? But perhaps he'd been afraid it might come to mean something. There was a crumb of comfort in that thought.

What was it he'd said? "I'm a gipsy in spirit." That was it—of course. He was a wanderer—he loved freedom. He would hate to be tied down to one place—to one person.

Gregory was as attentive, and as dull as ever. He and Mrs. Linden made several references to the future, as though everything was settled. Only her father glanced at her now and again with sympathy and understanding in his eyes. But he made no comment—offered no advice. Mr. Linden, unlike his wife, did not believe in interfering with other people's lives.

The evening before Gregory's departure, Jennifer went up early to change for dinner. She wanted time to think. Perhaps it was her duty to accept Gregory, as it was obviously expected of her, and her heart was permanently broken, anyway. But was it quite honest to accept someone from a sense of duty?

"Oh, Bim! Bim!" cried her heart. "Won't I ever see you again. I wish I'd never seen you!"

There was a firm tap at the door, and Gregory entered purposefully.

"Excuse me, dear," he said in a matter-of-fact voice, "but I thought we'd better get this business between us settled right away. Then we can announce our engagement at dinner, and your parents can drink our health. It would give them so much pleasure," he explained, as if such frivolity needed an explanation.

Jennifer's whole being rebelled.

"This business!" she echoed. "Yes, that just about describes it."

She turned to look out of the window, to control her anger and choose a tactful way to tell Gregory that she couldn't marry him. After all, there was no point in hurting his feelings—it wasn't his fault.

She gazed down the long, tree-lined drive to the iron gates. Then, suddenly, she gave a start and opened her eyes wide. Was it another mirage? If so, it was an uncommonly noisy one. With a clatter of wheels, a little scarlet-and-gold caravan came rocking and swaying round the corner into the drive. The horac, Chaucer, startled but anxious to please, was galloping as fast as his fat legs would carry him.

Bim stood in the driving seat, shouting encouragement, his fair hair streaming back in the wind—looking for all the world like a Roman gladiator. Or so thought Jennifer, as a great wave of happiness threatened to engulf her. She turned back to Gregory, her eyes shining, and threw her arms impulsively round his neck.

"I couldn't possibly marry you," she cried, throwing tact to the winds. "You see, Gregory, darling, I'm in love!"

As if that explained everything, she rushed from the room, leaving Gregory with his mouth open—for the first time in his life completely at a loss.

Jennifer was waiting breathlessly on the steps when Bim jerked the caravan to a stop and leapt to meet her.

"Am I in time?" he shouted. "You haven't accepted him?"

"Yes, yes! No, of course not!" gasped Jennifer incoherently, but, fortunately, her eyes answered him more clearly than her words.

"Thank heavens for that!" Bim sighed with relief. "I sat for a whole week on a publisher's doorstep until I forced him to read my manuscript. Then it took him days to read it—and now he's given me two hundred pounds advance—and he says it could be a best-seller—and he's commissioned another novel—and then a wheel came off yesterday, and held me up all day—and I was terrified I'd be too late—and, oh, Jenny, do you suppose your mother will think I'm rich enough?"

Bim stopped for breath, and Jennifer smiled at him. "No," she said happily, "but who cares?"

Mrs. Linden, however, proved to be more adaptable than her daughter expected. When she realised that Gregory had packed up and left them for ever, more indignant than broken-hearted, she decided to make the best of an inevitable situation. Later that evening, as Jennifer and Bim came arm-in-arm from the garden, they heard her talking on the phone to a neighbor.

"No, my dear—not the lawyer," Mrs. Linden was cooing. "He's a brilliant young novelist, with a great future, his publisher says... Well, of course, Jennifer never confides in me, but I think it's serious this time. My husband and I are quite delighted. It will be a perfect match."

Bim and Jennifer grinned at each other delightedly. He drew her towards a mirror on the wall and looked at the reflection of his golden head against her red one.

"Your mother's quite right," he said. "We are a perfect match—especially for this time of the year. Look—red and gold, like the autumn leaves." "And like our first home—our little caravan," added Jennifer, snuggling close.

Their eyes met in the mirror, and they smiled again. Life was very wonderful.

(Copyright)

Hot JAM sauce on Ice cream . . .

Hot jam over cold ice cream is delicious! Use any flavour . . . raspberry, plum, apricot and . . . yes, marmalade . . . are particularly good. A squeeze of lemon can be added if you've got one handy but it's not really necessary. For special adult parties you can also add a touch of sherry or brandy stirring in at the last moment. Even without being heated jam makes a luscious topping to ice cream, custard, puddings, cakes, waffles, tarts and pancakes.

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Quick—and luscious—made with jam!

QUICK MELBA SAUCE. Dilute raspberry or loganberry jam to pouring consistency with peach juice, or leftover stewed fruit syrup.

SPICED BLACKBERRY SAUCE. Add a dash of cinnamon to warmed blackberry jam.

SUNSHINE SAUCE. Apricot jam warmed with a spoonful of honey.

PEACH BRANDY SAUCE. Stir 1-2 tablespoons brandy into a cup of warm or cold peach jam.

SPANGLED ORANGE SAUCE. Warmed orange marmalade thinned with fresh orange juice.

RUM AND APRICOT SAUCE. Warm apricot jam flavoured to taste with rum.

STRAWBERRY SUNDAY SAUCE. Thin jam with syrup from stewed or canned fruit.

FLUFFY FRUIT SAUCE. Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled evaporated milk, then fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of jam.



Always keep a jar of energy-giving jam or marmalade on the table



JUST HEAT AND SERVE

Lovely presents

● It is not too early to begin making gifts for Christmas. Three new ideas are given here



ELEGANT PLACE MATS

THE place mat illustrated above with its striking hand-embroidered plume design is one of a set of four which came from Paris.

Such a set would make a lovely gift for a special friend at Christmas.

It can be copied easily from the design shown above. Use fine white linen, lawn, or organdie and embroider the plume in two blues in chain-stitch with buttonholed border.



BLUEBIRD WASHERS

ON the Christmas tree, hang a pair of gaily colored bluebirds, like those illustrated below, as a pretty little gift for a teenager. Each bird can carry a message of goodwill in its beak. The bluebirds are easy to make from washcloths, and come apart later for practical service.

You need 2 face washers, 2 ping-pong balls, 2yds. of ribbon, felt, cotton wadding.

Place face washer on a flat surface, with one corner facing towards you. Place ping-pong ball in the centre of face washer, and fold over top corner to opposite corner, with edges even. Tie ribbon tightly round ping-pong ball. The two side corners of the washer form the wings of the bluebird. Baste edges together 6in. from the top of each wing. Shape the body of the bird with cotton wadding, then fold top lower corner over to cover wadding. The remaining corner forms the tail. Lift wings over body of bird and stitch together along body from head to tail. Catch lower part of wings tightly around tail.

Cut and shape pieces of felt for beak and eyes, glue in position. To finish, tie a bow on the ribbon round neck of bluebird.

SHELL CANDLESTICK

THE candlestick shown above was designed by Odette Hoppe, of Ettalong Beach, N.S.W., who is well known for her exquisite shell-work.

To make it you need a circular wooden disc, a short funnel of tin to hold candle, felt, fine wire, glue, putty, shells. Paint disc. When dry, glue a circle of felt to bottom. Gouge a hole in centre, glue in tin holder. Lace the handle (a large hollow shell) to holder with wire. Spread out wire ends on disc and glue down shells to form a cluster around holder and finish sides with tiny star-like shells as shown.

Some of the smaller shells may be wired together and securely set in putty.



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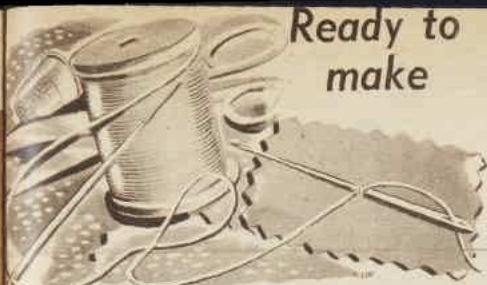
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PACKAGED CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THIS week we introduce a new sewing service—eight packages which contain not only the traced needlework illustrated but also the instruction sheets, cottons, and any other accessory needed to make the finished article. It will save time on your Christmas shopping.

Packages may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address is Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



● Contents of package No. 767, coverall apron, illustrate how each package contains all ingredients for making.



No. 766. — Party apron with a lace trim traced on Swiss organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Package also contains instruction chart, sewing cotton, and colored embroidery thread. Price, 9/11. Postage, 6d.



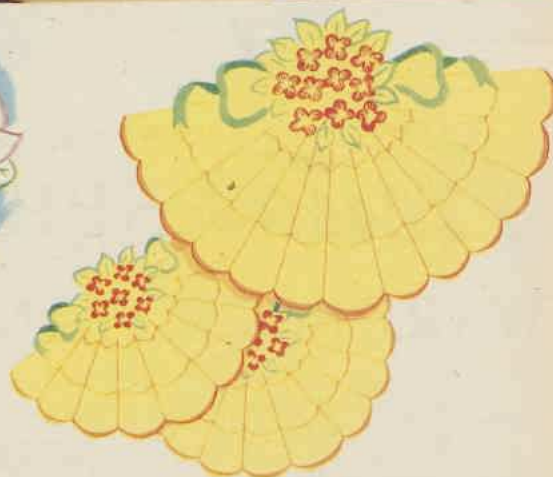
No. 767. — Coverall apron cut out ready to make and traced to embroider. The material is headcloth in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Package also contains instruction chart, sewing cotton, colored embroidery thread, and button. Sizes, 32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in., bust. Price, 13/6. Postage and registration, 1/-.



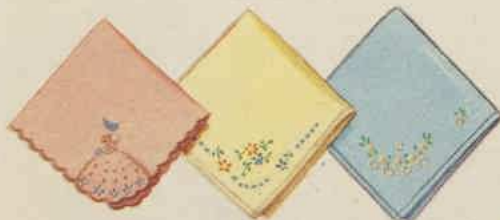
No. 762. — Linen tea-towels. The towels are traced on cream linen towelling finished with multi-colored borders. Package also contains instruction chart, sewing cotton, and embroidery thread. Size, 22in. by 32in. Price, 6/9 each. Postage, 6d. extra. Set of three, 19/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.



No. 765. — Water-lily duchesse set. The set is traced on Irish linen in white or cream, and on sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green. Package also contains sewing cotton and embroidery thread. Sizes: Centre mat, 14in. by 17in., and smaller mats, 8in. by 8in. Price, 10/11. Postage and registration, 1/- extra.



No. 764. — Fan duchesse set traced on white or cream Irish linen, on sheer linen in blue, lemon, and green, and on organdie in white, pastel blue, lemon, pink, and green. Package also contains sewing cotton and embroidery thread. Size: Centre mat, 15½in. by 12in., smaller mats, 8in. by 6½in. Price: Linen, 8/11; postage, 6d. extra. Organdie, 6/9; postage, 6d. extra.



No. 761. — Linen handkerchiefs traced on fine quality linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Package also contains sewing cotton and embroidery thread. Size, 11in. by 11in. Price, 1/11 each. Postage, 4d. extra. Set of three, 5/6. Postage is 6d. extra.

No. 760. — Infant's nightgown and matching jacket. The garments are cut out and traced on fine lawn in white, pastel lemon, blue, pink, and Nile-green. Package also contains sewing cotton, embroidery thread, and ribbon. Sizes: Infant's and six months. Price, nightgown, 12/9. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra. Jacket, 7/9, postage 9d. extra. Full set, 19/11. Postage, 1/3.



No. 768. — Barbecue cloth and serviettes cut out ready to make and traced on British headcloth in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The serviettes in check cotton in red and white, blue and white, and green and white. The package also contains sewing cotton and embroidery thread. Sizes: Cloth, 36in. by 36in., 9/11; postage 9d. extra. Serviettes, 11in. by 11in., 9d. each; postage, 4d. extra. Cloth and four serviettes, 11/9; postage, 1/6 extra.



Fiesta's SPRING WARDROBE PLANNING

by Candy Wilson



My big splurge for Spring is going to be a pink lace evening dress. A short one that I can wear to little evenings or a dressy theatre do. Pink is appearing in all the fashion magazines and so is lace—and so are pastel nylons. I'm going to wear Fiesta 12 deniers in "Cameo"—a soft becoming pink—to set off my dress. They're so fine and glamorous. I always feel the evening starts when I put my Fiestas on.

For work—two dark cotton frocks. Somehow I always feel a cotton frock is more businesslike in a dark colour (and it's more fashionable this year, which is actually the main point). Work-wise, dark frocks—a deep pine green print for instance—give me at least two more wearings than light ones. With them I team 30 denier Fiestas—following my resolution always to wear 30 denier for work.



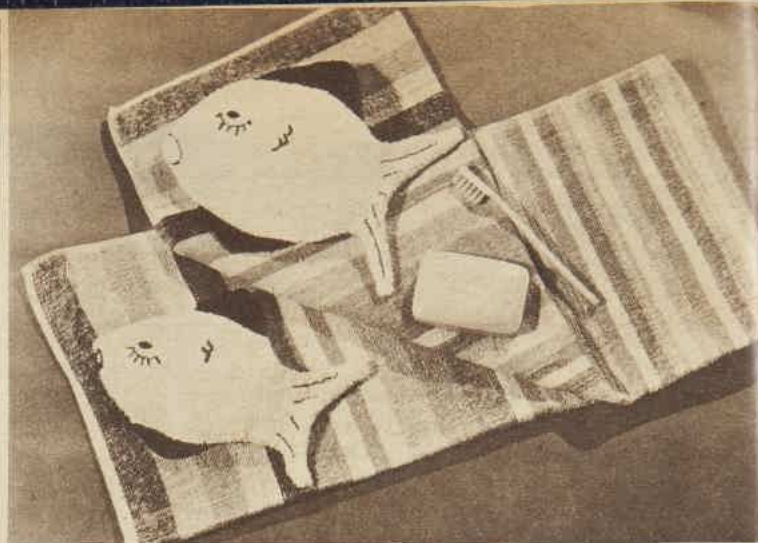
The extra wear they give you in among the dangers of rough edged desks, filing cabinets and waste-paper baskets, is incredible. I saved the price of a new dress by wearing Fiesta 30 deniers to work all last winter.



Not every garment can be new this Spring... so I'm going to help along a couple of the old faithfuls with new accessories. My leghorn hat is taking on an entirely new look, with a half yard of chiffon draped around the brim and falling to my shoulder blades. And I'm checking over my stocking wardrobe to make sure I have the right shade of Fiesta for every outfit. It's amazing what a subtle change of stocking colour can do to make an outfit just right. Even apart from the pastel nylons all the standard shades in Fiesta 15 denier have their own particular roles.

Fortunately my stocking quota is pretty good—I get amazing wear from snagproofed Fiestas, and I never wear anything else.

For real oomph I'm going to try a pair of Fiestas with the new Chantilly Heel. It's a black panel with a lace outline. Black seams too!



PLUMP LITTLE FISH made from terry cloth or towelling go into the bath with the youngsters. Used as mitts, they can turn the scrubbing-up chore into a jolly game.

Easy-to-make gifts

These four gifts are easy to make, and will be ideal as Christmas presents.

CHILDREN will love the bath toys illustrated above. The little fish made from terry cloth or towelling can be used as mitts. Here are the simple directions:

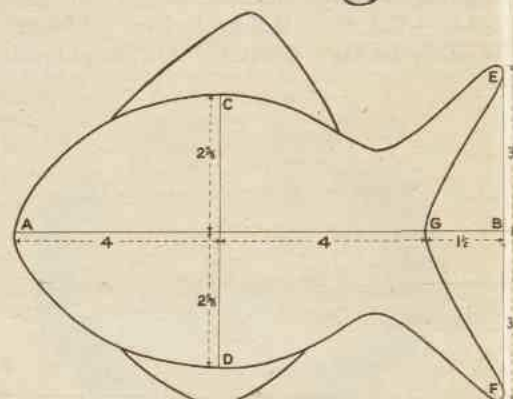
First make a pattern according to the diagram given at right. Draw a line AB $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, measure off $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. from left end, and draw a line CD $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. long through this as shown. At right end of horizontal line draw a line EF $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. long parallel with CD.

Join points AD and AC with curved lines. From point B measure in $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. and mark this point G. Join EG and FG with curved lines, then shape and draw remaining contours of fish.

For the fins, cut a diamond



YOUR teenage daughter will love a soft-cushioned bedroom seat like this pictured above.



USING THIS DIAGRAM as a guide, anyone can make the little terry-towel fishes pictured at the top of this page.

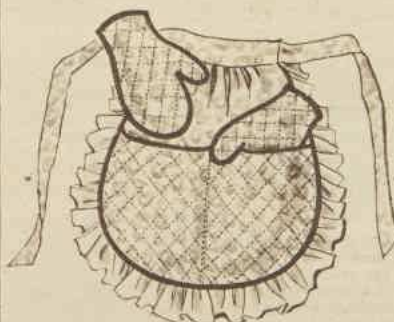
shape $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. long.

Place pattern on terry cloth and cut. (Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ in. seams on all sections of the fish except the fins. Seams are allowed in pattern.)

Join seams of fins and place in position on body of fish. Begin sewing seams about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from nose of fish. This allows ample room to turn work on to the right side.

Embroider mouth, eyes, and tail in chain-stitch. A few scales are embroidered in blanket-stitch. To give plumpness, stuff with a few layers of butter muslin or cotton-wool. Sew up open seams.

FOR a teenager a little bedroom seat is a most acceptable gift.



"MITT LOVE" for Christmas, an apron with pockets to hold thick slip-on mitts for the friend who loves working in her kitchen. A remnant of chintz will make a set.



CAMBRIC-COVERED HATBOX finished with an organdie frill and hangers to match would make a fine gift for a girl-friend.

Fiesta NYLONS

Fiesta 12 denier 66 gauge
Fiesta 15 denier 51 gauge
Fiesta 30 denier 51 gauge

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8. THE LINEN

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3373. — Beginner's pattern for a small girl's front-buttoned summer dress. Sizes: lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3429. — Smart dress and matching jacket ensemble features a sleeveless low-necked dress and waist-length bolero, both finished with a braid trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 4½yds. braid. Price, 4/6.

F3430. — Formal dress and jacket ensemble. The dress has a wide skirt and a pretty top trimmed with guipure lace flowers. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. contrast material, and 25yds. guipure lace flowers. Price, 4/6.

F3431. — Maternity suit designed with comfortable skirt expansion. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3432. — Pinafore dress can be worn with or without a blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3433. — Flattering silhouette for a button-up coat-dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F3434. — Slender-line one-piece designed with a wide, open neckline and bow finish at the waist. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 774. — SUMMER FROCK

A pretty summer frock with white pique accent is obtainable cut out ready to make, with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is a printed cambric, the color choice includes red and white, green and white, lemon and white, and sage-blue and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

No. 774. — TEA-TOWELS

The towels are clearly traced ready to embroider on pure linen finished with multi-colored borders featuring lemon, blue, red, and green. Size, 20in. x 22in. price 6/11 each; postage 3d. extra. Set of three 19/11; postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 775. — CUSHION COVER

The cover is clearly traced ready to embroider with a conventional flower design. The material is headcloth obtainable in white, natural, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 17in. x 21in. Price, 7/11. Postage 3d. extra.

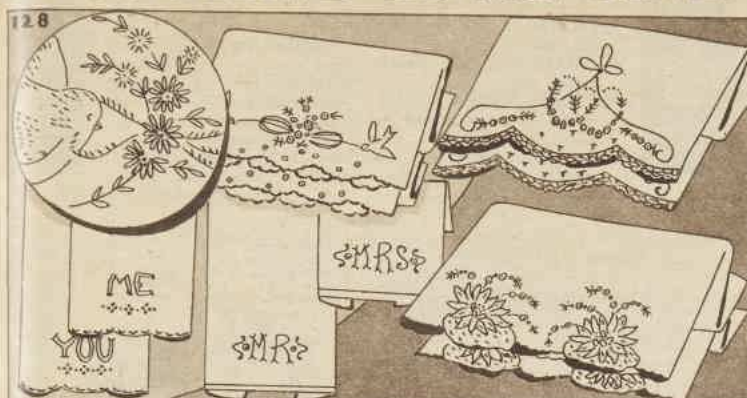
No. 776. — SMALL GIRL'S SUN-FROCK

A simple-to-make sun-frock is obtainable cut out ready to make, with easy-to-follow sewing instructions. The material is striped cambric in red and white, blue and white, lemon and white, pink and white, and green and white. Sizes: length 18in. for 2 years, 13/5; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 13/11; 22in. for 5 to 6 years, 14/6; 24in. for 7 to 8 years, 15/11. Postage and registration for sizes 22in. and 24in., 1/6 extra; for sizes 18in. and 20in., 1/6 extra.

• NOTE. — Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



DECORATIVE HOUSE LINEN



SHEETS, PILLOW-CASES, guest towels, traycloths and any other type of household linen can be embroidered with colorful and attractive motifs, some of which are shown in the sketch above. Transfer sheet No. 128 measures 24in. x 28in., and is obtainable from our Needlework Department, price 2/6. For address see page 84.

A TROUSSEAU TO LAST A LIFETIME

Irish Linen

Irish Linen is something to be proud of, for the heirloom quality reflects your own good sense and appreciation of true value. Your friends will envy your trousseau, for Irish Linen has been famed for generations. The crisp coolness, the wonderful sheen that's so smooth to touch, so lovely to see and above all the everlasting quality that washes and irons so easily. These you will find only in pure Irish Linen.



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Tea Towels of super-absorbent, lint-free Irish Linen quickly give your glasses, china, silverware a wonderfully clear, brilliant sparkle.

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Irish Linen Association
Box 1988, G.P.O., Sydney

Please send free copy of booklet "Irish Linen in the Home"

Toys for children

by SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

A BABY'S best and first playthings are his own fingers and toes, which at first he does not realise are part of himself.

At a very early age a baby likes to have something he can hold in his hand and, of course, put in his mouth, as a baby's natural instinct is to suck everything within reach.

A bone teething-ring, rubber "bite," or a rattle with hard ring attached are the earliest toys to give a baby. These can distract him from sucking his thumb and his fingers, when he first begins to feel his teeth.

They should be attached to him (preferably to his wrist by a short tape or ribbon) so that he does not at once drop them.

A suitable safe toy can often distract a baby's attention, and prevent the early formation of a nervous habit such as thumb sucking.

At first toys should be few and very plain, and empty cotton-reels threaded on a tape are often more popular than an expensive toy.

They should be washable, smooth, free from splinters (if wooden), and large enough not to be swallowed, or pushed into the ears or up the nose; and light enough not to hurt baby when he hits himself.

Woolly, hairy toys which catch the dirt should not be given to a little baby, nor loose-jointed toys, parts of which may be broken off and swallowed (such as glass-bead eyes) or untreated celluloid toys, which are inflammable.

Toys for the older baby are often very useful at bedtime, but it is a good plan to suggest that different toys each have a turn, or, as is often the case, a child may become so attached to one particular toy at bedtime that he will not go to sleep without it.

When a baby begins to throw toys on the floor, do not always pick up and return them to him or the "game" to you will get annoying.

Try to arrange that baby can retrieve his own toys. A tray with raised edges will prevent toys slipping off.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

USE milk instead of water with the cleaning powder to clean white nubuck or canvas shoes. When dry the white will not rub off.

AFTER cleaning brass nameplates that are exposed to the weather, smear with petroleum jelly. This keeps them clean much longer.

A TAPE-MEASURE glued along the front of a sewing machine makes sewing and measuring much easier.

THE framework of a discarded umbrella makes a good clothes-line for a porch or verandah in wet weather. Enamel the framework to prevent rusting, and suspend by the handle from a hook in the ceiling.

MELTED butter is a useful substitute for olive oil in mayonnaise.



SAFE time in cleaning and prevent surplus grease burning on the biscuit slide by greasing just the small area where the biscuits go.

The educational value of playthings is often neglected, and as a special study of these has been made by the various kindergarten unions constructive toys for the different ages can be easily obtained.

It is wrong to give a child a toy which is beyond his age group, as he will only destroy it.

Children can satisfy their creative instincts quite early by being given blunt scissors to cut out scraps; white shelf-paper pinned on table or wall on which to draw (instead of using the wall itself), or blackboards and colored chalks.

A damp rag should be supplied for wiping off chalk drawings, as the powdered chalk is not healthy to breathe in.

Large building-blocks (not heavy), colored raffia, dough (which is better at first than plasticine), and finger-painting materials, the simpler meccano and "build-it" sets all supply the toddler with the initiative and the encouragement of his creative instincts.

A leaflet on outdoor play equipment can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Note: A stamped addressed envelope is required.

The Sara Quads... ...are all Johnson's Babies

see how

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JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

JOHNSON'S BABY CREAM antiseptic

they love

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Johnson's BABY PRODUCTS

Use them in your own Nursery
Best for Baby - Best for You !

What's wrong with this picture of HAPPY MOTHERHOOD?

It's what you don't see that causes so many young mothers to break down under the strain of looking after baby — the house, the shopping and so often a growing family. It's the worry, the emotional upsets, the ever-present tension of mind that takes such a toll of vitality, vim and vigour. For that "tired-out" feeling and other disturbing health conditions Cream of Yeast is the most reliable medicine.

THE HEALTHY CALM OF CONFIDENCE

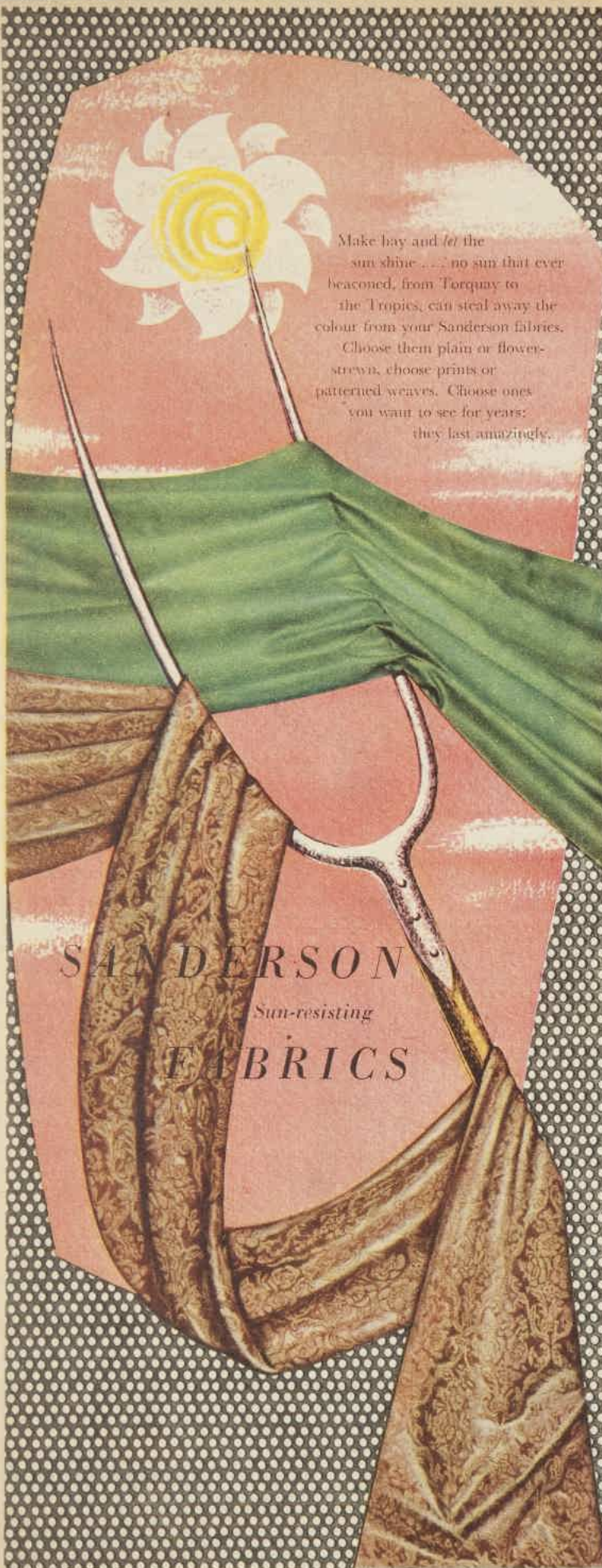
Cream of Yeast is nature's "Dynamo-Deodorant." You get the benefits of vitamin-famed medicinal yeast, plus several other valuable health aids, and genuine medicinal Chlorophyll, for real body and breath freshness. Cream of Yeast calms the nerves, relieves headaches, neuralgia, quells cough, functional and some types of rheumatic pain, combats depression, irritability, fatigue, mental haziness, stomach flutter, etc. Cream of Yeast is as good for men as it is for women. Cream of Yeast has "got something!"

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Chemists and S.D. stores everywhere sell Cream of Yeast in four sizes: 1/11, 1/6, 1/3 and Economy size 1/8. Try it for a week — If you don't feel a new being — money back! Insist on genuine Cream of Yeast.



Make hay and let the sun shine... no sun that ever beamed, from Torquay to the Tropics, can steal away the colour from your Sanderson fabrics. Choose them plain or flower-strewn, choose prints or patterned weaves. Choose ones you want to see for years; they last amazingly.

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA** are captured by two giants and are held prisoner in their vast space ship. The giants communicate with them by tele-

pathic helmets, and thank Mandrake for saving their lives when they were helpless on earth. They tell him they have come, at a speed so great that they cannot describe it, from a planet so far away they can't tell him where it is. **NOW READ ON:**



TO BE CONTINUED

Keep Fresher
Also your bath, use Cashmere Bouquet. It leaves no fresh, fragrant and wonderfully cool.

Feel Smoother
In often protection to skin against chafing, use so smoother sensitive skin with extra Cashmere Bouquet!

Slay Dantier
And remember, Cashmere Bouquet, like aromatic sun with a romantic fragrance, the very spirit of personal freshness.



Cashmere Bouquet Tale

TINY TELEPHONIST



She's not three, but tiny Vivien Wetzler, of Melbourne, can use the phone like a veteran switchgirl. Her cheery greeting and alert manner earn top marks from 'phone callers. "Vivien", says her mother, "is really advanced for her age. I give her plenty of Vegemite — it keeps her happy and healthy." Your child deserves the firm body tissues, healthy nerves, good digestion and clear skin provided by a fresh supply of Vitamin B₁, B₂ and Niacin every day. Vegemite is rich in these essential vitamins because it's a pure yeast extract. Put Vegemite next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table. Vegemite — made by Kraft. KVS6

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For all fabrics including nylon.

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By Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

The brave story of the famous Gloucesters in their immortal stand at the Tulle River in 1905.

Price 15/4
From all Booksellers.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 27, 1954

TEENA *by Linda Terry*

IT'S A DATE!

OH, BOY! DID THEY SAY WHERE THEY'D TAKE US??

NO, BUT I HOPE THEY'VE GOT SOME GOOD IDEAS LIKE DANCING AT THE GOLLYNY OR A REALLY FANCY NIGHT CLUB WITH A FLOOR SHOW!! THINK THEY'LL BRING US ORCHIDS?

WISH THEY'D TAKE US TO THE FRITZ PLAZA — I'M JUST DYING TO FIND OUT HOW PHEASANT UNDER GLASS TASTES!

HERE THEY ARE!! THEY'RE ON FOOT! GEE — WOULDN'T YOU THINK THEY'D RENT A CAR IF THEY COULDN'T BORROW ONE??!

WELL, LET'S GO!!

LATER

GNITE! GNITE!

SAME OLD THING!! A NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE AND MILKSHAKES

ROBERTLY BOYS ARE SO UNIMAGINATIVE

I BEEN THINKIN' — WHEN WE GET OUR JET-PROPELLED SPACE SHIP BUILT, WHAT DY'SAY WE SKIP THE MOON AND GO ON TO ONE OF THE PLANETS IN ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM. ALTOGETHER? WE MIGHT HIT ONE THAT'S GOT SOME MORE INTERESTING LIFE ON IT...

MAYBE BEFORE WE TAKE OFF, WE CAN BUILD A SUPER TELESCOPE THAT'LL SEE SO WELL WE CAN PICK OUT A PLANET WHERE THE PEOPLE ALREADY HAVE AN INTERPLANETARY TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM — ETC., ETC.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"DAWN" — Attractive two-piece sleeping pyjamas made in a printed seersucker featuring a flower design on blue, pink, white, and lemon backgrounds.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 51/6. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.



Karen

"KAREN" — Small girl's nightgown made in printed seersucker, the material featuring a pastel floral design on blue, pink, lemon, and white backgrounds.

Ready to Wear: Sizes, length 29in. and 33in. for 2 and 4 years, 18/11; length 37in. and 41in. for 6 and 8 years, 21/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, length 29in. and 33in. for 2 and 4 years, 12/9; length 37in. and 41in. for 6 and 8 years, 15/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 84. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 643 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



Dawn

Keep Your Skin Healthy

Solyptol
MEDICATED
Soap



The Safest Skin Soap You Can Use



SOLYPTOL SOAP, with its rich, creamy lather, its emollient oils and Antiseptic cleansing action ensures a healthier skin. Only a healthy skin can be really beautiful, that's why more and more women are using SOLYPTOL SOAP.

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ANTISEPTIC

for certain, safe
Hospital Hygiene
in your home.



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Solyptol BABY POWDER
Nothing could be finer for your baby or for you. SOLYPTOL Baby Powder is satin-soft and silk-sifted... and you'll like its fragrant perfume!

"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"

Wish they were mine!

so cool...

so comfortable...



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Crystal *summer weight* Pyjamas are just right
for warm weather sleeping. Makes no
difference whether you prefer long trousers or
short, you'll find more comfort, extra freedom
in Crystal Pyjamas . . . all in cool, colorfast
poplins, at Crystal's famous LOW prices.

Crystal



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for men

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST PYJAMA VALUE

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